

# PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1986 • \$3.50

## VICTORIA SELLERS

PETER'S  
DAUGHTER IS A  
PHOTOGRAPHIC  
CHIP OFF THE  
OLD BLOCK

LINDA ELLERBEE  
ON LIFE INSIDE  
THE TUBE

## "FATAL VISION"

REVISITED

GREEN BERET  
DOCTOR JEFFREY  
MAC DONALD  
INTERVIEWED

STALLONE VS.  
SPRINGSTEEN!  
WHICH ONE'S THE  
WORKING-CLASS  
HERO?

## THE MERRY MORTICIAN

A HARD-TO-BELIEVE  
NUDE PICTORIAL



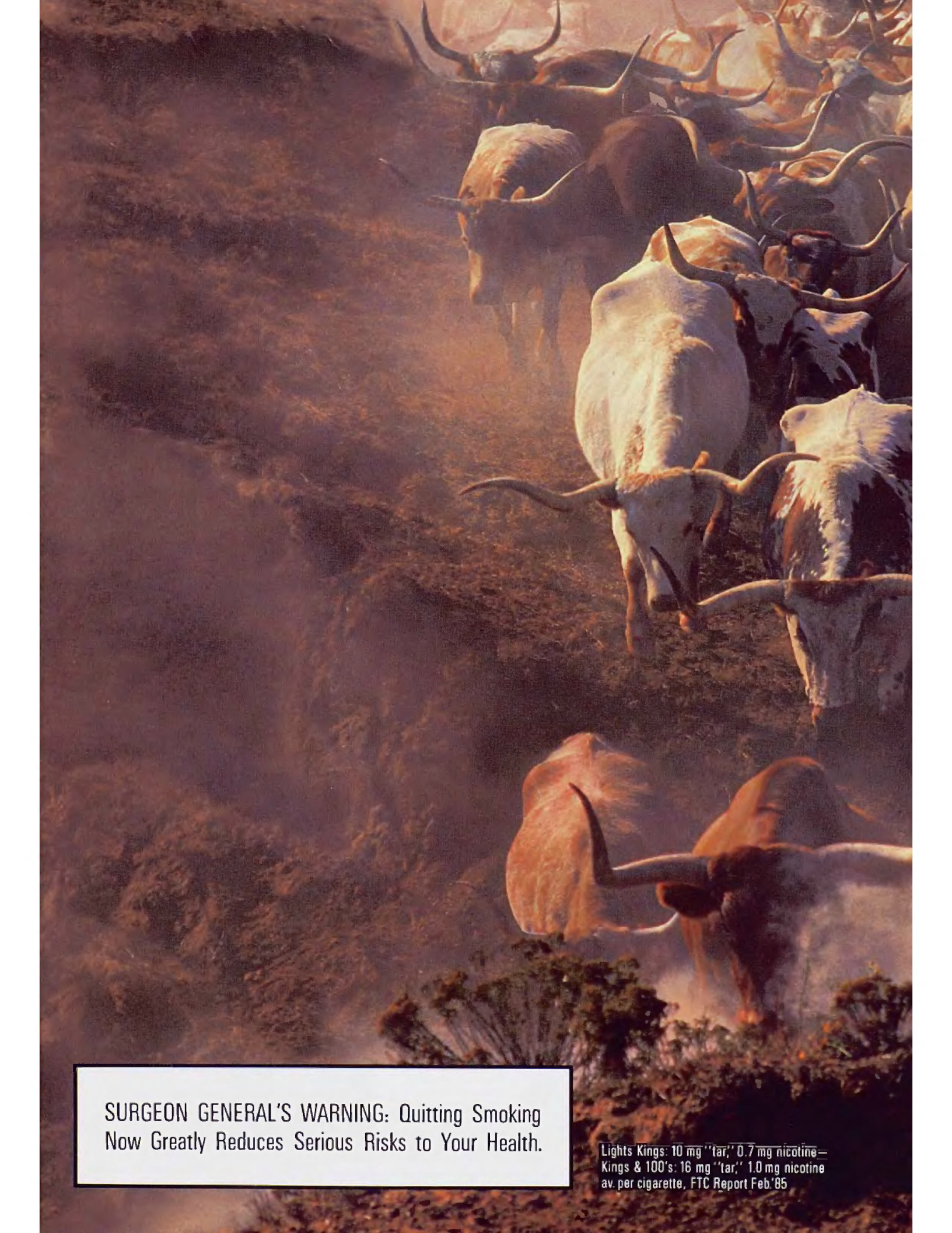


**You can hear 'em coming a mile away,  
out here in Marlboro Country.**

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
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Lights Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—  
Kings & 100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85



A herd of longhorn cattle is shown in a dusty, hazy landscape. The cattle are in the foreground and middle ground, with some looking towards the camera. The background is a vast, open plain with a hazy horizon. The overall tone is warm and dusty, with a lot of brown and orange hues.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
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Lights Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—  
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85





**Longhorns. If you're tough**



A full-page photograph of a cowboy herding a large herd of longhorn cattle through a narrow canyon. The cowboy, wearing a hat and light-colored shirt, is mounted on a horse and positioned in the upper right, holding a lasso. The cattle, with long, curved horns, are packed closely together, filling the lower two-thirds of the frame. The canyon walls are steep and rocky, with a warm, orange-brown color palette. The text "enough to handle 'em, they call you a cowboy." is overlaid in white, serif font across the middle of the image.

enough to handle 'em, they call you a cowboy.



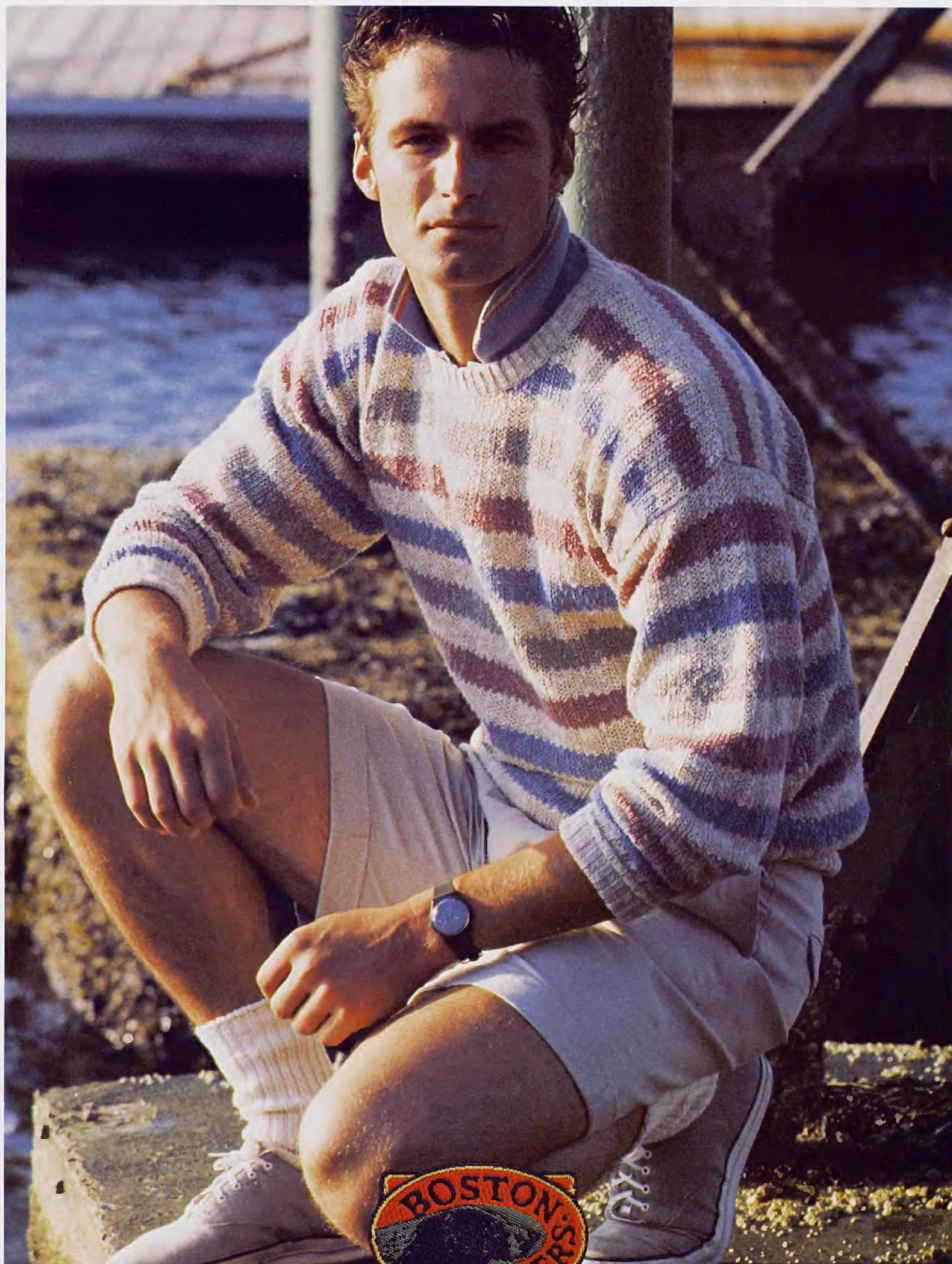


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# PLAYBILL

WITH THE HISTORIC exception of Walter Cronkite, television anchor people, as a breed, take a lot of heat. Senator Jesse Helms is out to get CBS' Dan Rather. Brown & Williamson, the tobacco conglomerate, successfully sued Chicago's Walter Jacobson. Christine Craft lost her job in Kansas City, she claimed, because she wasn't pretty enough. Nobody could ever accuse NBC-TV's **Linda Ellerbee** of that; nor, as she demonstrates in *And So It Goes: My Adventures in Television* (illustrated by **David Croland**), is she merely a decorative piece of fluff. She's a funny, sometimes self-mocking, writer, and a damned good one. Our article, a fascinating behind-the-scenes look at the industry, is excerpted from her book, due soon from Putnam.

One of the most gripping television specials of the 1984 fall season was *Fatal Vision*, based on the **Joe McGinniss** best seller about **Jeffrey MacDonald**, the Green Beret doctor who was convicted of murdering his family in 1970. MacDonald, who appealed the verdict up to the Supreme Court, is the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Dr. Jeffrey M. Elliot**, an associate professor of political science at North Carolina Central University and author of nearly 50 books. Elliot's last conversation for us was with Cuba's **Fidel Castro**; he admits that after talking with MacDonald for 35 hours, he has still not come to a conclusion about his guilt or innocence, "but I'm exhausted."

If Green Beret MacDonald can, in some sense, be considered another casualty of the Vietnam war, at least he's a real person. **Sylvester Stallone's** Rambo, on the other hand, is very much a fictional and, according to **Jack Newfield**, a politically dangerous one. That in itself isn't a new thought, but Newfield uses it to show how our two most popular working-class heroes are pulling the country in different directions. The result is *Stallone vs. Springsteen: Which Dream Do You Buy?* One sure thing about **Bruce Springsteen** is that, for him, 1985 was a very good year, what with his *Born in the U.S.A.* album, his tour, his participation in the *We Are the World* project and his marriage to lovely Julianne Phillips. Read about him and other rockers in our wrap-up of *Playboy Music '86*, highlighted by the distinctive artwork of **Antonio Lopez**, arguably the world's hottest fashion illustrator.

Quick! What's the strangest place you've ever met a beautiful woman? For us, it's the Queens, New York, funeral home where we found **Alexandra Mosca**, the "Merry Mortician," photographed for us by Senior Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar**. (Alexandra informs us, by the way, that since word got out that she posed for us, the local church that usually helps distribute her funeral home's calendar has refused to do so this year. She says she has 100 calendars left that she'll be glad to send to the first 100 readers who write to us, asking for them.) Another quick question: What other body cavity besides the chest does artificial-heart designer **Dr. Robert Jarvik** make parts to fill? Find out in Contributing Editor **Laurence Gonzales' The Rock 'n' Roll Heart of Robert Jarvik**, illustrated by **Anita Kunz**.

From the heart, we move on down to the stomach, with **Herbert B. Livesey's Pasta!**, that delicious high-carbohydrate food of which Sophia Loren once said, "All I am today, I owe to pasta." On that recommendation alone, we suggest that you cook some up for your girlfriend. And, if you have an appetite for humor, you'll love our selections from cartoonist **B. Kliban's** latest collection, *The Biggest Tongue in Tunisia*. To round out the issue, there's **Bharati Mukherjee's** suspense adventure, *The Middle Man*; *Playboy Guide: Spring Preview*; a zany pictorial with **Victoria Sellers**, reminiscent of the 1964 classic done for us by her dad, the late comic actor **Peter Sellers** (special thanks to Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** and West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** for this one); and our stunning Miss April, **Teri Weigel**. Reflecting on the contents of this issue, it seems we've covered the eyes, ears, head, heart, stomach, tongue, life and death. Is there anything left? Yes—dangerous high-speed excitement. You'll get that on any of the new superpowered motorcycles we review in *Range Riders*. See you on the Arizona flats.



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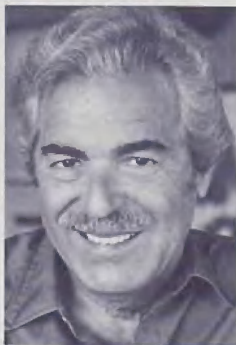
LOPEZ



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# A SERIOUS WORD ON BREWING FROM THE FUNNIEST BEER IN AMERICA.



# Lite

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BEER

The cast of characters who have helped make Lite Beer from Miller famous has brought America a lot of laughs. But the beer that stands behind them happens to be one of the most serious creations in the history of brewing.

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This remarkable performance took a lot more than a good sense of humor. The brewing process that gives Lite Beer its superior taste uses no fewer than 128 quality checks along the way to the bottle.

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**EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS  
WANTED IN A BEER.  
AND LESS.**



# PLAYBOY®

vol. 33, no. 4—april 1986

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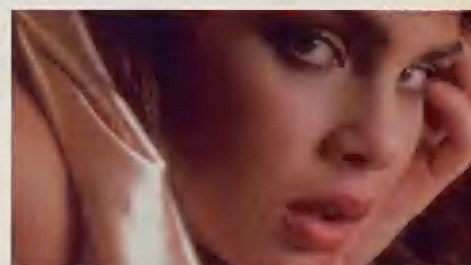
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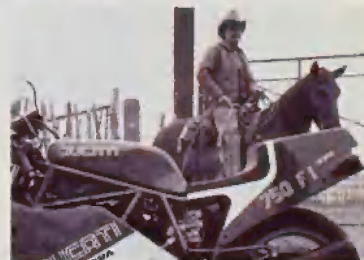
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## COVER STORY

Shannon Tweed, 1982 Playmate of the Year, has gone on to an acting career—most recently on television's *Days of Our Lives*—but still loves to model, particularly when the Rabbit's involved. It's on her glove, by the way. Managing Art Director Kerig Pope and crew (Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda and the Perry/Hollister stylists) tried five pairs of gloves before they got it right. With Shannon, we can't imagine they'd get it wrong.



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## **THE NEW NISSAN 300 ZX PACE CAR FOR THE PERFORMANCE GENERATION.**

Very few automobiles in the world have generated the excitement and emotional involvement associated with the Z-car. Keeping this in mind, it's not surprising to read that Motor Trend Magazine called the 300 ZX, "the best all-around Z-car ever built."

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In addition, an electronic monitoring system keeps track of spark plugs that fire 42 times a second at 5000 RPM and a micro computer controls the fuel injection system making the Z a marvel of functional electronic wizardry.

Outside, fender flares, housing wider tires, were integrated into the body. The air dam was extended and rocker panel extensions were added to reduce air turbulence under the car. All this, plus a wider track results in better handling than ever.

Inside, a choice of electronic or analog instrumentation is offered, along with every conceivable luxury, including a resounding 80-watt, 6-speaker stereo system.

The 300 ZX, turbo or fuel injected. Once you get inside a Z, a Z will get inside of you.



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# YEARS FROM NOW REPLACE



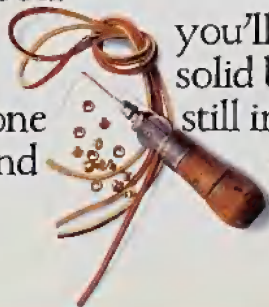
Shoe loaned by Mr. V. Cremer, purchased July, 1981.

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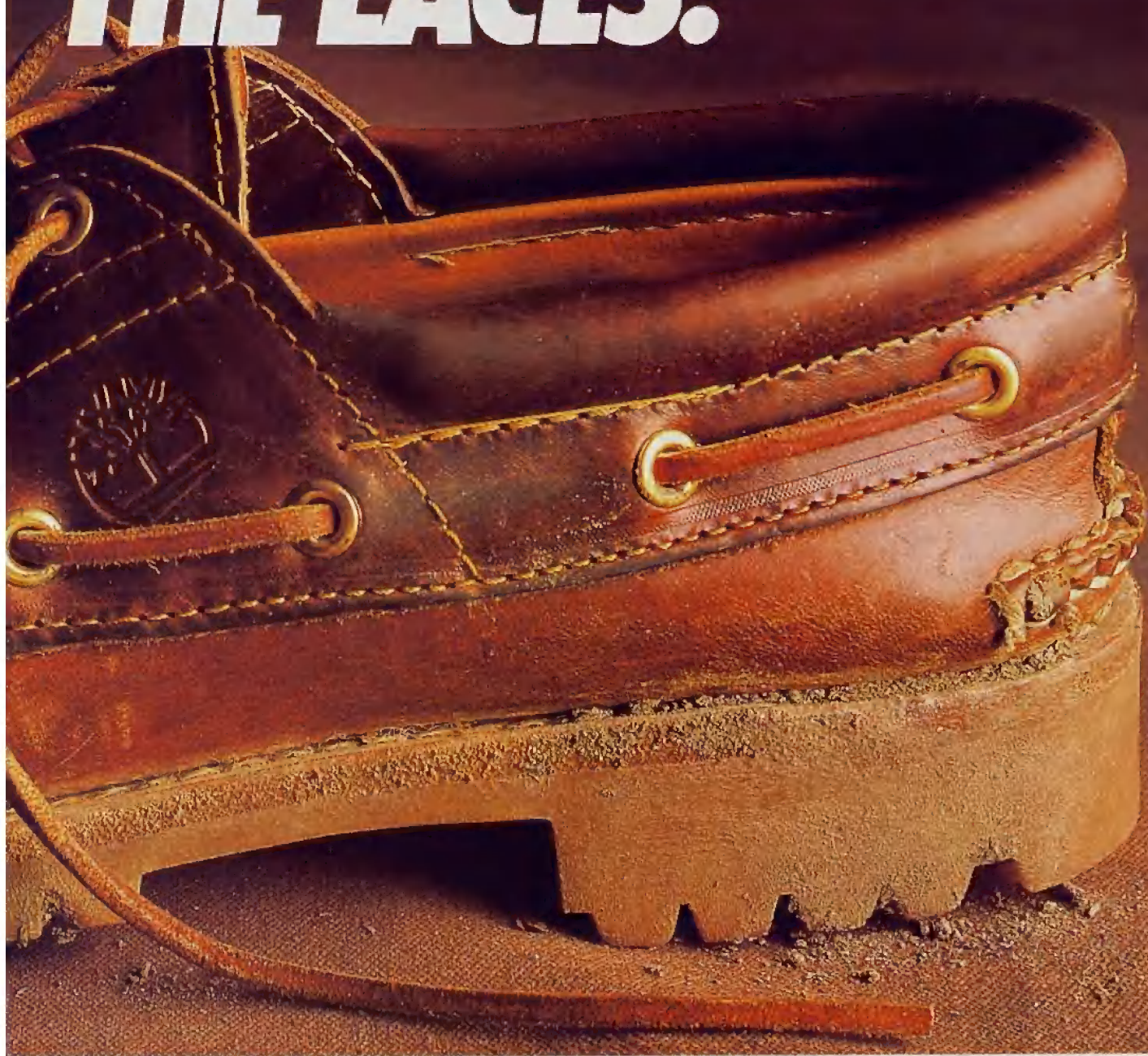
add a glove soft leather lining to gently coddle it as well.

As time goes by you'll notice that the solid brass eyelets are still in place, and still shining. The leather uppers will certainly have earned





# YOU MAY HAVE TO THE LACES.



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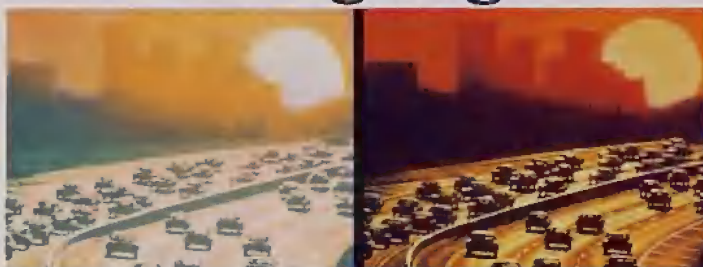


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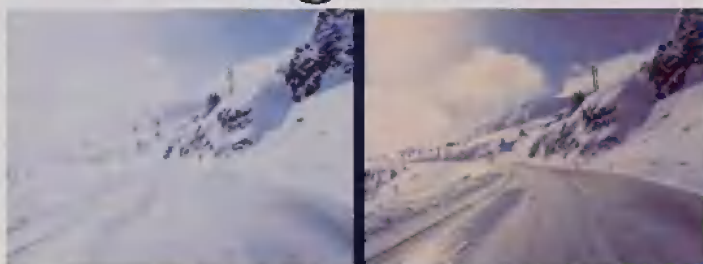


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## DR. RUTH'S BOOTH

I must confess, I do so love the good Dr. Ruth. I read the *Playboy Interview* (January) slowly in order to hear her voice, and I laughed almost as much as I did at your memorable Cheech and Chong talk (PLAYBOY, September 1982). Every "r-r-r" made me giggle with a child's unbridled glee. If I have a chance to catch the length of her radio show, my cheeks are sore at 11 P.M. Central time from incessant smiling. In other words, *she just kills me!* Tickles me to death, she does. There is no one else like her. And yet she is every nice person you have ever known: your grandmother—excuse me, Ruth, *aunt*—and your closest lover rolled into one.

And, Ruth, if you are listening, I suggest one more item for your rapidly growing personal industry: a Dr. Ruth doll. Not anything inflatable, mind you, but more of a Cabbage Patch Kid in maturity. You know what I mean?

Curt Strange  
Muskego, Wisconsin

Dr. Ruth says that she is a success because she has been well trained, has guts and speaks directly. Wrong. She is successful because she is older, female, conservative and has a German accent. This combination of characteristics allows her frank discussion of sexuality (the content of which is excellent) to be accepted by a large portion of our society. If she were 24, male, liberal and from Georgia, she would be unknown.

David Knox  
Greenville, North Carolina

It is sad to think that the success of Dr. Ruth rests solely on her ability to make the public feel guilty. She fits more into the classic style of the Jewish mother, who is notoriously asexual, than that of the sexually informed professor.

Your interview is well written and tasteful, but your making this quasi-informed educator an authority on sexual-

ity makes this reader laugh. I wonder if her knowledge was gained by hands-on experience?

Jay Goldman, M.D.  
Tucson, Arizona

The interview with Dr. Ruth Westheimer is a glowing monument for PLAYBOY. This lady's comprehension of virtually every facet of sex—physical, psychological and emotional—is awesome. She is a very important person in today's scene.

Ned Gross, Ph.D.  
Sarasota, Florida

## THE SON ALSO (GETS) RISES

I am a 34-year-old woman who has been reading PLAYBOY pretty regularly for the past 30 years. I found young Ron Reagan's piece *While Lenin Slept* (PLAYBOY, January) remarkably obnoxious in tone and intent. While I am no fan of the Soviet Union as a political entity, his work is so Fifties in attitude and so unbelievably ungracious that I felt embarrassed as an American. We get enough of this McCarthyist claptrap from his father without legitimizing it further under the guise of a humorous article in your fine magazine. Please, no more of this spoiled, jingoistic twerp. America has enough bad press without his attempt at journalism.

Allena Hansen Newman  
Laguna Beach, California

As a longtime registered Republican, I resent your constant belittling of our President. But you've reached a new low in publishing an article under the name of Ron Reagan in the January issue. I know you're putting us on. No man, living or dead, could be as vulgar as your so-called Ron Reagan.

You owe your readers an apology for this hoax.

Mark Hawkins  
San Francisco, California

C'mon, now, fellas. I mean, we all know that little Ron Reagan is an arrogant,

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ignorant, humorless twerp who can't write, but fair's fair. I'm sure he does the best he can with his limited genetic endowment. The parody you published in January amounts to cruel and unusual punishment, one of the most brazenly despic. . . .

Huh? Well, of course, I'm sure it was a parody. I've never seen anything so transparent . . . this is a joke, right? No? Oh. . . .

Never mind.

Ken Miller  
Jackson, Ohio

PLAYBOY wanted action and Ron Reagan found it. In his article, he reveals to us the underbelly of Russian life in a style that would make even Hunter S. Thompson chuckle. Congrats on an assignment that gnaws at the truth.

Steven D. Lott  
Marco Island, Florida

#### STILL THERE

You know that restaurant that provided the backdrop for some of Jeff Dunas' great pictures in *Barely There* (PLAYBOY, January)? I can't remember the name, but I know I've been there. Where is it?

P. Taylor  
Chicago, Illinois

*Barbetta Restaurant is on Manhattan's West 46th Street. See you there.*

#### HODDING'S PRODDING

I applaud Hodding Carter III's essay *South Africa at Home: Reagan and the Revival of Racism* (PLAYBOY, January). As a politically liberal, 25-year-old white male, I was extremely pleased to see the Reagan record on civil rights presented in a fair manner. It shows clearly that Reagan may be able to give the American people witty and cute one-liners when he is put on the spot, but his record on civil rights is indisputably deplorable.

Frank Myers III  
Atlanta, Georgia

Hodding Carter III impresses me as being a lily-white, lily-livered, poor rich boy striving to please. Before he again attempts to write and lecture on apartheid, integration and reverse discrimination, I heartily suggest that he live for three years, with a low income, the life of a single Caucasian man *within* a black community under economic, social and political black power. Suggested communities: the island of Dominica, Haiti, Detroit, Uganda or his ancestral connection—Rhodesia.

F. J. Moore  
Carson City, Nevada

I voted for Jimmy Carter in 1980. In 1984, I voted for Reagan, because I saw good ol' Ronnie as the lesser of two evils (as I believe many people did). However, after reading Hodding Carter's *Reagan and the Revival of Racism* and Hugh

Hefner's *Sexual McCarthyism*, I will always remember my vote as having installed the "acting" President who is trying to take away my First Amendment rights and eradicate much of the civil rights progress that was made during the Sixties and Seventies.

Mark Goldman  
Annandale, Virginia

#### ARE WE MEESE OR MEN?

In his editorial on Edwin Meese's pornography commission (*Viewpoint: Sexual McCarthyism*, PLAYBOY, January), Hugh Hefner appears to be a little apprehensive, as if he were trying to defend himself by defending porn. This should not be necessary.

I am now 69 years old, and at every stage of life I "knew" what was pornographic and what was not; and every day, I changed my opinion. As Cole Porter so aptly put it, "In olden days, a glimpse of stocking / Was looked on as something shocking / Now heaven knows. . . ." Heaven knows and I know, so don't think I'm putting you down, Hef, when I say that as a pornographer, you don't hold a candle to what's-his-name at *Penthouse* or Larry Flynt at *Hustler*. Now, *there's* a pornographer's pornographer.

True, PLAYBOY exploits women, as *Business Week* exploits entrepreneurs, *People* exploits celebrities and *The Nation* exploits politicians, but that is hardly pornography. Moreover, unlike the women in

\*S3995 Sportster 883 available in vivid black and signal red only. Candy red and candy blue—slightly higher. Manufacturer's suggested retail price, excluding taxes, title and registration fees, destination charges, and dealer prep (if any). ©1986 HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., INC.

# Harley-Davidson



*Penthouse* and *Hustler*, no one appears in *PLAYBOY* unless she wishes to; and, at a four-dollar cover price, *PLAYBOY* is hardly forcing itself on a reluctant populace.

So you keep on lounging around the Mansion, Hef, with all those pretty girls, all snug and warm in your jammies and slippers. Us young fellers will see that nobody rains on your parade.

Ed Rist  
Dundee, Florida

#### WE GOT A BRAND-NEW BAG

I greatly appreciate the protective plastic envelope now used in mailing *PLAYBOY*. For a change, I got an issue before it was shredded by post-office clowns.

Frank O'Dell  
Anchorage, Alaska

#### A JONES FOR JOHNSON

Last Christmas, I gave my husband a one-year subscription to *PLAYBOY*. I can't believe the wonderful present I received in your January issue! Of course, I'm speaking of the Don Johnson pictorial, *Double Take*. Words cannot describe it! Just for the record, I know of a few places in my rural locale that look quite a bit like the water wonderland in that spread. Maybe Johnson would like to refresh himself and his memory.

Donna Campbell  
Prattsburg, New York

#### ANDY LONGA, VITA BREVIS

OK, admit it. Andy Warhol is Hugh Hefner's illegitimate son, right?

Why else would you publish his childish scrawlings and call them art?

The January cover could be considered art only by a loving parent.

Now, really, if Warhol was paid for that job, please call me immediately. I will charge very reasonable prices for the illustrations done by my grandson in his day school classes.

Tom Walker  
Fort Worth, Texas

*In answer to your questions: No. Because we like them. As for your grandson, get him a showing at the Museum of Modern Art first, then call us. We're always looking for young talent.*

#### SHERRY'S THE CREAM

I agree with your choice of Sherry Arnett as the January Playmate. I'm in the Air Force, stationed in Iceland. Sherry brightened up my day at a time when the days are only a few hours long. Thanks a bunch.

Kevin T. Brady  
Keflavik, Iceland

I have just come across a machine that instantly transfers a document to floppy disk. Do you know of any machine that will take a picture of your January

Playmate, Sherry Arnett, and transfer her—the real thing—to me instantly?

Failing that, I'll settle for another picture and keep on looking for the ultimate in hardware.

Mark Mangold  
Camp Springs, Maryland

*Maybe one day, we'll be able to offer you a 3-D holographic Playmate; but for now, the best we can do is suggest that you purchase*



*Sherry's video centerfold. If you can't afford that, cut out the picture above and paste it over your television screen.*



# Davidson

## 883

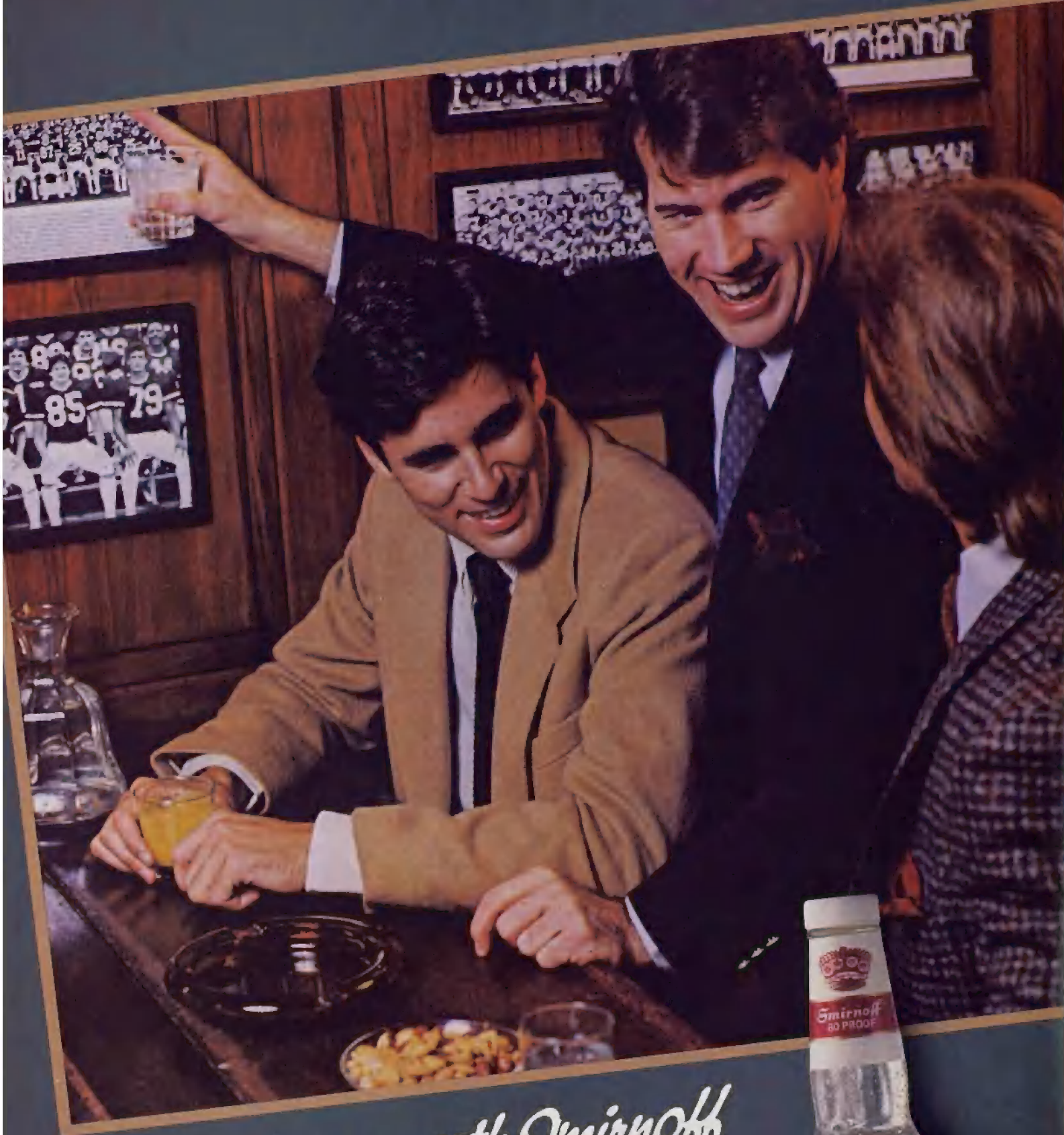
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## AUTHOR'S QUERY

The *Los Angeles Times* book-review section ran the following letter: "I am contemplating writing an autobiography of myself in the near future. Therefore I would appreciate hearing from anybody who ever knew me (or would like to know me in the future)." Thrill seekers can write to the author: P. L. Wilson, P.O. Box 3128, Santa Ana, California 92703.

## CAT HOUSE

At the Anderson House Hotel in Wabasha, Minnesota, in the heart of the beautiful Hiawatha Valley, you can get room, board—and a cat. Seven loaner felines are available with the hotel's 51 rooms. The kitties are "in use 99 percent of the time," says manager John Hall. To get one, though, you can't just call room service; you must reserve in advance. "Primarily, the requests are at night," says Hall. "Sometimes people want them for a few hours during the day to take a nap with the children." Among the hotel's favorites is Morris—yes, he looks like the famous one—who tips the scales at 32 pounds. "We deliver the litter box and cat food with the cat," Hall adds.

Ken Cole, director of Seattle's Downtown Emergency Services Center, outlined a proposal to "return some of our small downtown parks to public use by providing a place for the chronic alcoholic." Another official said, "This is not just for the alcoholics. It's also for mentally ill people and other dysfunctional street people." The president of Seattle's city council offered a bit of caution: "I don't know if that's what you want—'Hey, everybody, come down here and get drunk.'"

Researchers at the Harvard Medical School, after hearing that women in underdeveloped countries (and in parts of Iowa) often use Coca-Cola as a contracep-

tive douche, conducted a study the findings of which appeared in *The New England Journal of Medicine*. The Harvard team poured small quantities of New Coke, Diet Coke, caffeine-free New Coke and Classic Coke into vials of sperm. All killed the little fellows, but New Coke was found to be least effective. Classic Coke actually killed sperm five times as fast. A spokesman for Coke said that the company would never promote its products for "any medical use." We're awaiting the results of the Pepsi Challenge.

Can't I stay till *Mr. Ed* is over? A Soviet citizen in a tiny Volga River town came home from work recently to find a full-grown elk propped up on his living-room sofa watching TV. Kids from the neighborhood helped him escort his uninvited guest back outside.

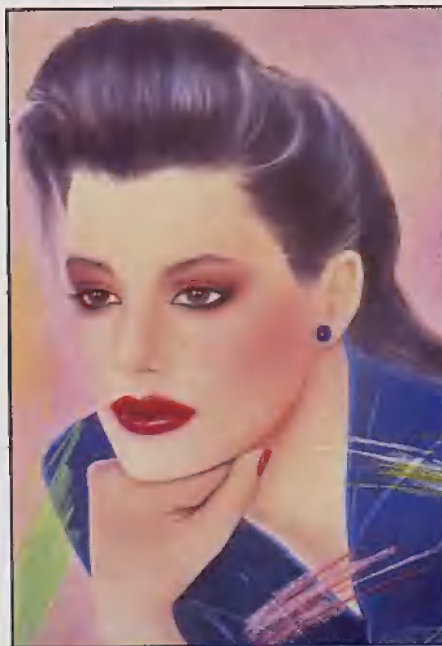
New York restaurant prices are high—even if you want to do the cooking your-

self. La Récolte will let you work in the kitchen with chef Christian Levêque for \$300. The price, though, includes a chef's jacket and a bite to eat with Levêque and his *maitre d'*.

Dutch researchers have concluded that it's not a good idea for skiers to abstain from liquor, get lots of sleep and bundle up against the weather. All could be dangerous to your health. The baffling results of a survey conducted among 1100 skiers indicated that nondrinkers were 30 percent more likely to get hurt than those who had up to five drinks a day—and 50 percent more likely than those who had consumed more than five drinks. The researchers, however, do not suggest that there is a cause-and-effect correlation. The study also found that neither physical conditioning nor professional equipment reduced the likelihood of injury. In fact, skiers wearing outfits that cost more than \$176 were demonstrably more accident-prone.

Invite her over to experience the earth moving. The American Geophysical Union in Washington, D.C., offers *The Puzzle of the Plates*—an 18-piece puzzle of the earth's crust that can be assembled 100 ways. The puzzle also comes with an illustrated booklet that explains both "the theory of continental drift and how to use the puzzle."

Peter A. A. Berle, president of the National Audubon Society, came across an article that knocked his beak out of shape. It seems that women undergoing boot-camp training in the Marine Corps were singing a nifty little song: "I saw a bird with a yellow bill / Sitting on my window sill / I coaxed him in with a piece of bread / And then I crushed his little head / A mean Marine / A lean Marine / I guess I'm just a mean Marine!" Berle complained in writing to the corps, arguing that "idolizing people who squash birds' heads is not consistent with the





# SUMMER MOVIES

## A PREVIEW

### THE RED BUTTON OF COURAGE

After hearing Caspar Weinberger address their high school class on the menace of Soviet communism, three teenaged computer-whiz kids (Sean Estevez, Emilio Cruise, Ringy Sheedy) spend a weekend devising a foolproof plan for blowing up Russia with one well-placed nuclear bomb. They present their plan to the Pentagon, but, of course, they're laughed out of the war room.

So the kids do it themselves. And it works. They blow up Russia once and for all. The good news is that the entire country turns into pink sand, just like the pretty kind they have in Bermuda, and there's not a trace of radioactivity anywhere. The free world is now truly free, and the kids are given a rousing welcome in Washington and are made honorary five-star generals. But heroes or not, they still have homework due on Monday.

### THIRTEEN CANDLES

Josh (Rob J. Fox) is Jewish and almost 13. More than anything else in the world, he wants a *bar mitzvah*. There's only one catch: His parents are atheists. They couldn't care less about *bar mitzvahs* and feel that the custom has become an ode to greed, materialism and the flaunting of wealth. Josh is racked with envy as he attends his friends' lavish *bar mitzvah* parties, where they wallow in mouth-watering gifts (motorcycles, jeeps, computers, video equipment and giant money-market accounts).

Finally, Josh takes matters into his own hands and organizes his own *bar mitzvah* party, using his father's credit card. But he's crushed by the chintzy quality of the gifts (digital watches bought on street corners, soccer balls, tube socks) he gets from his largely lower-middle-class relatives. Just as he is about to commit suicide, he's saved by his friends, who wheel in their present—a sleek new Mazda RX-7, loaded with extras.

### NATIONAL LAMPOON'S CHINESE VACATION

This time, the Griswold family is supposed to trade homes with a nice family from Rio de Janeiro, in one of those summer-vacation swaps. As usual, everything gets screwed up and

they find themselves somewhere in China instead of Rio. In exchange for their four-bedroom, split-level Cape Cod Colonial, they get a dormitory room in a cabbage-growing commune about 500 miles from Peking.

Wacky misadventures ensue as Chevy Chase and his unharmonious brood escape from the commune and wander through this very large country. Chevy falls off the Great Wall, sits on an upright chopstick, gets shanghaied into the Chinese navy and orders takeout food in the middle of the Gobi Desert (and he gets it, delivered piping hot by a boy who takes credit cards and rides a camel). Count on a Griswold family vacation for life.

### ROCKY RAMBO

In a war-torn country that reminds us of Lebanon, a 747 full of tourists is hijacked by a band of bloodthirsty, fanatical Arab terrorists. One of the passengers is Rocky Balboa (Sylvester Stallone) fresh from a knockout victory over Abraham Isaac Jacob, the heavyweight champ of Israel. Rocky becomes the Mr. Inside of the film, the man who deals with the terrorists on a day-to-day basis and bolsters the morale of the hostages by putting on boxing exhibitions (including a dramatic knockout of one of the terrorists, Mohammed Koran, the heavyweight champ of the P.L.O.).

Of course, Rambo (Sylvester Stallone) is Mr. Outside, the one-man commando team who has to liberate the hostages without endangering their lives. He does it by posing as a high-level Arab leader to gain the confidence of the terrorists. In the final shoot-out, Rambo liberates the plane, but not without losing a beautiful college professor (Ally Molly Hall) who has a brief affair with him while he has one arm free and is not killing anyone.

In a powerful epilog, Rambo feels frustrated and angry because he has had to kill only seven terrorists to liberate the hostages. Someone has to pay for the outrage and, according to Rambo's logic, it has to be the French, who originally lost Vietnam to the Communists. He proceeds to annihilate thousands of those snotty, anti-American foreigners who gobble up our money and offer no support in return.

—GERALD SUSSMAN

goals of the National Audubon Society." He added that birds help maintain nature's balance and, therefore, "squashing birds' heads may not even be in the interest of the United States Marine Corps." The birdcall can no longer be heard from either the halls of Montezuma or the shores of Tripoli.

Plant personnel at General Motors facilities in Canada offer caffeinated or decaffeinated coffee to visitors by asking, "Leaded or unleaded?"

### MC JOBS

Some Massachusetts McDonald's franchises are so short of help that the people behind the counter are selling jobs as aggressively as hamburgers. Several McDonald's owners have even begun printing job applications on their place mats. Presumably, if you can connect the dots, you've got a career.

This tribute to nutrition, thrift and neatness appeared in the Gainesville, Florida, *Sun*: "League members not only cooked and served 110 children a day, at a cost of eight cents per child, but also cleaned up when they were done."

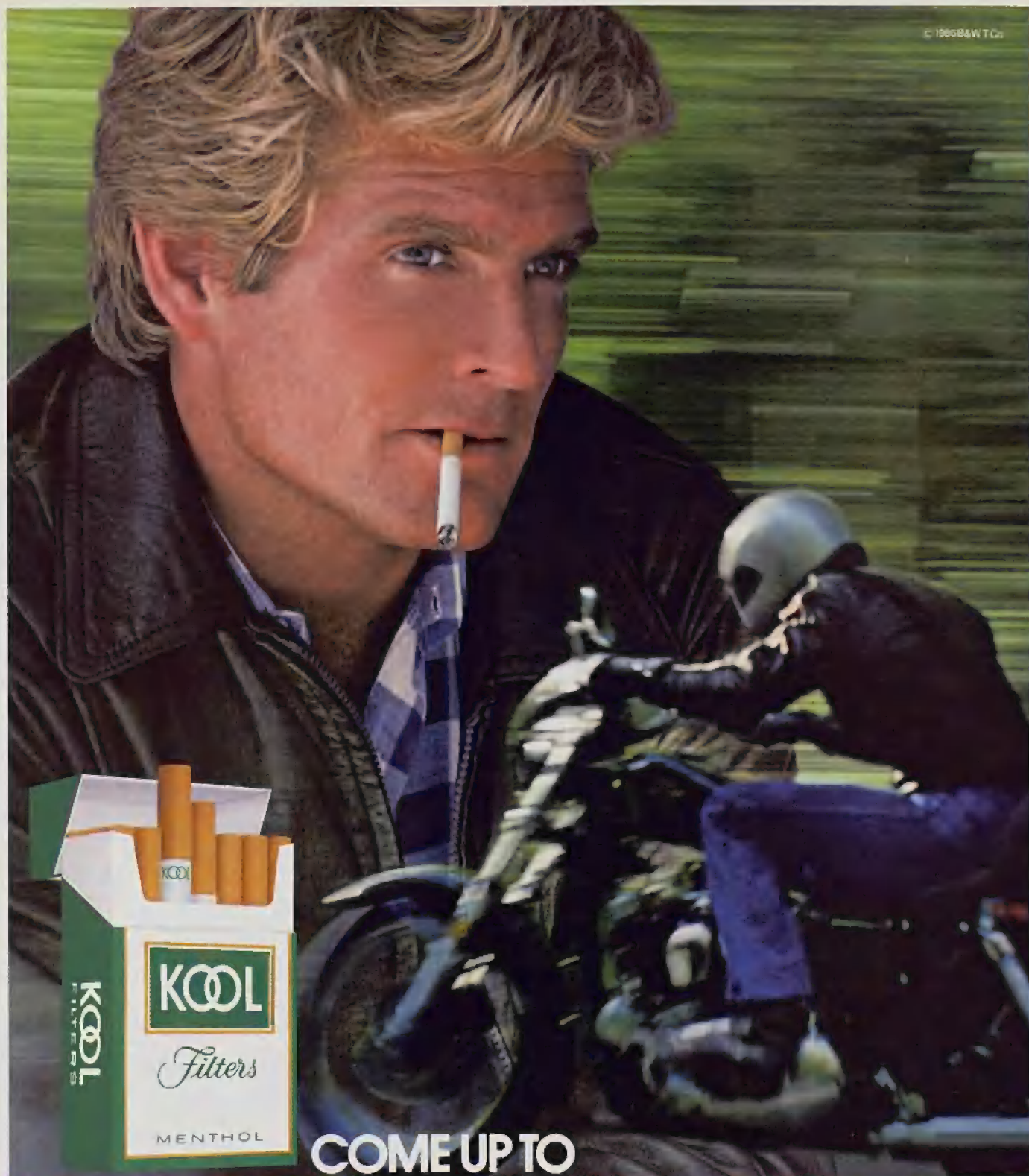
A St. Paul, Minnesota, paper published this obviously effective ad: "Rape Prevention Seminar. April 17. Details call Ed's Gun Shop."

Well, it works for Third World countries: David Schroeder of Coal Valley, Illinois, placed an ad in the MONEY WANTED section of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that read, "Philanthropist sought. Young, productive, faithful Illinois farm family looking for \$400,000 at low interest to consolidate deadly high-interest loans. Collateral: \$1,000,000 farm." Schroeder is paying \$100,000 a year in interest on a \$300,000 second mortgage and other loans.

### HOT WHEELS

Nowhere in the Constitution does it say that the Government must constantly churn out statistics, but as long as things can be arranged in a list, the Feds will be there to do the job. The latest Government study reveals which cars thieves like the most. The ten models most likely to be stolen are, in order, Buick Riviera, Toyota Celica Supra, Cadillac Eldorado, Chevrolet Corvette, Pontiac Firebird, Chevrolet Camaro, Mazda RX-7, Porsche 911, Oldsmobile Toronado and Pontiac Grand Prix. At the bottom of the car thieves' popularity chart are the Renault Fuego, several Volvo models, the Honda Civic and Accord, General Motors' mid-size cars, Chevrolet Cavalier, Oldsmobile Firenza and various rare automobiles. This final category includes three Rolls-Royce models, none of which has been reported stolen in two years—something to consider when you're shopping for a Rolls.





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# OBSESSION

FOR MEN



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# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

STYLISH AND SEXY as a Chanel commercial, *9½ Weeks* (MGM/UA) was directed by Adrian Lyne, whose *Flashdance* displayed his flair for putting together a collage of ultrafashionable erotica. There's scant substance here, but who cares? An entire generation of well-heeled, ripe-and-ready Yuppies may find themselves responding to the designer-label look of Lyne's glossy homage to a novel by Elizabeth McNeill (one steamy excerpt appeared in *PLAYBOY* in April 1978). It's all about a New York career woman in sexual and psychological bondage, for a time, to an affluent young businessman who woos her, wows her, blindfolds her and awakens her to her own sensuality in unexpectedly exciting ways. I'm not sure that Mickey Rourke, as the dominant male, projects quite the right air of commanding kinkiness. He's a little too laid-back, a shade cool. But spontaneous combustion occurs whenever the camera settles on Kim Basinger, already singled out as a scorcher in *Fool for Love* and no less a presence as the sexy recruit for Rourke's obedience training. Whether she is turning herself on in a darkened projection room or doing an impromptu strip-tease to entertain her insatiable lord and master, Basinger emerges as a golden girl right up there with Bardot and Harlow—and demonstrably a surer actress than either of them. Lyne's cosmetically retouched *9½ Weeks* might be dismissed as *Son of Flashdance* or maybe just a lightweight *Last Tango*; but while he seems dedicated to the proposition that beauty is only skin-deep, his appreciative ogling of Basinger and Gotham's mid-Eighties glitter damned near proves his point. **★★**

The climactic chase scene in *Quicksilver* (Columbia) features Kevin Bacon on a bicycle just car lengths ahead of a vengeful drug dealer's screeching wheels. That highlight, however, seems as trumped up and irrelevant as a carefully choreographed music-video sequence in which Bacon bikes around a roomy loft in a peculiar *pas de deux* with a petulant ballerina (Whitney Kershaw). Writer-director Tom Donnelly has tried to pack every obligatory crowd-pleasing cliché into an otherwise original, up-to-the-minute story—with Bacon as a hot-shot stock trader who goes broke and decides to change his life by becoming a bicycle messenger boy. At the Quicksilver Delivery Service, he meets would-be actors, fighters, professors and a nice new girl (Jami Gertz). *Quicksilver* would have worked out better if Donnelly had resisted the temptation to make two movies in one—a crisp social satire combined with a conventional crime melodrama. By attempting too much, he achieves less and leaves Bacon



Kim turning on in *9½ Weeks*.

**Brava for Basinger in steamy *9½ Weeks*; fun and games in *Beverly Hills*.**

looking like an upcoming young actor in search of an author. **★★**

Spoofing the affluent society of Southern California isn't a new idea, but producer-director Paul Mazursky's *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* (Touchstone) makes the merri-merriment markedly more contagious than usual. An Americanization of a French play and film called *Boudu Saved from Drowning*, this Mazursky retread brings out the dry comedic talents of Nick Nolte, playing a derelict who lives out of a shopping cart until he lands by chance in the pool behind a pink-stucco mansion in Beverly Hills. The house belongs to Dave and Barbara Whiteman (Richard Dreyfuss and Bette Midler, both in snappish top form), who owe their wealth to the Dav-Bar hanger company and pay a lot of attention to keeping up with the Joneses as well as with other eminent local residents (which means that the caterer who brings their Thanksgiving turkey remarks reassuringly, "Your bird is bigger than Mel Brooks's bird"). The Whitemans' dog, Matisse, has a therapist; their daughter is semi-anorexic; their son wears lipstick; and Whiteman himself has something going with Carmen, their Mexican maid.

The impact of a homeless drifter on a colorfully screwed-up household stays amusing for the first hour or so, until Mazursky either loses his head or loses his hold on the basic bright idea. When he resorts to everybody-into-the-pool slapstick, the party mood starts waning; but

by that time, you'll have your money's worth of waggery from Nolte, Dreyfuss and Midler. **★★**

Liverpool is the setting for a slight, pleasant comedy of disenchantment called *Letter to Brezhnev* (Circle Releasing), a substantial hit in England, perhaps because it blithely questions the status quo. In that seaport city cursed by unemployment and a kind of cultural dim-out, two working-class girls (Margi Clarke and Alexandra Pigg) who are starved for excitement pick up a couple of Russian sailors during a night of pub crawling. What looks like a quick bash in a sleazy hotel turns into a slightly sooty Cinderella story when one of the girls, convinced she's truly in love, writes to the Soviet premier and, in reply, is invited to the U.S.S.R. As the sailor who seems the answer to a Liverpoolian maiden's prayers, Peter Firth has both a convincing accent and a manner to match. It would give away too much to explain how East-West conflicts threaten to spoil things for a pair of love-struck youngsters, but *Letter to Brezhnev* leavens its polemics with a saucy air of improvisation. The only lapse of communication here stems from the thick Lancashire dialect—at times so impenetrable that you may feel the cast's English needs English subtitles. **★★½**

Director Sidney Lumet's *Power* (Fox), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie and Gene Hackman on hand, tackles an important subject: the packaging of political candidates "like TV dinners" by the very latest gimmicks of modern marketing. Gere's the cynical media wizard who doesn't concern himself with ideals, or a lack of them, if the price is right—with Hackman as his former mentor, who is old-fashioned enough to care about his clients' politics, and Christie as his ex-wife, a London news correspondent. The problem with *Power* is that its characters and its moments of crisis—scandal stirring around a fine old politico linked to some dirty tricks in an Ohio Senatorial race—seem as carefully programed and picked up by computer as any of those market studies Lumet is telling us to abhor. There's not much spontaneity in the hero played by Gere, whose late discovery that he actually has a conscience occurs right on cue. In Lumet's 1977 *Network*, with an audacious screenplay by Paddy Chayefsky, the timely topic of TV ratings and manipulation of the public was kept sizzling nonstop. *Power*, written by David Himmelstein, somehow feels short-circuited at the source. **★★**

Bittersweet is the word for *Sugarbaby* (Kino International), German writer-director Percy Adlon's disarming romantic comedy about a fat lady's headlong passion for a virile young subway conductor







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in Munich. She doesn't know him but hankers after him and takes a temporary leave from her job dressing corpses in a mortuary in order to get her man. After she has painstakingly tracked her quarry, she finds that he's married, bored, horny and more than willing to be babied in or out of bed. Happily paired in Adlon's sprightly sex fable, Marianne Sagebrecht and Eisi Gulp make their fatty-and-skinny routine into a surprisingly tender close encounter. Another key contributor to the movie's delicate balance of emotional states is cinematographer Johanna Heer, an artist who uses film color in a painterly fashion, shifting from the blue-green of hidden desires to the roseate hues of flesh-and-blood satisfaction. In German, with English subtitles, *Sugarbaby* thinks small but keeps talk at a minimum until you're hooked, as I was after some initial resistance, on plain, plump Marianne's unstoppable lust for life. **YYY**

Steeped in controversy before the general public had so much as a peck at it, director Terry Gilliam's flamboyant *Brazil* (Universal) is an apocalyptic, mad and magical movie about modern man vs. a computerized fascist state somewhere in the Orwellian future. The title holds no clue to what's going on here, for it's simply a song cue—and a cue for hero Lowry (England's brilliant Jonathan Pryce, coming on like a Kafkaesque incarnation of James Stewart) to take wing in his imagination, dreaming impossible dreams, most of them about a girl (Kim Greist) he swoops up en route to Cloudland. When he actually meets the miss, she's a khaki-dad subversive working to undermine the social order. There's also a solitary terrorist named Tuttle, a minor role tellingly played by Robert De Niro. In a case of mistaken identity—with an innocent man named Buttle—Tuttle triggers the chain of misadventures, satirical swipes and nightmarish fantasies that add up to culture shock for Lowry. *Brazil*'s shock value is intentional but proved too heady for Universal executives, who refused to release the film as Gilliam had made it (from a screenplay he wrote with Charles McKown and playwright Tom Stoppard). All disputes were defused, if not dissolved, when the Los Angeles film critics cited *Brazil* for 1985's best-picture, best-director and best-screenplay awards.

Whichever side you take after seeing it, this bold black comedy of contemporary paranoia must be seen. The futuristic sets and camerawork—surely reflecting Gilliam's genius as the Monty Python animation whiz who also created *Time Bandits*—are so spectacular that they almost overshadow such ace performers as Ian Holm, Michael Palin and Bob Hoskins, playing various cogs in the malevolent machinery of government. There's little chance of the special effects' upstaging Katherine Helmond, as Lowry's mother, an aged dowager devoted to the



A new wrinkle for Helmond in *Brazil*.

### Terry Gilliam triumphs with *Brazil*; so-so efforts for Pollack and Spielberg.

miracles of plastic surgery. *Brazil* clearly belongs with *Dr. Strangelove* and *A Clockwork Orange* in the company of movies to remember for sheer cinematic derring-do. **YYYY**

The sumptuous, exotic travelog titled *Out of Africa* (Universal) purports to be a film biography of the late, great Danish writer Isak Dinesen, borrowing the title of her 1937 classic about life on a coffee plantation in Kenya. Director Sydney Pollack's version fiddles the facts in order to drum up a limpid love idyl between the writer—then known as Karen Blixen—and a dashing white hunter named Denys Finch Hatton. As Karen's husband, who infects her with syphilis, Klaus Maria Brandauer steals every scene worth taking. Africa and the Africans serve mainly a decorative function to spruce up this complex mating game, which is acted superbly, as usual, by Meryl Streep—sporting a meticulous Danish accent and a virtual smorgasbord of soul. Opposite her, Robert Redford appears to be modeling next season's safari clothes. **YY½**

Steven Spielberg's artistic license must have expired before he assumed the task of making a movie from Alice Walker's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *The Color Purple* (Warner). In this flagrantly sentimental, disjointed adaptation, Whoopi Goldberg is perfect—fey and long-suffering and unassumingly straightforward as Celie, the passive pivotal character. Margaret Avery, Danny Glover and Oprah Winfrey bring considerable spirit to the supporting cast, yet the movie moves like molasses in January. **YY**

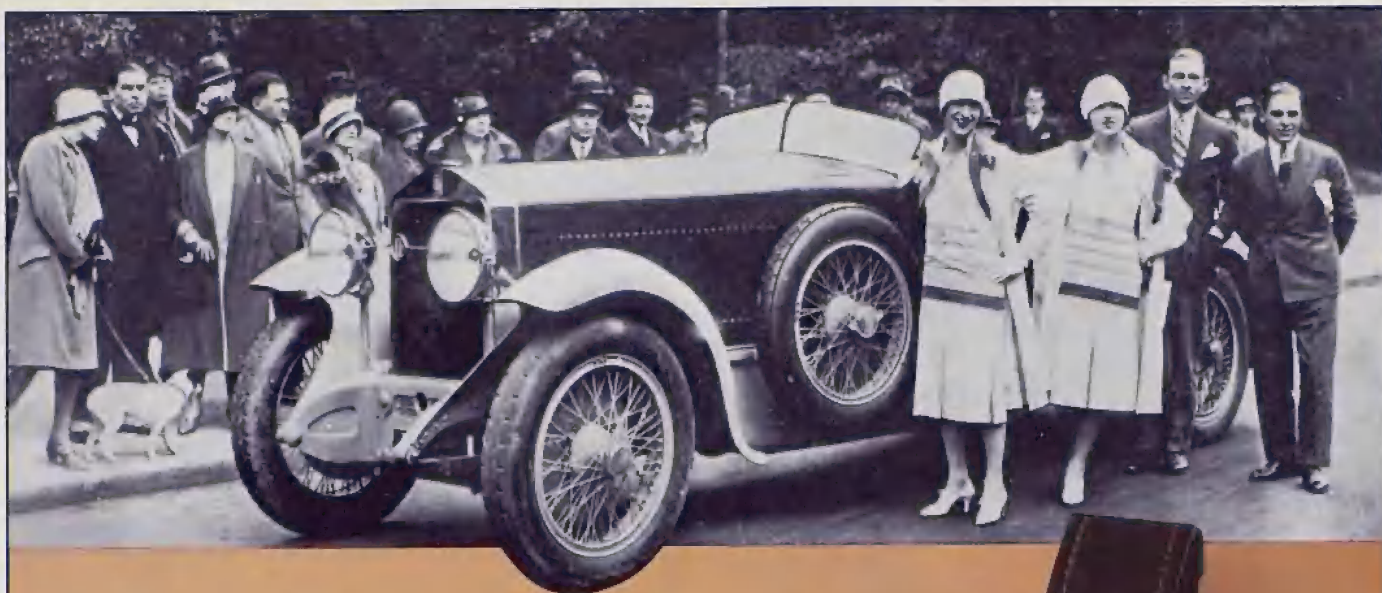
## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Black Moon Rising** Tommy Lee Jones, wheeling and dealing. **YY½**  
**Brazil** (See review) Terry Gilliam's dazzling ode to future shock. **YYYY**  
**A Chorus Line** On Broadway, five times better, but you'll get the idea. **YY**  
**The Color Purple** (See review) Through Spielberg's rose-colored glasses. **YY**  
**Dark of the Night** Things that go bump in a vintage Jag. **YY**  
**Desert Hearts** Lesbian love blooms in Reno's divorce mill. **YY**  
**Down and Out in Beverly Hills** (See review) This retread works. **YYY**  
**Fool for Love** Sam Shepard's play filmed by Altman, with Shepard and Kim Basinger hot as pistols. **YYYY½**  
**Hannah and Her Sisters** Woody Allen's Manhattan marital daisy chain. **YYYY**  
**The Jewel of the Nile** After *Romancing the Stone*, a pretty square cut. **YY½**  
**Lady Jane** Teenaged lovers to the chopping block in Tudor England. **YYY**  
**Letter to Brezhnev** (See review) Two girls and a sailor in Liverpool. **YY½**  
**Murphy's Romance** Garner and Field out West, acting young as they feel. **YY½**  
**My Chauffeur** The femme limo driver and the boss's son tuning up. **YY**  
**The Mystery of Alexina** Is she a he? That's the question. **YY**  
**9½ Weeks** (See review) Basinger's back, and Rourke has got her. **YYY**  
**The Official Story** Argentina's Aleandro in a scintillating star turn. **YYYY**  
**Out of Africa** (See review) Streep and Redford a-wooing on safari. **YY½**  
**Power** (See review) Political machinations in low Gere. **YY**  
**Quicksilver** (See review) Stock trader Kevin Bacon has bike, will travel. **YY**  
**Rainy Day Friends** Tough kid taking over the cancer ward. **YY**  
**Ran** Feudal wars on grand scale, by Kurosawa out of *King Lear*. **YYYY**  
**Revolution** Epic but empty, with Nastassja Kinski and Al Pacino. **Y**  
**Runaway Train** Mile-a-minute action on the rails, starring Jon Voight. **YYY**  
**Shoah** A memorable return to the Holocaust in ten harrowing hours. **YYYY½**  
**Sugarbaby** (See review) Through fat or thin, lust will find a way. **YYY**  
**Touch and Go** Puckish comedy about a hockey star and a wayward kid. **YY½**  
**The Trip to Bountiful** See Geraldine Page, an actress' actress, go for broke. **YY½**  
**Turtle Diary** Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley coming out of their shells in a tidy English comedy by Pinter. **YYY**

**YYYY** Don't miss **YY** Worth a look  
**YYY** Good show **Y** Forget it





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# MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

IT'S OBVIOUS enough why neophytes should buy Bob Dylan's *Biograph* (Columbia). This five-disc boxed set is the only comprehensive survey of one of rock's undisputed greats. *Biograph* includes 22 selections never before available on LP, plus 31 more or less familiar ones that have been digitally remastered. The result is a glorious opportunity for discovery—and a pretty rare one, since Dylan hasn't had a pop hit in the better part of a decade.

But what's in it for those who already know all those great Dylan songs? Well, in part, a chance to find out that they aren't just songs. Dylan is so famous for revolutionizing the way pop music is written that it's often forgotten that he also transformed pop performance—in particular, pop singing. *Biograph* is exhibit A in the case for Dylan the vocalist and, as these sides spin out their story, it becomes increasingly obvious that he's as important for the syllables he stretched as for the phrases he turned. The magic here is in the toughness of the live *I Don't Believe You*, the delicacy of *Percy's Song* and *Lay Down Your Weary Tune*, the cruel candor and comedy of *Most Likely You Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine*. Most of all, it's in the barbed-wire tension that runs through his music, from *Mixed-Up Confusion* (1962) to *Groom Still Waiting at the Altar* (1981).

The writing remains great, but its power is amplified by understanding Dylan as a performer first and foremost. *Biograph* makes this unmistakable. It also makes a great case for Dylan's Eighties material. Although most of it lacks the luminescence of his Sixties material, *Every Grain of Sand*, *Caribbean Wind* and the live *Heart of Mine* suggest that this is a good time to get to know Dylan. Sooner or later, anybody this talented has got to experience a revival.

NELSON GEORGE

Horns, strings and sentimental things are the stuff of America's pre-rock-'n'-roll popular music. Marvin Gaye, a man so intimately and joylessly linked with the traditions of bubbling Sixties pop, loved the syrupy songs of Tin-Pan-Alley. On *Romantically Yours* (Columbia), the late singer tackles, in a lusty M.O.R. style, 11 songs—five originals and six standards, including *Maria, More, Fly Me to the Moon* and *The Shadow of Your Smile*. The originals are at best OK compositions, but on the acknowledged standards, particularly *Shadow* and *Why Did I Choose You?*, Gaye's vocal dexterity and sweet passion recall Nat "King" Cole and showcase the range of his talent. After the travesty of *Dream of a Lifetime*, *Romantically Yours* is a fitting last testament to Gaye's career.

Sade is a big Marvin Gaye fan. She even



Romantic Promise.

Good Dylan, sweet passion,  
the singers' singer and  
roots-rock reggae.

quotes the title of his *I Want You* in one song from her sublime *Promise* (Portrait). From the big-band horns of *Is It a Crime* to the samba rhythms of *Sweetest Taboo* and the autobiographical *Tar Baby*, the second album of her British quartet is both as soothing and as sexual as a massage on a summer Sunday. But isn't Sade that lady who cut *Diamond Life* and sang *Smooth Operator*? Yes and no. Sade is the soft-voiced half-English, half-Nigerian lead vocalist. But the boudoir sax of Stuart Matthewman and bassist Paul Denman's impeccable lines are equally essential to Sade's sultry style. *Promise* has the strength to be an enduring pop recording.

The same must be said of *A Chorus Line* (Casablanca). The Marvin Hamlisch/Edward Kleban score has been a crucial element, though not the most essential one, of the longest-running show in Broadway history. *Dance: Ten; Looks: Three, I Can Do That* and *What I Did for Love* are now staples of cabaret shows and high school talent nights all across America. And on the whole, the sound track to Richard Attenborough's film of Michael Bennett's baby won't disappoint old fans, though Alyson Reed's *What I Did for Love* is decidedly underwhelming. The two new songs added for the film, however, clearly have a different pedigree. *Let Me Dance for You*, added to build a love story between Reed's Cassie and Michael Douglas' Zach, is better for its long instrumental bridge than for its lyric, while Gregg Burge's *Surprise, Surprise* is lovely but disastrously

empty-headed when compared with the rest of Hamlisch and Kleban's efforts.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Frankie Miller is one of those singers for whom other singers (such as Bob Seger) regularly profess deep admiration while the record-buying public professes deep indifference. I suspect this has something to do with Miller's impeccable craftsmanship's not being balanced by an equal amount of something to say on his many albums during the Seventies. After four years, Miller has returned with *Dancing in the Rain* (Mercury/PolyGram), and the layoff seems to have pumped a few gallons into his songwriting tank. Alternately sounding like Rod Stewart and Paul Rodgers, Miller puts a rock edge on traditional country-and-western paradox ("I'd lie to you for your love / And that's the truth") and pulls off a great Bad Company imitation on *Shakey Ground*. Much of the rest of the album relies a little heavily on blues-rock truisms (*The Boys & the Girls Are Doing It*) but, when wrapped around the right anthem, the guy's pipes really are worthy of all that admiration. In the age of Springsteen and Cougar Mellencamp, there's no reason for Miller not to be a bigger deal.

Late of the Undertones, one of Ireland's greatest bands, Feargal Sharkey has followed a similar career pattern: lots of critical acceptance, little public acceptance—until this past year, when Sharkey became quite a big deal in England with a sound square in the middle of Eighties Brit pop: blue-eyed soul with electronics, plenty of quaver and an emphasis on romance rather than lust. Produced by the ubiquitous Dave Stewart, *Feargal Sharkey* (A&M) has an exuberant energy that should connect with the younger female element and that portion of the male element interested in dancing with the younger female element.

For Sixties-soul purists who have worn out Otis Redding's *Live in Europe*, I'd recommend Otis Clay's *Soul Man—Live in Japan* (Rooster Blues). Clay shreds his vocal cords for up to 12 minutes per song, and the band kicks butt from here to Tokyo.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Because reggae would seem to be about things that most North Americans don't much care about—going back to Africa, loving Jah, smoking too much marijuana—it's been strictly cult music in the U.S. since Bob Marley died. But as anyone whose synapses have been reorganized by its groove knows full well, reggae's surface is, well, surface. Its content is the deepest rhythm in music, a rhythm





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# FAST TRACKS



**HAVE YOUR SWAMI CALL MY SWAMI DEPARTMENT:** Talk about injuries: The keyboard player was in a wheelchair, the drummer was wearing a brace and the horn section was racked by whiplash. Area Code had been in a serious car accident and four of the eight band members had been hurt. The doctor told them to rest, but they went to Montreal anyway to fulfill a concert commitment. Friends in Montreal introduced them to a Hungarian faith healer, who came over and put her hands on them. By evening, the horn section was cured.

**QUOTE OF THE MONTH:** From **Clarence Clemons**, on the difference between working with **The Boss** and being his own boss: "It's a hard thing to do, but every man wants to leave his own footprints in the sand . . . being the boss is full of responsibility and working with **Bruce** is no responsibility. You just go out and you're only responsible to him. You have fun and you don't worry about the small details. The benefit of doing my own thing is having the last word . . . about how I want things done."

**REELING AND ROCKING:** **Bonnie Tyler's** 1983 hit tune *Total Eclipse of the Heart* is being developed as a film. The plot is said to be loosely adapted from *Wuthering Heights*, updated to present-day Northern California. . . . Don't expect to see **David Lee Roth's** movie until late 1986, but do expect to hear a score by **Nile Rodgers**. . . . **Paul Jabara**, who won an Oscar for *Donna Summer's* hit *Last Dance*, is scoring a new **Robert Redford/Debra Winger** romantic comedy. . . . Australian movie director **Gillian Armstrong**, who did a rock musical comedy called *Starstruck*, is set to do another in the U.S. *Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller* is about five teens who form a band and get a gig at a posh resort.

**NEWSBREAKS:** **Dylan** and actor/playwright **Sam Shepard** have written a 15-minute song together. No news yet on how or when it will be released. . . . **Joni Mitchell** is singing on **Daryl Hall's** solo album, which will be out any time now. . . . **U2** has set up a label, **Mother Records**, that will concentrate on young Irish bands, producing mostly singles, and will operate without contractual commitments. **Mother's** first release is by a Dublin band, **Cactus World News**. . . . Look for a five-hour Showtime special, *The Lennon*

*Legacy: Two Generations of Music*, this spring. It will include documentary and concert footage never aired before. **Yoko** will produce a musical segment. . . . We hear that **Walter Becker** and **Donald Fagen** are re-forming **Steely Dan** for recording and touring. . . . Remember **Alice Cooper**? He has been living quietly in Chicago, raising his family and playing a bit of golf. Now he has signed a new recording contract, is meeting with producers and plans to make his comeback album in New York. . . . **Boyz Scaggs** has returned to the studio after a five-year break. **Peter Wolf** and **Steve Porcaro** are involved in his recording project, and **Wolf** may end up with a coproducer's credit. . . . Film director **Ken Russell** has opened a music-video company called *Sitting Duck*. The company's first projects will include a video based on **Andrew Lloyd Webber's** new show, *Phantom of the Opera*. **Russell** says he's also talking with **Mike Oldfield** about doing a video. . . . **Chaka Khan** is getting first-rate guests for her new album. So far, **Phil Collins**, **David Bowie** and **Scritti Politti** have showed up to boogie. . . . Bluesman **Willie Dixon** is continuing his copyright battle with **Led Zep** in the courtroom. **Dixon** claims his tune *You Need Love* is directly imitated in **Led Zep's** only top-ten hit, *Whole Lotta Love*. The trial is scheduled for June. . . . When **ZZ Top** concluded rehearsals for its current North American tour, **Billy Gibbons** had a few words to say about his group's Southern-boogie reputation: "I think we've been a little lax in sharing something . . . more intellectual with our audiences. . . . We learned early on that we were not cut out to be carriers of any sociological messages. . . . **ZZ Top** is about having a good time. You can feel **ZZ Top** in your feet and in your seat." —BARBARA NELLIS

that motivates the heart and pelvis without, as **Satchel Paige** might have said, angrying up the blood.

In the Eighties, reggae has continued to evolve in its own way—rhythmically. Where in the Seventies spacey studio dub ruled, now guitarists and pianists improvise around the beat, and horn sections add curlicues that are intricate but rarely fussy.

If you're ready to praise **Jah** for 45 minutes, try the chants on **Ras Michael & the Sons of Negus' Rolly Round** (Shanachie, Dalebrook Park, Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey 07423). Because this compilation is selected from many years of real cult music, the rhythms may seem reassuringly familiar despite their *funde*-drum base. So, too, on **Yabby You's** 1983 **Shanachie** compilation *One Love, One Heart*, though I'm ever more taken with this religious recluse's current *Fleeing from the City*—never before have nursery hymns danced so jammingly.

For those who prefer their sex straight, love man **Gregory Isaacs** has lifted himself from a long slump on *Private Beach Party* (RAS, Box 42517, Washington, D.C. 20015). Predictably, the sex is better when **Isaacs** comes at it sideways—not on the title cut but on *No Rushings and Promise Is a Comfort*. No such reservations apply to **Joe Higgs's** first U.S. album, *Triumph!* (Alligator, Box 60234, Chicago, Illinois 60660). **Higgs** was an early mentor of **Bob Marley** and, like his genius protégé, he always combines the personal with the prophetic and the political. And just as **Marley** would have, he has evolved rhythmically—his groove is the deepest and the wickedest of any record here.

## SHORT CUTS

### VIC GARBARINI

**John Lennon Live in New York City** (Capitol): Eleven galvanizing performances by **Lennon** at the height of his post-Beatles power, balanced between his activist and introspective phases. Raw, intense and urgent. An unexpected treasure.

**Lloyd Cole and the Commotions / Easy Pieces** (Geffen): Scottish **Dylan** acolytes' second effort is punchier but with fewer memorable hooks than their debut.

**Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers / Pack Up the Plantation—Live!** (MCA): Like fellow neopopulist **Springsteen's**, **Petty's** virtues are accentuated in concert—especially when his muscular band propels that laconic drawl into hyperspace. But when's this rebel gonna find a cause?

**Richard Lloyd / Field of Fire** (Mistlur): Ex-Television guitarist's incisive yet fluid chops are still mesmerizing, but he needs some refined assistance in the vocals and songwriting departments.

**The Jewel of the Nile / sound track** (Jive/Arista): Hidden amid the filler is the real jewel—**Billy Ocean's** deliciously up bit of Motownish fluff, *When the Going Gets Tough* (. . . the tough buy singles?).





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# TELEVISION

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

THESE ARE my credentials: I don't watch *David Letterman*. I don't watch *60 Minutes*. On Friday nights, I go out. I don't quite know what to make of this, but suddenly I find that I have more in common with my co-workers' kids than I do with my co-workers. The reason? Tuesday night at the tube, the best double bill on TV.

I'm talking about *Moonlighting* and *Spenser: For Hire*. My boss's son Zack is allowed to watch Cybill Shepherd and Bruce Willis, whether or not he has finished his homework. His mother thinks David Addison is an important role model. (She wants her son to grow up with a black belt in flirting.) My good friend Barbara's eight-year-old daughter, Rebecca, is allowed to stay up after her bedtime to watch *Spenser*. Her mother thinks Hawk is an important role model. (She wants Rebecca to be one tough cookie.)

Mark Twain said that at the age of 12 a boy starts imitating a man and continues doing so for the rest of his life. Tuesday night at the tube gives us the two most interesting men on television: Willis as David Addison and Avery Brooks as Hawk. My adult friends who became *Moonlighting* fanatics can recall their first contact with the show. When the trades were hyping it as Cybill Shepherd's comeback, we saw through the hype. We are talking grand-theft sitcom here. The first time I saw the show, I caught only the last five minutes. There was more dialog in five minutes than there is in five weeks of *Miami Vice*. Shepherd's contribution is to stand there and make you glad you are alive; Willis is the best of Bill Murray and Mickey Rourke rolled into one. At first I could see the programing choice: Brandon Tartikoff started *Miami Vice* with a scrawled note, "MTV cops"; this time someone had written, "*Ghostbusters* meets Nick and Nora Charles." Where what's-his-name can do Cary Grant imitations on *Remington Steele* and produce a girls' show, Willis can alternate between a kidder and a killer, convincingly. He puts the *bad* back into badinage. It is dialog intensive, the verbal equivalent of a car chase. The shortest distance between two points is a good line. He is the guy you wish you were, especially if you found yourself next to Cybill Shepherd. He worries her like a bone. He worships her. He runs circles around her. He says exactly what he means, and a couple of other things besides. He stretches himself. It's not unlike watching Robin Williams in the early days of *Mork & Mindy*. You don't know what's going to happen next.

In contrast, there is *Spenser*. I can see the note on this one: "Dirty Harry enters the Boston Marathon after watching too



For this viewer, T.G.I.T.

No Tuesday-night invites accepted, and other ruminations on the TV screen.

much *Phil Donahue*." You have two male leads. Robert Urich plays Spenser, an ex-cop, fighter, jogger, gourmet cook who has a sense of the code, or, rather, The Code. Standing outside this is Hawk, a man who embodies The Silent Code. He is a stand-up guy and the best friend on TV since the Fonz; a well-dressed, bald, polished black, who drives an equally bald, polished BMW. His chuckle is the best sound on TV, a reason to buy one of those stereo jobs. These men are physical. They don't do a fight scene, they settle into it. They hunker down and go to work. True sweat. Hawk is a presence. Once, Spenser got patted down by two gunsels, who laughed that he wasn't carrying. "What I brought along is too big to carry in my pocket." Rebecca had that line memorized by school the next morning. (I had to call her to make sure I'd gotten it right.) Spenser's girlfriend is a feminist named Susan Silverman. She has taken the dilemmas of feminist options and elevated them to the level of a Code. I call it the Confusion. She is continually confused, and Spenser has to live with it.

Feminists are always bitching that TV misrepresents women. I could make a case that TV does less of a favor to middle management. On *Dallas*, *Dynasty* and *Falcon Crest*, all the executives are assholes who have their own line of men's fashion. They sit down to big dinners a lot. Take the cop shows. For as long as I can remember, the commander was always a whiny

wimp. On the private-eye shows, the cop was always an incompetent dolt or an ass-fat desk jockey without street smarts. Captain Furillo, on *Hill Street Blues*, brought a sense of command to television. And now we have Lieutenant Castillo, the only man worth watching on *Miami Vice*. He is antistyle, nonverbal, a Zen master of the glance. He keeps the cowboys in line. He is the only guy on the show who doesn't hear the rock-music sound track. He is so serious, the scriptwriters have had to resort to the mystical—in one show, he is a *brujó* à la Castaneda's Don Juan; in another, a martial-arts expert who worked for the DEA in Thailand. In another, he has respect among practitioners of voodoo. The writers have this presence and don't know what to do with it. Maybe you need duration. The best course in leadership was the six-week PBS special on Scott and Amundsen: *The Last Place on Earth*.

While we are on the topic of real men, has anyone watched Donahue since he moved to New York? (Let's call this real women and abused men.) Donahue has become a martyr. He has lost his useful audiences of middle-class, Midwestern prudes. He is suffering New York shock. He scheduled a show on live-in mistresses and the audience wanted to know if the wife bought gifts for the other woman and where she did her shopping. When he did a show in San Francisco on women in pornography, women in the audience asked producer Candida Royalle and film critic Steffani Martin what the ten best porn movies were and where they could buy them. Donahue lost it. He exhorted the audience: "How many women have to be tied to furniture before you realize that porn is wrong?" As Dorothy might have said to Toto: "I don't think we're in Dayton anymore."

Rape seems to have replaced Vietnam (flashbacks, M.I.A.s, buddies gone bad, buddies dying under strange circumstances) as the *déjà-vision* plot of the year. Didi gets raped by a South American diplomat's son, and Hunter gets his revenge. A friend of one of the cops on *Miami Vice* gets raped by a rich South American banker's son, and Gina pulls a *Jagged Edge* ambush. By the time this sees print, who else will have eaten this plot? Cagney and Lacey have. Maybe Mrs. King is next. Maybe Rick and A.J.'s mom. Maybe Mr. T will wander into the wrong warehouse. Spenser's girlfriend is a sure-fire candidate. Is how we deal with rape the way men are to be defined? You're either the rapist or the guy who kills him? Listen. I'll die for a woman, but I won't kill for her. Unless it gets me a spot on *Donahue*.



# THE RICHER TASTE OF MYERS'S ALWAYS COMES THROUGH.



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# BOOKS

**The White House Mess** (Knopf), by Christopher Buckley, is one of the funniest books ever written about the mess called Washington, D.C. Set in the near future, *The White House Mess* purports to be the memoirs of Herbert Wadlough, a snob if there ever was one and a former member of President Thomas Nelson Tucker's Administration. That was the Administration that invaded Bermuda in 1992, remember? Wadlough was involved in that fracas, and it was he who allowed himself to be gassed with GB-322 on the *Today* show to prove that gassing the island was an acceptable thing. But why not read the book and find out what happened? You'll encounter a lustful Presidential wife, a mean Presidential kid, an ambitious Vice-President who is always being sent out to pasture, a Cabinet of lightweight thinkers, a Congress of dolts and a White House that is filled with plots and counterplots, in the middle of which sits Wadlough himself, a Yuppie *manqué*, an Anglophile, an accountant from Boise who has taken on the trappings of Washington, never to shed them. We should thank our lucky stars that Buckley's vision of a venal and vapid White House could never actually be taken as the truth, for if it were, it would mean the country is really in a terrible mess. Read *The White House Mess* and weep with laughter.

Thomas Hauser writes important books. His first—*Missing*—served as the basis for the Costa-Gavras film starring Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek. Now, in *The Black Lights* (McGraw-Hill), Hauser writes about professional boxing in a way that no one has ever done before. *The Black Lights* traces three months in the life of former World Boxing Council Superlightweight Champion Billy Costello, culminating in Costello's successful title defense against Saul Mamby. It's a book with heart, and readers will wind up cheering hard for Costello, his manager, Mike Jones, and trainer Victor Valle. But more important, *The Black Lights* is the first book to offer an in-depth, behind-the-scenes look at the business of boxing as it exists today. Bob Arum, Jose Sulaiman, the television networks and all the other powers that be are put down on paper in extraordinary fashion. Hauser's recounting of an ugly contract negotiation between Jones and promoter Don King is one of the most dramatic nonfiction narratives to appear in print in a long time. *The Black Lights* explains why fighters fight, what they go through to win and how they feel when they lose. It's a great book.

At a time when mankind seems to be floundering and the world at large seems bereft of great leadership, it would do us all well to remember Dr. Martin Luther



Buckley: untangling *The White House Mess*.

Some laughs on D.C.,  
an inside view of pro boxing  
and a tribute to King.

King, Jr. In *King Remembered* (Norton), Flip Schulke and Penelope Ortner McPhee give us that opportunity. The story won't be new for those who lived through the civil rights movement, but for those who have entered adulthood in the past decade and know little about the man or his movement, it's a must read. Schulke was King's favorite photographer and followed him everywhere, documenting everything from his brilliant start in the 1955 Montgomery, Alabama, bus boycott to his end, when the assassin's bullet struck him down. *King Remembered* will bring a tear to your eye.

Gerald A. Browne struck a literary diamond mine with *Harrowhouse* and *Green Ice*. He is at home in a world where men carry around pocketfuls of stones worth millions. The titular hero of *Stone 588A* (Arbor House) is a flawed octahedral crystal that has the power to heal mental patients, cancer victims and heart-attack-prone Presidents. Everyone wants it. There are murder, mayhem, kinky sex, lifestyles of the rich and decadent, love, gunfire, a heist or two—the usual ingredients for a fun read. Preposterous pulp.

A cabal of rich industrialists and scientists. A colony on the moon. A Russian plot to assassinate the Castro brothers and turn Cuba into a true vassal state. The lost treasure of El Dorado (she's a woman). A secret satellite installation in the Caribbean. A beautiful woman. And Dirk Pitt,

the man who raised the Titanic. Clive Cussler packs all of this and more into 475 pages of *Cyclops* (Simon & Schuster) and even manages to throw in a sex scene for good measure. Rather than tell you whether or not this is a good book, let's just say we read the whole shebang one afternoon as we enjoyed the effects of a late-winter flu. It made us feel better.

What sort of book does CIA director William J. Casey curl up with? Well, we know he liked Stuart Woods's *Deep Lie* (Norton), and probably for good reason. In it, a renegade K.G.B. officer is planning the invasion of Sweden. He has deployed subs and minisubs all around Stockholm and Copenhagen. Remember when the Whiskey-class Russian sub was discovered in Swedish waters in 1981—the so-called Whiskey on the Rocks incident? All that is skillfully explained as part of a master plan. The characters (a Senate aide, a woman who's the chief of the CIA's Soviet office, a Soviet sub commander, a Russian floozy) get rather short shrift, but it's the stuff of espionage that is fascinating here, and it all seems chilling and plausible. One of our favorite parts: An Italian computer whiz turns the K.G.B. on to Wordstar, figuring that will fix the Red wagon for years to come. *Deep Lie* has some simple truth.

Laurie Colwin's collection of short fiction, *Another Marvelous Thing* (Knopf), will charm the socks off you. There are eight stories, all of them about the staid banker Francis and his untidy mistress, Billy. Another marvelous book by Colwin.

## BOOK BAG

**Courting Fame** (Harper & Row), by Karen Stabiner: Spend a season with teen tennis whiz Debbie Spence, her friends and her foes. They're spoiled rotten by indulgent, long-suffering parents, but they endure more pressure than kids should ever bear. That's why so many burn out. *Courting Fame* will have you rooting for Debbie if she makes the TV rounds of this year's big tournaments. It will also make you think twice about pushing your kid into this seemingly elegant but heartless game.

**The Chicago Exhibition** (Melrose), by Michele Fitzsimmons and Diane Schmidt: Photographer Schmidt and model Fitzsimmons took Chicago by storm, one snapping the photos, the other posing nude all over town. It's witty and sexy.

**Gahan Wilson's America** (Simon & Schuster), by Gahan Wilson: Frequent *PLAYBOY* contributor Wilson's amusing and slightly twisted look at our country.





# SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

No sporting event compares with the N.C.A.A.'s Final Four in basketball, not if you want to observe the best scholar-athletes in our American universities. These astounding young men not only are taller than Nepal and capable of slam-dunking a handful of Sherpas, they can also quote the great poets and philosophers, solve intricate mathematical problems and even, in many cases, spell their own names.

Each spring, when the Final Four rolls around, I like to put myself in the place of the college presidents, the gentlemen who preside over these gifted students. My heart then swells with pride as I watch the scholar-athletes rise through the air like Hyatt Regency elevators, bump their heads on coliseum rafters and engage in prolonged discussions during hang time above the backboards. My heart swells with pride because I know these individuals are so typical of the student bodies they represent. As all college presidents know, every university has at least 8000 students who are 7'3" and equipped to stand flat-footed and jump over the roof of a BMW.

In the role of a college president, I feel warm and secure with these scholar-athletes on my campus. They are nothing like those crass mercenaries who play college football and embarrass me every fall by taking money from alumni to buy sinful cheeseburgers and Levi's.

Recently on my campus, when we were dealing with some nasty rumors about recruiting violations, I took matters into my own hands. I went straight to Shaver Dips, the basketball coach who molds our fine young men. Point-blank, I asked Shaver if we were conducting our affairs in the proper manner.

"What do you mean?" Coach Dips said with a squint.

That was good enough for me. I immediately reported my findings to the N.C.A.A.

But the rumors in the trigger-happy media persisted, so I was forced to go to our scholar-athletes themselves.

First, I met with Rondiel Jamesiason, our splendid seven-foot center, who carries a 3.2 in stereo history. Rondiel's name is correctly pronounced Randall Jamison. The unusual spelling of it dates back to the night of his birth at City-County Hospital in Atlanta, when both his mother and a nurse were in a hurry to fill out a form, but that's beside the point.

"Randall," I said, entering his lake-



## DOLLARS FOR SCHOLARS

front condo, "did you receive improper inducements to attend this university?"

"Co-itch say he gonna take my car if I don't play har-ud," said Randall, brooding.

"Who said?"

"Co-itch say."

"Co-itch?"

"Co-itch Tibbs."

"Coach Dips?"

"Yeah, you know. The motherfucker who run the team. Same motherfucker who say no dope and no pussy on game day. You the president?"

I nodded.

"Yeah, well, you know, I be needin' a 'vance on my salaries. I got these family problems, you know. You tell Co-itch if I don't get no 'vance on my salaries, then I don't be gettin' no rebounds tonight. I'll be needin' to res' myself, you dig?"

The next condo I visited belonged to Wendiel Hamielton, our fine 6'10" forward, who carries a 3.4 in physical sciences, a successful program we patterned after the ones at Michigan, Penn State, Nebraska, North Carolina, Georgia Tech, Alabama, Kentucky and UCLA.

"How's school, Wendiel?" I inquired.

"School be up on that hill?"

"Yes, those buildings near the bell tower."

"I was over there once, baby. They got some funny shit goin' on."

"It looks like you've pretty much made the adjustment from junior college, Wendiel."

"Yeah, well, you know, I'd be a lot happier if my check hadn't bounced last week."

"What check?"

"The check Co-itch gimme for my laundry money."

"Maybe I can take care of that right now. How much was it?"

"Thirty-eight thousand, four hundred and sixty dollars."

"Let me get back to you, Wendiel."

On the upstairs terrace of another condo, I found Dwoan McDonield, our other fine 6'10" forward, who carries a 3.6 in cassette rewind, a successful program we patterned after the ones at USC, Georgia, LSU, Oklahoma, Miami, Ohio State and Arizona.

Dwoan was a rather touching human-interest story for us, a walk-on who earned a starting position purely on the basis of his height and police record. When we took Dwoan at our university, I had the pleasure of calling his mother with the good news.

"I'm giving Dwoan a chance to go to college," I told her on the phone.

"Who's Dwoan?"

"Your son."

"You mean Duane?"

"Uh... yes, I suppose it is Duane. It looked very much like Dwoan the way it was written on his enrollment card."

"Listen, mister, I don't know where the sorry shitass is, and I don't care. He's broke my heart for the last time."

When I interrupted Dwoan on his terrace to ask if he were receiving any improper inducements, he looked insulted, hurt, angry.

"What the fuck you doin' here, man?" he said. "Me and the bitch like to be alone when we shoot up."

I concluded my in-house investigation at this point. There was no need to question our other starters, Marshiel Everiett, our best defensive player, and Token White, our backcourt ace. I had all the information I needed to plead our case before the N.C.A.A.'s infractions committee.

It was good to get to the bottom of things, to know that our university has made it to the Final Four with a clean program. And I think with these fine scholar-athletes and the Christian leadership of coach Shaver Dips, we have a very good chance to go all the way.

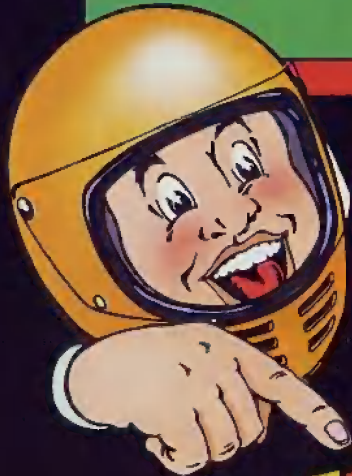




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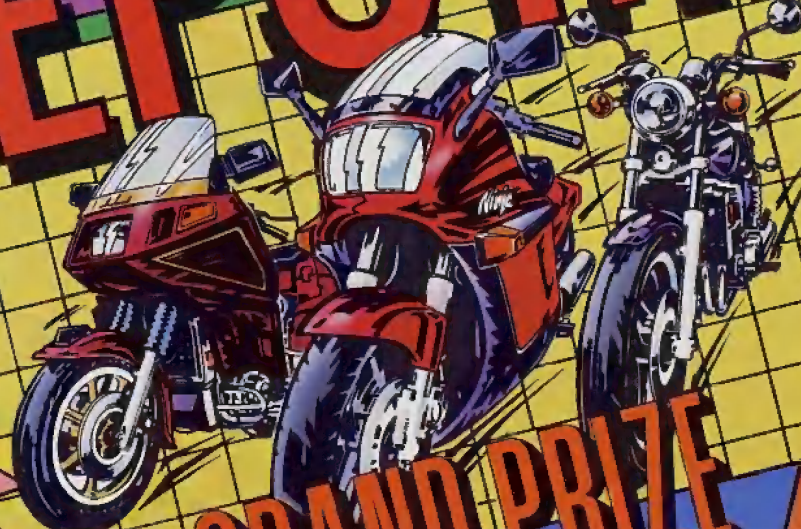
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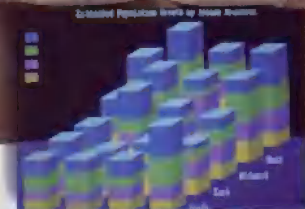
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By ASA BABER

This all began with Epictetus. That probably sounds fancy, but it's the truth. The year was 1977, and I was sitting in a farmhouse in central Illinois. It was snowing, many days and nights of snow, huge drifts, no communication with the outside world, telephone lines down, roads closed.

I felt like a stranded astronaut. It was not a good feeling for me, because I did not like facing myself. I was not proud of my life. I was particularly worried about my two sons, children I'd lost in a truncated custody case. The snow paralyzed me, cut off my chances to lose myself in busywork and be blind to my own weaknesses and failure. I couldn't call people or fix a fence or drive to town for coffee.

So I read whatever I could get my hands on, and as the wind roared and the house rattled and the fire glowed in the wood stove, I came across some lines from a Stoic philosopher that changed my life.

"There is only one thing I can say to you," wrote Epictetus, "that the man who does not know who he is, and what he was born for, and what sort of world this is that he exists in . . . and is unable to follow either reason or demonstration, or what is true and what is false, and cannot distinguish one from the other—such a man, to sum it all up, will go about deaf and blind, thinking that he is somebody when he really is nobody. . . . And do you think that this is something new? Has it not been true from the time when the human race began, that every mistake and every misfortune has been due to this kind of ignorance?"

I copied those words on a card and pinned it above my desk. They summarized the major questions of my life. Who was I? A father? How could I be a father when my children did not live with me? A husband? I had failed in one marriage and could easily see how my second marriage might collapse, too. A fighter? Too much of one; I'd been raised with aggression as my middle name and it didn't fit in polite society, not the form I knew. A lover? Too much of one; like so many men's, my sexuality was sometimes enormous, and when it was in full force, I had a hard time following either the reason or the demonstration recommended by Epictetus.

I was suffering, in short, from a lack of identity. But that was not the only point. What I saw that winter night was that I was not alone.

It seemed to me that many men were



## FOUR YEARS AND STILL COUNTING

undergoing the same things I was. Male identity was becoming more difficult to define. The culture in which we lived was not necessarily friendly to men. It was neither supportive nor respectful. Indeed, the feminist revolution was moving into a rather mean place, self-indulgent, hypercritical, propagandistic. That revolution captured a large body of thought, and it was affecting almost everyone I knew, male and female alike.

What sort of world did we men exist in? It was a question we never asked one another and rarely asked ourselves. We put our heads in the snow and hoped the storm would pass. It didn't.

In the winter of 1977, I decided to commit myself to writing about the American male. *PLAYBOY* gave me room to do that. I wrote an article called *Who Gets Screwed in a Divorce? I Do!* (*PLAYBOY*, December 1978). In it, I quoted Epictetus. I talked frankly about the challenges and difficulties for the male in divorce court. I quoted studies that showed that men had incredible problems after divorce. And I closed the article not with a detraction of manhood but with a discussion of its virtues to this world. I suggested that men had sensitivity, generosity, courage, intellect, wit and humor. And I went on to argue that divorce was not the end of the world, that it could even be a good thing, for the divorced male was not likely to romanti-

cize women or be a fool about them.

I still get mail asking for reprints of that article, and the questions raised in it seemed to strike a familiar chord in many men. It was clear to me that the spirit of Epictetus moved in us and that we had many questions about ourselves, especially in this age of feminism. I tried to address those issues in both my fiction and my nonfiction over the next years.

Then, in April 1982—four years ago this month—I published my first *Men* column. It was called "Role Models." More than anything else, it was a tribute to the late Sergeant Danny Gross, my Marine Corps drill instructor, a man who taught me things that later saved my life. My thesis in that column was that men learn how to be men by imitating other men, that good role models are vital to us if we are to grow up with a strong sense of self. That led to a succession of columns that will continue, I hope, as long as it seems to be working well.

I had two goals when I started: (1) to keep the admonition of Epictetus in mind at all times and (2) to approach the subject of manhood differently from the way that feminists dealt with womanhood.

As I read their work, the feminists attacked men much more than they examined themselves. And when they did look at themselves, it seemed to me that their focus was a soft and self-deceptive one.

I thought that men could do better than that, and so some of my columns were tough on the male animal. I wanted to discuss our tendencies toward aggression—why were we trained that way? What did it do to us? And our fight against emasculation—how did the modern world and the modern woman threaten us, and how could we overcome those threats? And our struggles to love—why were we so often seen as unloving when that was not the case, and how could we learn to communicate better with the people we loved?

I'd give myself about a B plus for the four years. Some people would say that's incredibly generous of me—to which I would say that it's taken a long time for this male to learn to be generous to himself; get off my case.

So here, have a cigar. And a glass of champagne. I'm four years old this month. And as any four-year-old will tell you if you ask him, there were days when I didn't think I would make it!







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# WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I rented the movie *Arthur* again the other night. I just love Arthur. Dudley Moore: handsome, witty, rich and drunk—sozzled because no one loves him. Falls madly in love with Liza Minnelli, because she's kookie and steals ties for her father. Dudley is engaged to another, but he doesn't love her. He loves Liza, but she's a waitress; the family won't approve.

Sometimes I think my life is Arthur-esque—like recently, when I met Wendell. So funny, Wendell. He could make me fall over laughing. I would go with him to night clubs where once in a while he would break into a dance that made him look like a flower swaying in the wind. "Pretend I'm wearing a muumuu," Wendell would say. He is perfect; he is even English.

Wendell had a girlfriend, but he never mentioned her and hardly ever saw her; she was clearly a convenience. He drank to excess. One night, when it was very late and we were sitting in a beautiful room at a beautiful night club with chandeliers and candles glittering and a starlet with a sequined dress was passed out at our table, Wendell leaned close to me, so that our cheeks were touching, and said, "You're the one for me. You're just what I want." I nodded happily and put my head on his shoulder. His girlfriend was around somewhere, talking to a rock musician, but that wasn't important. Later, Wendell pulled me into an alcove and gave me a long, passionate kiss. It was a dream come true.

Once there was a man I really loved, Steve. He looked a bit like Cary Grant, actually. I remember that when I first met him, on the street, he was with a good friend of mine and they said, "Come to dinner with us at the Cuban joint around the corner." Now, the reason I was walking down the street was that I was meeting a friend for drinks at The Lion's Head; but when I saw Steve, my other engagement went clean out of my head. I forgot everything; the world stopped. I went with him to the Cuban joint, and before too long we were enmeshed in a dizzying love affair, full of passion and fights and late nights, and it was heaven, really heaven, until he packed up and moved to Los Angeles.

I was miserable, but I loved him and therefore knew it would work out. I called him one night and said I was coming out; would he meet me at the airport? Of course he would.

I got there, he was waiting with roses, we kissed, and he scooped up my bags and



## GREAT EXPECTATIONS

led me into the longest, whitest limousine I had ever seen, which he had supplied with even more roses and iced champagne. We kissed some more as we sped through the night.

I will always adore the movie *Who'll Stop the Rain?* Nick Nolte's character is a dream man—strong, wild and gritty, saying things like "I'm tired of taking shit from inferior people." He falls in love with Tuesday Weld, who's hooked on pills and heroin, and he fights to his death to save her. "She's the love of my life," he says, and you can see his pain and vulnerability.

The love of my life was a man named Jake, and he was around during my drug period. I had a brief flurry when I would snort cocaine and swallow Quaaludes and Jake would hold me; he would take care of me and drive me to supermarkets at four in the morning. For some reason, I felt safe in supermarkets. He was tough and funny, but he always had this dreadful pain in his eyes. I was the only one who understood him, the only one he could talk to. Sometimes he would say "I love you, I love you," over and over again.

My latest love affair was basically *Annie Hall* in reverse. I was Woody Allen, he was young and beautiful, and I tried to turn him into me, wanting him to read my favorite books and enjoy my favorite movies. He couldn't get over how neurotic and heavily difficult I could be or how long I

had been going to an analyst. I remember once sitting on an airplane with him and thinking, What am I doing with this man? He hasn't got a clue who I am. And I looked at him and could tell he was thinking the same thing about me, and my heart lurched with a dreadful fear. Then I could see the same fear in his eyes.

So here's what happened with me and Wendell: nothing. We never kissed again. No allusion was ever made to that fateful night. He's still with his girlfriend, probably always will be. It took weeks of intensely weird vibes before he got over his embarrassment at his antics that night.

Here's what happened with me and Steve: I hardly ever see him now; he just got married to a film editor out in L.A. After the limousine incident, we had a major clap scare that put a damper on our sex life. Nothing ever jelled, really. About a year later, I saw him briefly and he wanted to go home with me, but he was living with someone else and so was I; it just didn't seem right.

Here's what happened with me and Jake: He said he couldn't make a commitment, even though I plagued him with amorous phone calls and amusing postcards. He grew colder and colder. Then he took up with a goodhearted waitress who, from all reports, has a problem with cocaine. When I see him, we are very formal and polite.

Here's what's still happening with me and my latest: We drive each other insane. We break up, get back together, break up. Sometimes we torture each other—we're good at that; sometimes we fall into bed, another strong skill. Nothing is ever resolved; we just dribble farther apart, both knowing it will never work, both unable to give up completely.

Here's what I really want: I want my life directed by George Cukor and scripted by William Goldman. I want Randy Newman to do the score. I want quick edits, good lighting, snappy dialog.

I always fully expect that my life will turn out like the movies, but my life, forever recalcitrant, keeps disappointing me. I keep expecting that enormous, monumental kiss and the swell of music and the final fade.

Whenever I see one of my favorite movies, I cry at the end—tears of rage and bitterness and frustration. I just don't understand and I feel very sorry for myself. Why can't I love happily ever after?





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# AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

If they're all dead, it couldn't have happened to nicer guys," said Cordy. She was eating cheesecake, sipping tea.

Pix laughed. She and Cordy hadn't seen each other in 14 years, and several times over a dinner Pix had cooked, one or the other of them had said something like "I can't believe it's you. I can't believe you're alive." Then the two of them would look at each other with an affection that had been sealed a long time ago, way before they made the switch to tea from hard drugs, back in the days when they rode behind thugs on stolen Harleys, danced in strip clubs on Chicago's North Side, took their heroin and their beatings: good little, pretty little motorcycle sluts.

"I never could understand how you could call him Honey Cat and keep a straight face," said Pix, meaning Cordy's old man.

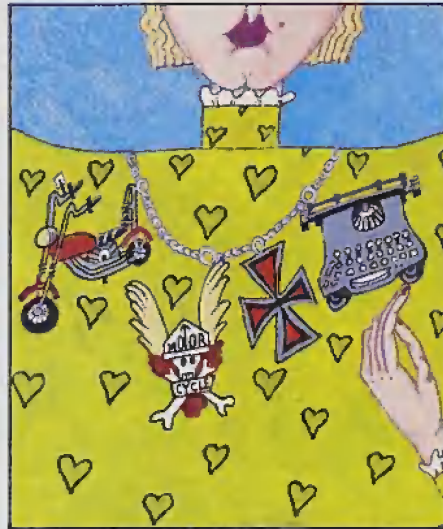
Cordy laughed now. "He said stick with me and you'll go places, and I went places, all right. To jail in Miami and Chicago. Out windows. Down stairs. He threw me off the back of the bike once."

The two of them had found each other again just a few days before the dinner at an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. Cordy had stood and said, "My name is Delia. I'm alcoholic and chemically dependent."

Pix heard the voice, then looked at the 37-year-old face. "Cordy?" she said. The two of them hugged and cried and probably embarrassed everybody in the room with the intensity of their sisterly love.

They had been through a POW kind of hell together: a rough and dangerous bondage that very early made these women fear and hate their old men. Cordy remembered when the gang tried Pix's old man for theft. "They found him guilty," she said, "which was the death penalty, but they wimped out and let him live. I would've voted to kill him, and been happy to do the job myself." And not much later, Pix helped Cordy escape and hide from the gang.

Bad girls, I thought as I listened to their grisly little remembrances. It's amazing how much trouble you can get into if you work at it. I'd known Pix in those years when she was a practicing slut. She sold me marijuana, took me to bed now and then, told me underworld tales. I know now that she blue-penciled her stories for me, and I'd guessed it even then. She left out the rapes and the murders and the beatings with hammers that surrounded and sometimes included her. But even



## SLUTS

while she salted what she did tell me with her quick, strong sense of humor, she often carried physical traces that weren't so funny: black eyes, a terribly broken jaw once, needle jaundice that lay an ugly yellow mask around her big blue eyes. And I remember well the day she showed up with a fresh tattoo on her ass that said she was PROPERTY OF . . . , with the nickname of her scummy lover. It was hard to imagine her lying still for it, or for him, as pretty as she was, as smart, as full of spirit.

"But then, junkies are junkies," I told myself. When you give yourself to smack, it takes most of everything you have, everything you are. And the people you get it from take the rest. Pix overdosed on purpose three times, and on the last of those she came so close to dying that for several hospital days after regaining consciousness, she didn't recognize her own mother. She kept calling her the nice lady in the purple coat.

I lost track of her in the early Seventies. She just disappeared. The shape she was in the last time I saw her, I figured she was dead. Then I heard she *was* dead, and for 12 years I imagined her buried someplace where the digging was easy and quick. So I knew some of the feeling of disbelief she and Cordy were trading back and forth over the fact that the other was alive.

And for me, there was more to the shock than just Pix's survival. She looked great, for one thing, and for another, she had cleaned her purse of the whole pharmacy

that had included booze, pot, heroin, methadone, Seconal, Tuinal, four kinds of speed, coke, Quaaludes, Valium and the full quiver of psychedelics. By the time we met again a while back, she had been straight for seven years. There had been a nine-month alcohol bender in there, but she'd pulled out of it, and she'd held the same high-pressure job as secretary to a group of professionals for all those years.

Odds against a recovery like that are too dismal to even quote, and such comebacks are never secure. In fact, the energy Pix puts into staying straight seems to equal just about exactly the energy that most junkies spend lying and stealing and chasing their drug. Except, of course, that the stuff it takes to be sober has to be drawn from a deeper well in a lonelier part of the forest. Which is not to say that Pix has done it alone. She still goes to meetings almost daily and sometimes twice a day at A.A. or Al-anon or Narcotics Anonymous or Adult Children of Alcoholics, and with small groups of women friends who are struggling the same struggle. Even so, there are the solitary midnights when the poisonous urges come for her like bad old friends who want to drink, snort, shoot, smoke, do any drug there is to get high; just for tonight.

She knows she can't, though, and as far as I can tell, the most crucial muscle that keeps her hanging on is her humor. "Once you're a pickle, you can never be a cucumber again," is the way she described her life to me not long ago.

So when Cordy turned to me at dinner and asked if I thought Pix had changed, I said, "Yes, entirely. And no, not at all."

Cordy said she understood what I meant, but she wanted to focus on the transformation she saw in her friend. She was much greener in her sobriety than Pix. She'd been a junkie and an alcoholic since she was 13, and had been in treatment just less than a year. And it was hard, she said, to deal with her feelings straight on without closing the door on her past, which she didn't want to do; couldn't do.

That reminded me of a moment with Pix not long after the two of us had hooked up again. She was behind the wheel and we were stuck in a tollway traffic jam. A motorcycle cruised by us between the cars and she said, "I can't help it. The sound of a Harley still does something to me."

I couldn't believe it, and all I could think to say was, "You hopeless slut." She laughed that great laugh of hers.





# The Fazer. It doesn't fall into a category. It creates one.

If you've ever wondered why so many motorcycles are so much alike, we'll tell you. There's no real secret to it.

It's simply that most manufacturers make bikes to fit into categories so clearly defined, that one guys' machine probably won't be much different from the next guys'.

Unless it's a Yamaha Fazer. Because instead of designing our Fazer as yet another "category" bike, we designed it to create a category of its own.

How well did we succeed? Well enough to have *Cycle News* call it "...the start of a new generation of...motorcycles."

The heart of the Fazer is its Genesis engine, a 697cc liquid-cooled in-line DOHC four incorporating the world's first 5-valve design. And along with it, a 45° cylinder layout, downdraft carburetors and enough horsepower to scare the fairing off a super sport bike. While still being tractable enough to cruise around town.

Yet while power is nice, you have to be able

to get it to the ground. So we build the Fazer with a box-section, wide-cradle steel frame, 38mm air-assisted front forks, and nitrogen-charged rear struts. Which, combined with triple disc brakes and a highly efficient chain drive, means the Yamaha Fazer will outhandle just about anything this side of Daytona.

But if it's easy to describe the way a Fazer performs, it's not so easy to describe the way it looks. Styling it like other bikes obviously wasn't one of our criteria. The fuel tank, for instance, doesn't sit in its traditional spot. It sits directly behind the carburetors and extends

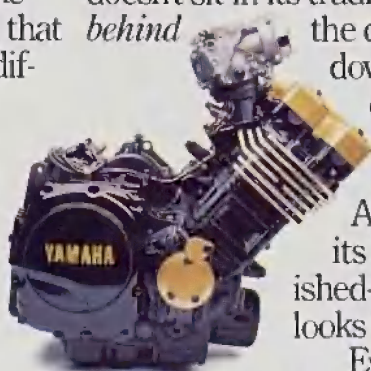
down to the engine. Why? Because a lower tank means a lower center of gravity. And hence, better handling. And the engine itself, with its black crankcases and polished-aluminum everything else, looks like high-tech sculpture.

Even the wheels are arresting. Both the 16" front wheel and massive 15" rear wheel are slotted aluminum discs. More like something off a Top Fuel dragster.

And that's the point. The Fazer was never intended to be like other motorcycles.

The Fazer was intended to be like... a Fazer.

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12-month limited warranty. Warranty terms are limited. See your Yamaha dealer for details. Specifications are subject to change without notice. Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. This model sold in California is equipped with evaporative emission control device. Yamaha and the Motorcycle Safety Foundation encourage you to ride safely and respect fellow riders and the environment. For further information regarding the MSF rider course please call 1-800-447-4700.



# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been seeing a girl steadily for the past two and a half years. We are the best of friends and love each other very much, but we come from opposite ends of the sexual spectrum. I am sexually liberal and have in the past enjoyed a good deal of sexual activity. My girlfriend, however, is still a virgin and is extremely insecure and backward regarding sex.

During our first year together, I helped her become relaxed and open toward sex, to a point. We did a lot of touching, feeling and kissing, but she refused to have intercourse before marriage. I suggested oral sex and she said she would try to work up to it, but *work* is what it has been, and nothing has come out of the effort. I feel like her teacher rather than her sexual partner.

I become very frustrated at times (have I been a martyr?) and find that refraining from sexual activity with her is easier than becoming blue-balled time after time. My withdrawing makes her angry, and she accuses me of punishing her because I feel punished. We try again, and the result is always the same: I withdraw sexually.

Her sexual prowess can develop, but I don't know whether or not I can keep lowering my drive to keep her virtuous. Sometimes, I feel that even if we did make love, it wouldn't feel right, because our sexual attitudes are so different. It's gotten to the point where I am embarrassed to fool around with her, because she is so shy. At times, it's like molesting a child.

The problem remains that I love her so very much, and the old question arises: How important is sex in a relationship? Is her immaturity grounds for me to break up with her? Or should I stick with her, knowing how great we get along otherwise? I've confronted her, and she is willing to stick with the relationship; however, she doesn't have to give up sexual pleasures, as I do! What the hell do I do?—W. R., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

*There's no easy answer to your question, as the issues of sexual attitudes and their expression can be resolved only by the partners in a given relationship. But it's a pretty good bet that after spending two and a half years with you without any real sexual intimacy, your girlfriend is not going to change her tune and offer up her virginity. We can understand your frustration with this situation. Unless you're willing to marry the girl and take your chances on her becoming more uninhibited sexually, you'd be better off seeking a partner with attitudes closer to yours.*

I'm getting ready to take a vacation on a beautiful tropical island with a man who is very attractive, but we're going as just friends, simply (I think) because we don't



see each other enough to have developed a relationship thus far. I'm really turned on by him, and now, thinking about the vacation, I'm fantasizing about him and the trip. When we leave, I wonder if I should say something to him about how I would like to make this trip very memorable or if I should not say anything and wait to see how things go. I've also considered setting up the room with candles and sheets turned back and walking out in a negligee, but if for some unforeseen reason he should decline, I'd die!—Miss V. P., Bakersfield, California.

*We envy the gentleman with whom you will be traveling. Our gut feeling is that any man who takes a vacation to a "beautiful tropical island" with a lady shouldn't put up much resistance to a seduction. However, to avoid scaring him off prematurely or embarrassing yourself, you should probably let the fireworks—if there are to be any—be spontaneous. A hint that you'd like to make the vacation memorable could be misinterpreted, and the scene with candles and negligee you describe sounds just a bit heavy-handed to us. Perhaps you need something first, like a long walk on the beach together after a romantic dinner. We suspect that any number of potential opportunities will arise during your trip—and if he's interested, you'll know it.*

Should I order full instrumentation on my next new car, or are "idiot" lights sufficient these days?—R. F., Boston, Massachusetts.

Warning lights tell when you have a problem; gauges can warn when a problem is coming, well before it arrives. No car should be without a temperature gauge, for example, and we much prefer those with oil-pressure and voltage gauges (which have replaced the old charging-system ammeters) as well.

When you have gauges—and check them occasionally—you know where the needles would be under normal conditions, and you notice immediately if one is not in its normal position. If the temperature is higher than normal, you may be low on coolant or have a fan-belt or water-pump problem, and you can check it out before the engine overheats. If the oil pressure is lower than normal (and this becomes more important as an engine ages), you may have a restriction in an oil line, too much clearance between friction surfaces or a loss of efficiency in the oil pump, any of which could lead to very expensive engine damage once the pressure gets low enough to activate a warning light. In all cases, it's far better to see the situation develop than to learn about it after it's happened. The best system is gauges plus warning lights to alert you to check them. The worst is the single CHECK ENGINE light found in some cars. (Are you supposed to get it checked next week or pull over immediately and call for a tow?) Personally, we wouldn't own a car without a full set of gauges.

My husband and I have been married ten years and have always enjoyed a varied and satisfying love life. Several months ago, however, my husband initiated cunnilingus when he was stoned. He became very rough, holding my legs in a viselike grip, and, to be short, hurt and scared me quite a bit. Since then, I haven't been able to think of the act without aversion. He has apologized to me profusely. He promises that if I give him another chance, he will be gentle and will stop as soon as I desire. He always really enjoyed the act of tonguing and until that night was a marvelous lover. Unfortunately, I can't get past the fear that he will hurt me again in this vulnerable area. He is much bigger and stronger than I am, and though he had never used violence on me before, I would be physically helpless to stop him if he chose to repeat his actions. Can you give me or him any advice? This is bothering me intensely, and I would like to get over my fear.—Mrs. J. A., Atlanta, Georgia.

*Your one incident of rough-and-tumble oral sex has been blown out of proportion. Your husband's exuberance was unfortunate, but it is not enough to scuttle a ten-year relationship. You have to change the way you think about yourself—from potentially helpless victim to equal partner. He has apologized. Give the guy a break. The only way to overcome aversion is to get back in the saddle again. If your fear persists, you may want to seek professional counseling.*

I am writing to you for advice on record cleaners. I have tried three brands in the



past couple of years. Two of those products (I can't recall the names) made my albums sound worse. I am talking about the little pops and crackles present on all albums. Is there anything that really helps this problem? What about demagnetizing the turntable? Would that make any difference?—J. G., Amarillo, Texas.

*Record-cleaning kits by Allsop, Watts, DiscWasher and Bib have been known to work well on most records. If your records consistently sound noisy, there may be something wrong with the pickup tracking them. It may be worn or it may need readjusting or re-balancing. Or you may be playing your records in an environment that's too dry, meaning that dust is attracted to the record surface more readily than otherwise. Make sure your pickup is seated correctly and that the stylus is perfectly clean and not worn. Then take one of your best-sounding records and wash it gently in a lukewarm solution of distilled water with a very little bit of detergent added. Rinse it thoroughly, again using distilled water. Allow the record to dry standing upright, as in a dish rack (not in the dishwasher, of course!), and then play it. If it still sounds noisy, something is probably wrong with the pickup or the tonearm, or your environment is in need of humidification. Check the situation out with a reliable audio dealer.*

I have a physical oddity that maybe you can help me understand. It seems I have some extra muscles or something in my penis, and when it is erect, I can move it up and down at will. I can jerk it as if I were coming any time I have a hard-on. My girlfriend says she has never seen anything like it. Can you tell me why I am able to do this?—S. P., Temple Terrace, Florida.

*Gee. A neat party trick. We suspect that you have a well-developed pubococcygeal muscle. This is the same muscle women develop through Kegel exercises to combat incontinence and to improve sexual responsiveness. The muscle is generally toned by contracting it as one would do to prevent urination. Maybe you developed yours exceptionally well by learning to hold your urine for long periods of time when you were younger—either that or you're double-jointed.*

My wife and I have found a position in which we can both have an orgasm every time. She lies on her back and I lie on my side perpendicular to her so that she can masturbate during the act. My problem is that she is so inhibited about her masturbating and her facial expressions during orgasm that she covers her head with a pillow. What can I do? When I ask her why she is embarrassed, she says she doesn't want to talk about it. There's nothing like seeing a woman's facial expressions while she's having sex. We've been married more than two years; it seems to me she would be comfortable with me by now. Help!—G. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

*Have her wear a blindfold, so she can't see you watching. You can sit across the room and watch her while she masturbates. You can reach out and touch her. She won't know where the next touch is coming from. In short, turn her anxiety into erotic suspense, then tell her what it's like to watch her face. Show her pictures or videos of women making love. With time, she may toss away the pillow and look you in the eye.*

When I recently rented a VCR tape of *The Sure Thing*, I was surprised to find a warning label that read, ENCODED WITH AN ANTICOPYING PROCESS. USE OF TWO VCRs LINKED TOGETHER COULD RESULT IN DISTORTED PLAYBACK. To see what would happen, I tried to copy the tape, but the process worked; the picture was extremely distorted, or scrambled. Is there any way to unscramble the playback, or should I throw my dubbing cables away? Will the tape industry be using this anticopying process from now on?—D. T., Gaithersburg, Maryland.

*The protective process you observed in action is generally called Copyguard, though a variety of trade names are in use. Most Copyguarded tapes are recorded with the vertical-sync signal somewhat weakened. When two VCRs are connected to copy the tape, this diminished vertical-sync signal is not strong enough to maintain picture stability, so the image rolls—which is what we presume you mean by "scrambled." Devices to augment the vertical-sync signal and make copies of Copyguarded tapes are sold in video-buff magazines; they are often euphemistically termed stabilizers or enhancers.*

*To answer your final question, Copyguard is, indeed, becoming more common on feature video tapes and will probably be all but universal within the next couple of years. Film makers are also working on a variety of more elaborate copy-protection systems that will frustrate the current generation of stabilizer devices. Meanwhile, the purchase price of feature material is coming down, and competition has driven the per-night rental costs below three dollars in many communities. Our advice: Rent 'em to try, then buy what you like.*

I seem to have an architectural/sexual problem. I live in an old apartment with oak floors. Knowing that someone lives below me (I can sometimes hear him laughing while I lie in bed) somehow inhibits me when I make love with my partner. It is a turn-off to know that someone can hear my bedroom movements. I have a queen-size mattress on a standard metal bedframe with wheels. Do you guys know of any tricks to keep the sound of a bed's creaking to a minimum? Putting the mattress on the floor? Platform bed? Help! I feel stifled!—Miss C. W., Seattle, Washington.

*We suggest that you consider lush, plush carpeting for the bedroom. Tell your landlord you have cold feet. Or consider another type of bed—especially a futon—with which frame noise is likely to be reduced. It could be,*

*too, that you're overly sensitive or downright paranoid. Did it ever occur to you that the person below could be laughing because he watches "Tonight" or "Late Night" or "Nightline" while you're pursuing other interests? Further options for you include making love elsewhere, finding a new apartment or getting to know the person(s) below and inviting him/them upstairs to find out what's so funny.*

My girlfriend and I have been enjoying a wonderful relationship, with a terrific sex life. We are great together and satisfy each other's needs completely. Lately, I have been noticing that when my dog, a young male, becomes excited, my girlfriend will inadvertently stare at his erect penis. At first, I thought nothing of it, but she seems to look forward to seeing him like that, and the times I see her looking are some of our wildest in bed. Is something terribly wrong here, or is it natural for a woman to be turned on by a hard dick, whatever the source?—A. K. R., St. Louis, Missouri.

*Are you sure your partner is completely satisfied? Her curiosity about the sexual responses of lower mammals is not out of the realm of normalcy, but if you start finding short, wiry hairs between the sheets, we'd start to worry.*

I've opted not to have my son circumcised, on the recommendation of his doctor; however, all my friends and relatives have since told me I've made a mistake. I have not been circumcised and have never encountered any problems. How does *The Playboy Advisor* feel about circumcision of newborn males?—G. M. G., Yukon, Oklahoma.

*We'll tell you what the experts say. The American Academy of Pediatrics and The American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists believe that there is no valid evidence for the need for routine circumcision. Despite the lack of evidence, the operation is performed on about 80 percent of all American males. It's money in the pocket for the doctors doing the surgery, and that's it. In a recent issue of *Sexuality Today*, Dr. Paul Fleiss argued, "We are putting our children through a lot of useless pain. A newborn baby should be treated just as an adult would be. We know that babies have eyes that see, ears that hear and skin that feels." Circumcision can result in serious complications; many of them do not arise until later in the male's life. Our advice: Think twice about it.*

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*





# DEAR PLAYMATES

**T**he question for the month:

**What's more exciting, sex with someone new or sex within a relationship?**

**T**here probably isn't anything more exciting than being with a man for the first time, provided he's everything your fantasy wants him to be. You can have wonderful sex within an ongoing relationship, but the ultimate physical ecstasy is in the spontaneous chemistry between two people when they first get together. In a relationship, the rewards are more emotional than physical. They're completely different, and they do transcend that first rush of sheer energy in a more lasting way. Still, who can forget those adrenaline highs?



*Tracy Vaccaro*

TRACY VACCARO  
OCTOBER 1983

**S**ex is more exciting with a man I know well. That's just common sense. I go for the long run, the investments I make in a relationship. I'll tell you a story. I met a man professionally. I was testing for some voice-over work. We were both very busy. We never had time to go on a date. We got to know each other over the phone. We talked like that for six months. We both knew there was sexual interest. I was really impressed that two disembodied voices could make sexual contact. I got to know him very well over the phone. Eventually, the sex was really gratifying. The more you know ahead of time, the better it's going to be. How's that?



*Kathy Shower*

KATHY SHOWER  
MAY 1985

**E**ach way is exciting for different reasons. If you're just getting to know a man and you're starting to care about him physically and emotionally, making love is very exciting. You try new things, you experiment, you're playful. Then, if you stay with him long enough, you find that the relationship develops a whole different tone that's also very exciting. You have a tight mental bond that can make for incredibly wild sex. Your history with a lover adds an element of passion. You can have really wild sex with a one-night stand, too. We've all done that once or twice in a lifetime—right? It just means more when the two of you are in tune with each other.



*Liz Stewart*

LIZ STEWART  
JULY 1984

**S**omeone you know well can really excite you, because he knows what turns you on. You feel comfortable with him. You know his body and what makes him feel good, too. You have shared many intimate moments, and that frees you to be more experimental sexually. He's not going to judge you. When you have sex with someone you don't know at all well, you have to watch what you do. You don't know how he'll react to certain things, and usually the lights are out. You're both trying to live up to certain expectations, and it can be very awkward. On the other hand, going into uncharted water can have exciting moments, too.



*LesAnn Pedriana*

LESA ANN PEDRIANA  
APRIL 1984

**S**omebody new. I'm only 21, and I'm kind of a restless person. I've moved around a lot. I learned to adapt fast, to show myself quickly, because there was only so much time before we moved again. I haven't been in any long relationships. The longest was about a year. Men can feel my restlessness. They hang on to me, because they can feel me taking off. I also like to do things on my own. Someone new excites my imagination. I feel like there will be so much to discover, to learn. This restless feeling doesn't mean I sleep around. I just like to keep moving.



*Cher Butler*

CHER BUTLER  
AUGUST 1985

**I** refuse to answer on the grounds that it might incriminate me! The answer is, both are sexually exciting. When I first meet someone, it isn't only the sex that's new, it's everything about him, from his personality to his favorite music. The longer I know a man, the better the sex, because we've started to share a common history. To tell you the truth, I hate dating around. Each experience is great in different ways—the newness and the knowing. Is that OK? You keep asking me these sex questions. I thought we were supposed to look cute, not talk cute. Most people ask me hair and make-up questions. Only you guys keep asking me about sex.



*Venice Kong*

VENICE KONG  
SEPTEMBER 1985

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.







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## THAT PERFORMS AS WELL AS OURS.

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

## PENALIZING THE BLIND

I am blind and have been a delighted and faithful reader of every issue of PLAYBOY for more than ten years. I've found it to be insightful, thought-provoking, interesting and entertaining. There have been articles that have made me laugh, cry, curse, contemplate and get downright pissed off—and what more can anyone ask of a magazine than that it give pleasure and stimulate thought?

Apparently, those in Congress believe that we blind persons possess little gray matter—and that since one set of balls doesn't work, neither does the other. But more important, such action by Congress denies us our freedom of choice. Nobody has the right to say what we can and cannot read, whether it be PLAYBOY or *Popular Mechanics*.

I have always been proud to be a citizen of the United States, but the current trend toward Government interference in individuals' freedom disturbs me. The writers of the Declaration of Independence had better plans for the Government of this country than the pseudoreligious mania that has infected it. I respectfully request that PLAYBOY join with me and my blind fellows to prevent this violation of our personal freedom, a freedom for which I will gladly fight—and gladly die.

Stephan W. Richards

Morgantown, West Virginia

PLAYBOY has joined the American Council of the Blind, the American Library Association, the Blinded Veterans Association and others in a suit that challenges the Government's authority to substitute the will of Representative Chalmers P. Wylie for the established procedure by which blind citizens choose for themselves the periodicals they wish the Library of Congress to have published in Braille.

## KOSHER CONDUCT

After reading Dr. Robert W. Patton, Jr.'s, letter (*The Playboy Forum*, January) about the "porno-free" city of Jacksonville, Florida, I was glad I don't live there. Indeed, I've found that there is nothing quite like a good hard-core, X-rated video cassette to take the curse off Sunday-morning television.

However, on second reading, I am now tempted to move to Jacksonville to start a civil rights suit to permit pornography in the video stores.

No rabbi may force cheeseburger emporiums to stop selling cheeseburgers because they mix meat and dairy products; no priest may force those emporiums to stop selling cheeseburgers on Catholic fast days of obligation; no cadi may force the emporiums to close during the daylight

hours of the fast of Ramadan; and no Hindu priest may force the emporiums to stop selling beef altogether. So one questions whether the ministers have a right to force only "kosher" films—that is, films meeting their fundamentalist codes of conduct—upon the public.

The clergy of Jacksonville, by forcing others to observe a code they do not believe in, doff the armor of the vestments of religion and don instead the thin cotton of the toga of the forum, opening their religious beliefs to public question with no more protection than the Democratic or Republican platforms.

Lybrand P. Smith

Torrance, California

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*"There is nothing quite like a good hard-core, X-rated video cassette to take the curse off Sunday-morning television."*

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## CHURCH AND STATE

As one reared in conservative Texas and a main-line Protestant for more than 40 years, I'll tell you who I see leading the religious right:

I see fundamentalist preachers, jealous of the national attention gained by politicians, creating the ogres they claim to be saving us from. I see men competing with main-line churches and with one another

for the post of great American ayatollah. I see those who would, as Senator Mark Hatfield put it, bring about the kingdom of God by taking over the powers of Caesar, who would judge men's faith by a political agenda. I see commercial empires, complete with satellite networks, limousines, executive jets, hotel resorts and publishing facilities, being built under a new tax shelter called religion. I see the sacredness of life proclaimed by those who still support the death penalty in a legal system that has already falsely convicted more than 70 persons in this century.

Do these people think they can inject their religion into public institutions with no thought of other denominations? Do they think they can keep their numbers up by opposing birth control and ensure that no other faith will gain a voting majority or enforce a new religion? If spoken prayers and Bible reading appear in public schools, what of equal time for Moslems, Hindus, Buddhists and atheists? If abortion is outlawed, what if the same power is later used to require certain abortions, as in Red China? If pornography is banned, then why shouldn't atheists be able to ban all religious books as poison to the minds of their children? If PLAYBOY is porn, how do you classify the material in adult bookstores? How do these people deny advocating an official state religion, while continuing to demand that *their* religion be written into law?

We need a revival of the old American tradition of religious tolerance and the ethical separation of church and state, if our way of life is to survive.

Richard Rogan

Seabrook, Texas

## MEN'S RIGHTS

In the August *Playboy Forum*, Bill Coleman refers to a new income-tax measure concerning children of divorced parents. The deduction will automatically go to the custodial parent.

This change is another setback for the noncustodial parent and a further punishment for divorce. Since most noncustodial parents are men, you would be doing a service to your readers by publicizing this law, as well as the names of agencies that are trying to bring into balance the rights of both parents.

Zita Abel

Eau Claire, Michigan

The organization that keeps track of such organizations is Men's Rights, Inc., Box 163180, Sacramento, California 95816.

## RADIO SEX

I am the program director and midday announcer at WKSQ, a 50,000-watt FM





radio station in Ellsworth, Maine, on the coast between Bangor and Bar Harbor. Across my desk each week come a variety of records, all trying desperately to gain airplay and some with questionable lyrics, aimed (I would guess) at making them stand out from the crowd. *I Kill Children*, by a group called The Dead Kennedys, and *Wet Dream*, by Vanity, would probably qualify. I have yet to hear either of those gems on the radio.

There are exceptions, however. *Erotic City*, by Prince, which features prominently a slang term for sexual intercourse, got to be a hit at several radio stations. That song prompted the Cleveland city council to pass a nonbinding resolution in 1984 urging radio stations to cease playing songs that contain sexually explicit language. The Cleveland city council did more for the sales of and requests for that record than any radio station could have.

Usually, it's not the explicit songs that parents hear on the radio. It is the soft-core and the suggestive that receive the most airplay. Ambiguity helps, as in Whitney Houston's *You Give Good Love*. It doesn't take much to figure that one out.

Artists with a "naughty" image among record buyers seem to sell better. It wasn't until Olivia Newton-John got *Physical* that her career really took off. And despite the controversy that that record caused in 1981, who nowadays considers it offensive? It's probably being used for geriatric aerobics classes in Sun City. No doubt agents and record-company executives now warn their talented performers when their image is getting a little too clean.

I don't like what's going on with rock-music lyrics. I like even less, though, the wailing being done by those who would choose for us the music we are to hear. At WKSQ, I didn't add *Like a Virgin*, by Madonna, to our play list until it was already a retail hit. So why do some radio stations play songs with risqué lyrics? Why do record companies press these discs? For their shock value, of course. The big deal that is made over sexy lyrics is *precisely* what makes hits! Sexually explicit language no longer generates much excitement in speech or in print and will wane from music when it no longer causes a stir. The attention the artists are getting is just what they want!

Today's so-called influential radio stations are usually adding to their play lists those songs that have survived the airplay battles at many small- and medium-market stations. Gone are the days when a play-list "add" at WABC in New York virtually assured a nationwide hit. Thus, a nationwide ground swell of support for a record, most notably at the cash register, is the culprit behind most of today's hits, not the whim of some degenerate program director. If the activist groups and "action coalitions" keep making noise, then as sure as the sun will rise, the lyrics will get hotter and, no doubt, record sales as well.

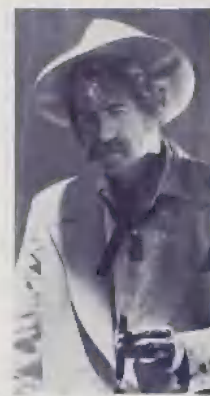
But the kids themselves don't even listen to the words, for the most part. It's the adults who make the issue, while the kids concentrate on the beat. They'd tell you the issue is not only unimportant, it's *boring*. And that's about the worst thing a teenager can say about anything.

Censorship and/or legislative action

## ROCK 'N' RUIN

*Concerned that the current excitement over rock lyrics might lead to censorship, we asked our consulting philosopher, Doctor Naismith, to comment. To our surprise, it didn't worry him a bit.*

Let me get this straight: You say that some Senator's wife and a bunch of her friends are trying to make the recording people label rock-'n'-roll albums according to their offensiveness? That



NAISMITH

X would stand for sex, D/A for drugs and alcohol, V for violence and O for Devil worship? And you're sure this isn't some kind of record-business scam? Well, given the high cost of phonograph records these days, this would be doing a real service for America's economy-minded youth. When it costs eight or more bucks for a single album, a kid wants to make sure he's getting his money's worth, and I'd say that an album cover marked, let's see, O-X-D/A-V—occult LP with filthy lyrics glorifying drugs, booze and violence—is just about guaranteed to impress friends, give the old man cardiac arrest and send Mom screaming to the preacher. For God's sake, that's how you find out if your parents really love you. If the record shops are smart, they'll put the raunchier records in a special place, like X-rated video tapes. When you have to get someone older to make the buy, that'll bump the appeal up even more and will probably lead to a new form of adolescent currency: Two Devil worshipers equal one oral sex, or whatever. The kids'll work it out. The only losers will be the performers who don't use enough dirty words in their songs, but that's not hard to fix.

The only system I can see that might beat this one would be to make the record companies print the offending lyrics, word for word, on the backs of the album covers. That way, nobody would miss a thing.

*And damned if that isn't just what some of them have agreed to do.* —BILL HELMER

(God forbid) can only accentuate the problem—if there even is one.

Timothy G. Moore, Program Director  
WKSQ-FM  
Ellsworth, Maine

As we all may or may not know, Little Richard is heavily into religion these days but has some qualms about the movement to force the record industry to go along with any parental warning system. A local music columnist [Robert Hilburn] gets a nice quote out of him: "If someone tries to dictate what to buy, who knows if they are right? They can make mistakes, too. Besides, no one is forced to buy a record. Prince and Boy George don't have a shotgun on anybody."

Rachel Gooding  
Chicago, Illinois

I used to think that censorship was a vile, detestable thing. But although the latest flap over record-album ratings rang my warning bell, I've begun to see the ratings game in a new perspective.

When the current occupant of our White House listened to the lyrics of the *U.S. Marine Hymn*—"From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli / We will fight our country's battles . . ."—he was inspired to send more than 100 young Marines to die near those Montezuma halls. He likewise sent more than 200 "few good men" to die on or near the shores of Tripoli.

Clearly, the *Marine Hymn* endangers modern youth and should be the object of censorship.

David Rogers  
Madison Heights, Michigan

I just love the commotion over rock lyrics—it helps me recapture my lost and misspent youth!

When I was a punk kid at Dallas Naval Air Station in 1954, there was a popular local radio station devoted mainly to inciting lust and otherwise corrupting its listeners by means of rhythm 'n' blues. A tune I vividly remember was *Work with Me Annie* (*grunt, grunt*), which had the perfect beat to denote sexual intercourse and which evoked in the adolescent mind images far more arousing than the gynecological hydraulics you see in porno films. The sequel, of course, was *Annie Had a Baby* (*Can't Work No More*), which addressed the issues of women in the workplace and pregnancy leave. *Sexy Ways* was another dandy, whose greatest lines went something like, "Over and under, round and round / Any old way, just pound, pound, pound!" I forget what issue it addressed.

Well, finally, some white boy's momma listened to what the black dudes were singing, and it was hell-raising time in Texas. You'da thought the Communists had landed.

Harold deKooven  
Medford, Massachusetts



# FORUM NEWS FRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## CONSTITUTIONAL PRIORITIES

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—*The use of police roadblocks to catch drunk drivers has been unanimously upheld by the Illinois Supreme Court on the ground that the state's responsibility to protect the public transcends constitutional protections*



against search and seizure without probable cause. In its decision, the court said that "the degree of intrusion on the individual's privacy must be balanced against the strength of the public need for the intrusion." Of equal importance, however, seemed to be the court's belief that the use of such roadblocks would serve as a deterrent to drunk drivers, who can no longer count on cautious driving to avoid being stopped.

## TASTE TEST

NEW YORK CITY—A company headed by former Interior Secretary James G. Watt is joining with another firm to develop a credit-card-sized device that can detect the presence of marijuana in saliva. A spokesman said that the Quick-Card Test is 100 to 1000 times as sensitive as those already on the market and works in five minutes.

## DO IT YOURSELF

WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT—In order to raise public awareness of nuclear weapons and their sporting possibilities, New Haven professor Richard Morrison intends to teach a course called Introduction to Nuclear Weapons, which will include information on how to make a crude atomic bomb. A Princeton student attracted attention a few years ago by designing a do-it-yourself bomb, and Morrison says anyone can build one now with the help of an encyclopedia and a little plutonium.

## AND DON'T FORGET TO BRUSH

ALTON, ILLINOIS—To ease the personal-hygiene burdens of U.S.-backed rebels fighting the leftist government of Nicaragua, conservative activist groups led by Phyllis Schlafly have sent "freedom-fighter friendship kits," which include breath mints and miscellaneous toiletries. The articles are packed in camouflage pouches, with Bibles published in Spanish and a cheering message from God and the St. Louis chapter of the Eagle Forum.

## CRIME STOPPERS

BRUNSWICK, MAINE—A sharply rising crime rate has inspired the founding of a nonprofit corporation called Brunswick Crimeline, Inc., which offers cash rewards for tips that lead to arrests or indictments. Local businesses supply the money, and the anonymity of tipsters is preserved by means of identification numbers.

## TAXING EXPERIENCES

NEW YORK CITY—The Internal Revenue Service has hired a consulting firm to help train its employees "to recognize the types of situations that could lead to violence . . . so they can gracefully exit the scene," according to an IRS official. Some 1000 cases of such violence or threats were reported last year, most of them against IRS agents who conduct audits on location and revenue officers who track subjects down to collect delinquent taxes.

## GAY RIGHTS

LANSING, MICHIGAN—The attorney general of Michigan has ruled that the First Amendment protects the right of gay organizations to be listed in Bell Telephone directories. The issue arose when the Moral Majority, acting through state senator Alan Cropsey, protested the listings on the ground that sodomy is illegal under Michigan law.

## MUGGEE'S REVENGE

LAS VEGAS—The publisher of a "cheaters" mugbook and the Las Vegas Police Department have had to shell out \$45,000 in settlement of a civil rights suit brought by local private investigator Lake Headley, Jr., when he learned that his picture had been in the book since 1970. According to Jeff German in the Las Vegas Sun, Headley was not accused of anything except running with a bad crowd, but his suit accused the "Griffin Book," which circulates to some 60 casinos world-wide, of violating a number of constitutional rights and the police of unlawfully supplying photos and information based only on suspicion.

## KIDS WHO KILL

DALLAS—A New York University psychiatric researcher reports that it is not just a childhood of physical abuse or violent behavior that seems to characterize youthful murderers but a combination of these and other factors, including brain impairment and mental disorders. At the annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association, Dr. Dorothy Otnow Lewis said that a six-year study of more than 100 juvenile delinquents indicates that most of those who kill differ from other delinquents in several ways, including display of psychotic symptoms, brain impairment, and mental illness diagnosed in at least one parent or sibling. Cautioning that the study was a preliminary one, Dr. Lewis said that "severe central-nervous-system dysfunction, coupled with vulnerability to psychotic thinking, created a tendency for the nine homicidal subjects to act quickly and brutally when they felt threatened" and that in at least five cases, "the victim was unknown to the assailant until just prior to the murder."

## NO TIP?

NASHVILLE—A cabdriver unwittingly chauffeured a passenger around town on a burglary spree that added up to \$12,000 in stolen goods before the driver became suspicious and called the company dispatcher. Explaining that he'd had a fight with his roommate and was moving out, the suspect loaded up the cab with goods from one house and proceeded to



what he said was the house of a friend, where he also carried a load out instead of in. He was on his way to a third address when intercepted by police, who found the cab to contain guns, electronic equipment and other stolen merchandise.



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## NAZI EUGENICS

Recently, I noticed one of those people who have been born once too often displaying the usual montage of moronic messages on her rear end (automotively speaking). One, however, was a standout.

It declared, AMERICAN ABORTION—HITLER WOULD HAVE LOVED IT.

I was going to dispute this and add that *der Führer's* other way of avoiding unwanted fetuses was by going to the source. But I have been corrected in part

by Phyllis Cole, friend and historian specializing in Nazi matters, who writes as follows:

In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler offered that "the increase of births could be artificially restricted, thus meeting the problem of overpopulation." He considered it the duty of an imperfect Aryan to practice celibacy in support of the Master Race. Moreover, he countenanced creating difficult pregnancies via increased work loads for

pregnant women in order to promote the survival of the fittest in both mother and child. Although he didn't mention abortion specifically, one may surmise that he would, indeed, support American abortion, as he considered the population of the United States to be racially impure. He would also have supported the American alternative to abortion: the absence of choice in the matter.

So our bumper-sticker lady isn't all wrong to the extent that Hitler likely would have made abortion mandatory.

F. W. Donour, Jr.  
Virginia Beach, Virginia

## WARRANTY IMPLIED

By Steven J. J. Weisman

Herpes, the love bug, keeps making legal news. In a case discreetly titled *Kathleen K. vs. Robert B.*, the California Court of Appeals has ruled that a woman who contracts herpes has the right to sue the man who infects her.

Kathleen sued on four separate grounds: first, that Robert negligently infected her by making love to her at a time when he knew he had herpes; second, that the herpes constituted a battery upon her; third, that he intentionally inflicted "emotional distress" upon her; and fourth, that he was guilty of fraud, because he had told her that he had no venereal diseases. According to the court records, Kathleen indicated that she would not have had an affair with Robert "had she known the true state of affairs."

Robert's defense was based on the precedent set in an earlier California case titled *Stephen K. vs. Roni L.*, in which appellate judges had ruled that courts did not "supervise the promises made between two consenting adults as to the circumstances of their private sexual conduct. To do so would encourage unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters affecting the individual's right to privacy."

Unfortunately for Robert, the court of appeals chose this time to base its decision on a case titled *Barbara A. vs. John G.* (apparently, no one in California has a surname). In the *Barbara A.* case, a woman who had become pregnant after having sexual relations with her former lawyer (the lying barrister, in legal parlance) successfully sued him on the basis of his false representation to her that he was sterile. The court agreed on the privacy issue but held that in this case, intrusion was warranted to protect the health, welfare and safety of the public. It declared that the right of privacy "does not insulate a person from all judicial inquiry into his or her sexual relations" and decided it could impose liability on "one sexual partner who by intentionally tortious conduct causes physical

injury to the other."

Heartened by this ruling, Kathleen's attorneys also suggested that ample precedent could be found in cases in which wives had successfully sued their husbands for infecting them with venereal diseases. Robert's attorney protested. Those cases were not relevant, he argued, and he distinguished them from Kathleen's case by saying that husbands and wives have a special, confidential trust relationship that does not exist between unmarried people. Again the court disagreed, ruling that a certain amount of "trust and confidence" exists in any relationship in which the people engage in sexual intercourse. The court declined to specify what degree of confidence and trust should be expected between unmarried couples but declared that if one partner represented that he or she was free of any venereal disease, the courts would enforce that warranty.

With his arguments being shot down one after another, Robert finally reached back and came up with a desperation defense; namely, that Kathleen's case was just a smoke screen for a seduction lawsuit—a legal action previously abolished in California. The court, however, said that "seduction imports the idea of illicit intercourse accomplished by the use of arts, persuasions or wiles to overcome the resistance of a female who is not disposed of her own volition to step aside from the paths of virtue." In this case, Kathleen had willingly stepped from the path of virtue and was suing only because of injuries stemming from Robert's misrepresentation that he was disease-free. The judges then declared that this case was not a seduction case and unanimously ruled in Kathleen's favor. So Robert was screwed for the second time, and the case still awaits resolution.

*Weisman is an attorney and a writer living in Amherst, Massachusetts.*

I was interested to read of the comparison of Hugh Hefner to Adolf Hitler, allegedly made by the head of the Justice Department's antiporn group (*The Playboy Forum*, January).

At first blush, the comparison seems inappropriate, but there may be some historical basis for it. We Americans have forgotten that when the Nazis conquered a nation, one of their first moves was to flood newsstands in occupied areas with pornography—albeit not as colorful or sophisticated as PLAYBOY. They reasoned that this technique would foster selfish and sensational interests where traditional values had once been. In other words, they believed that the hedonistic attitudes produced by exposure to pornography would undermine the conquered nation's ability to resist exploitation.

PLAYBOY, perhaps unwittingly, has been doing the same thing. It's more than a coincidence that sociologists first noted a serious erosion of traditional family life and a strong rise in crime about five years after PLAYBOY began publication. No one would blame PLAYBOY alone for the contemporary loss of value-informed behavior in our society, but I think we can realistically recognize it as one of the many forces released by financial greed and a permissive atmosphere that have contributed to the present fragmentation of American culture.

Frank Schmallegger, Ph.D.

Lumberton, North Carolina

*Ph.D. in what? When the Nazis came to power in Germany, they suppressed what they considered the licentiousness and immorality left over from the Weimar Republic, and did so in the name of restoring traditional family values. Nor are we aware that they flooded neighboring countries with anything nonmetalllic, unless you count soldiers.*

Re the November *Forum Newsfront* item titled "Prenatal Personhood," which states, "The Arizona Supreme Court has ruled unanimously that a viable fetus, even though stillborn, is a person under the law for purposes of making a wrongful-death claim in a malpractice suit."

This indicates that an unborn fetus is





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## Standard of comparison

Now, when experts refer to the high-water mark in radar protection, they automatically turn to ESCORT. In March of this year, *Car and Driver* published its latest detector test, this one comparing remote-mounted models. ESCORT is designed for dashtop or visor mounting. But the magazine included ESCORT in the test anyway, as the reference against which the performance of the others would be measured. ESCORT scored 412 points in the final rating, compared to 274 for the highest-finishing remote. You might say the comparison showed that there is no comparison.

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These excerpts were taken entirely from advertisements for other radar detectors.

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vested with legal rights for the purpose of claiming damages. But it seems illogical that a law can recognize the rights of the unborn fetus for purposes of filing a malpractice suit but deny it the same right to life by allowing abortionists to kill it.

Rafael G. Cecilio  
Chicago, Illinois

*Since then, the Minnesota Supreme Court has held that a fetus does not meet the legal definition of a human being under state law and therefore a drunk driver can be charged with other crimes but not with homicide for causing the death of one in a car accident. A dissenting justice complained that homicide could have been charged if the accident had caused the woman to give birth and the newborn baby had then died. It appears we may one day have to establish a Court of Fetal Appeals.*

#### A SCREAMER

*The Silent Scream*, that outrageously misleading anti-abortion film, is still on the loose and continues to misinform unprepared audiences. Watch its TV presentations. Even stations that try to be objective may televise it without any balancing from contrary or neutral sources.

"Well, what's the matter with *The Silent Scream*?" its friends ask. Try these facts. A 12-week fetus can't experience pain (much less fear), because the brain structures necessary to perceive pain are not developed until late in pregnancy. Only electri-

cal impulses, not brain waves, exist at 12 weeks. Fetal movements that the narrator dishonestly calls "a struggle to retreat from the abortionist's instruments" are actually only reflexes, and the narrator knows that. For further emotional trickery, the fetal model used is dishonestly enlarged, and the fetuses shown are actually stillborn premature infants. Furthermore,

### AS THEY SAY. . .

Ever questioned the intellectual acuity and over-all quality of the minds of our nation's leaders? Addressing the House Foreign Affairs Committee a while back, U.S. Secretary of State George P. Shultz warned that he needed to use a joke—one that some committee members might find "too risqué"—to illustrate the problem the Administration is having with restarting the Middle East peace talks. He then asked, rhetorically, "Why did the Frenchman kiss the lady's hand?" The answer, he said, is that "you have to start somewhere." That may or may not have brought down the House, but either way, it leaves us wondering if the Secretary might, in moments of confusion, think foreign affairs has something to do with adultery.

the instruments that the narrator says "crush" the fetal head are almost never used in first-trimester abortions.

With its inaccuracies and dishonesty, *The Silent Scream* is a hodgepodge of deceptions—an unworthy piece, without educational merit.

H. B. Munson, M.D.  
Rapid City, South Dakota

#### THE NEW PURITANISM

The Victorians had a word for it: Grindyism. For them, the question But what would Mrs. Grundy say? expressed the epitome of mediocrity, prudery and hypocrisy in all matters relating to arts and morals. The Grundys of today are the new Puritans, and they are on the march. But their pious hysteria over sex and violence is merely a pretext to undermine all our basic individual freedoms. Unfortunately, the collectivist, censorious non-thinking of these stuffed shirts and stuffed skirts now dominates our universities and is seeping into all the media.

In the December *Playboy Interview*, Bill Cosby brags that his class-conscious wife wanted his television family to parallel their own upper-crust lifestyle. This makes Cosby sound like the premier Grundy of our time. Alas, poor Bill, I knew him when.

That reminds me of Temple University, which is my alma mater as well as Cosby's and where I have taught for the past 28





years. Let me relate some of my own problems with Grundyism. Two years ago, I was reprimanded for translating "homophobic" and "antifeminist" epigrams from the classical Latin of Martial. More recently, I've been catching flak for writing a roast for a colleague instead of a requested laudatory poem. Here is the poem.

TO HONOR A HAPPY RETIREMENT

*It's not enough  
He sucked the bones  
Of dead and live poets  
This stone-face mortician  
Committeeman dirt bag  
Wants to retire  
With a garland of verses  
Hung on his brow.  
Here's thistle  
To stick in his temple.*

Grundyism is clearly a political movement aimed at destroying the creative freedom of all writers and artists. What is most dismaying is the fact that the traditional agencies of support against censorship (the PEN Club, A.A.U.P., A.W.P. and faculty unions) are more concerned with protecting the prerogatives of the collectivist thought police than they are with defending the individual writer. The Orwellian nightmare has come true. This is 1984 plus two.

Richard O'Connell  
Wyncote, Pennsylvania

BY ANY OTHER NAME

I consider myself a conservative but not a stupid conservative, and I wish that those of the reactionary right would stop embarrassing me by attaching that word to every nitwit cause or organization opposed to contemporary reality. On my desk right now is a letter from something called the Conservative Student Support Foundation (with the compulsory eagle), which is all bent out of shape at the discovery that the United States does not have an "official language." To remedy this, a petition supporting the efforts of some U.S. Senator to promote a constitutional amendment making our official language English is enclosed. If this were an important issue, I'd probably support such a move; but from four pages of diatribe, it's perfectly clear that this is merely some crackpot project cooked up in the name of God and country, the way fund raisers look for a new disease, to make the opposition look unpatriotic. Here they want to combat "liberal special interests [that] are trying to destroy America's security and true heritage."

Well, fuck me! I happen to consider liberals so open-minded that their brains fall out, but this is the kind of bullpucky that makes any intelligent conservative ashamed to stand up and be counted on matters that matter.

Buddy Johnson  
Dallas, Texas

TAKING NAMES

With all the flap these days about the national debt, Russia, drugs, crime in the streets and assorted evils we face daily, it's comforting to know that the state of Oregon has stepped in to help. It is now mandatory for art dealers to take the names of any persons spending more than \$100 on artwork, defined in bill H.B. 2896 as including but not limited to creations in clay, textile, fiber, wood, metal, plastic, glass or similar materials.

We're not sure, but it appears that Oregon is the only state in the United States that requires one to register their purchases of both guns and artwork. We know that visitors and residents alike will now sleep better at night. We do.

Al Ewbank  
Lee Hardy  
Shannon Gallery  
Depoe Bay, Oregon

*Looks to us like H.B. 2896 concerns itself mainly with making art dealers accountable to their artists, but you're right: The way they do this, under section three, ORS 359.210, subsection two, is by recording the names and addresses of their customers.*

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JEFFREY MAC DONALD

*a candid conversation with the imprisoned "fatal vision" doctor convicted of murdering his wife and two children—who still maintains his innocence*

At approximately four A.M. on February 17, 1970, Military Police were summoned to the Fort Bragg, North Carolina, residence of Dr. Jeffrey R. MacDonald, a physician and captain in the Army Medical Corps, where they discovered Dr. MacDonald's pregnant wife, Colette, and two children, Kimberly, five, and Kristen, two, clubbed and stabbed to death. MacDonald was lying partially across his wife's body in the master bedroom. The bodies of Kimberly and Kristen were found in their bedrooms. MacDonald, who apparently sustained a number of stab wounds—one of which resulted in a partially collapsed lung—was rushed to Womack Army Community Hospital, where he was treated and released. So began one of the most bizarre and celebrated murder cases in recent history—best known through Joe McGinniss' best-selling book *"Fatal Vision"* and NBC's two-part docudrama based on the book, but endlessly debated by virtually everyone who has heard of it.

What occurred next depends upon whose version of the crime you choose to believe: MacDonald's or the Government's. MacDonald's version is as follows: Upon retiring for the night—at approximately 2:30 A.M.—he discovered that his younger daughter, Kristen, had crawled into bed with his wife

and had wet his side of the bed. He picked Kristen up, returned her to her bedroom and went into the living room, where he lay down on the sofa and fell asleep. Shortly thereafter, he was awakened by the screams of his wife and elder daughter, Kimberly. He saw a woman—who he later alleged was a local resident named Helena Stoeckley—with blonde hair, a floppy hat, boots, a short skirt, carrying a flickering light or candle and chanting, "Acid is groovy, kill the pigs." He saw three other people, two white men and a black man, and described the black man as stocky and wearing an Army jacket with sergeant's stripes; one of the white men, he said, wore a cross on a chain around his neck.

According to MacDonald, the three men—who were standing near the couch—proceeded to attack him, pulling or tearing off his pajama top, which he then used to ward off their blows. The three assailants continued to club and stab him until he lost consciousness. When he awoke, he walked to the master bedroom, where he found his wife dead. He pulled a knife out of her body, attempted to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and covered her with his pajama top and a bath mat. He then went to his children's rooms, where he unsuccessfully attempted to revive them. Finally, he went to the bathroom, where

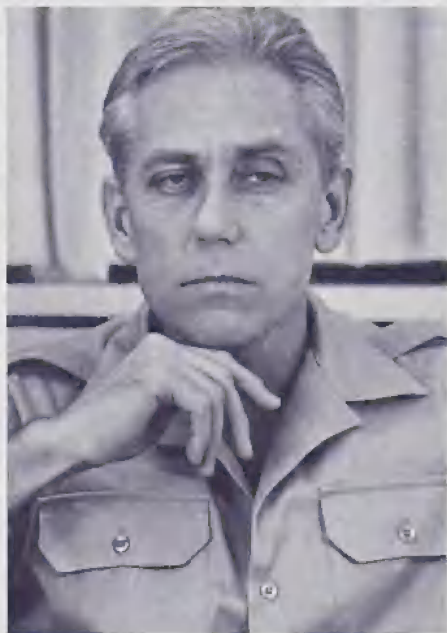
he washed; then he telephoned the Military Police. At that point, he lost consciousness.

The Government's version—and that of McGinniss—is that MacDonald himself murdered his wife and two children and then staged the crime scene to cover up the murders.

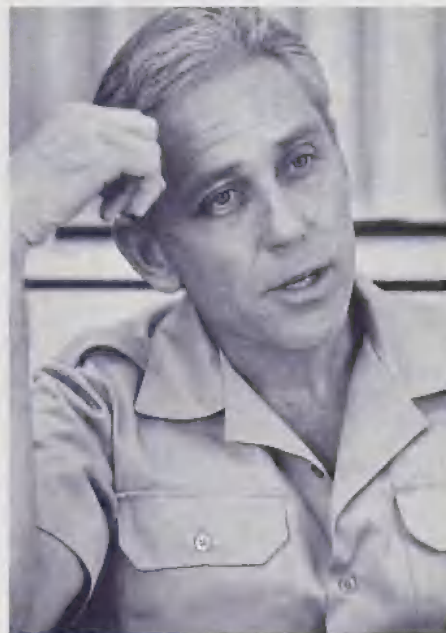
After the murders, the Army's Criminal Investigation Division (CID), the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Fayetteville, North Carolina, Police Department immediately began searching for the four assailants whom MacDonald had described. But examining the crime scene, the investigators discovered evidence that caused them to question MacDonald's story. The Government contends that, although MacDonald stated that his pajama top had been torn during his struggle with the assailants in the living room, no fibers from its fabric were discovered in that room. However, fibers were found both inside and outside the body outline of Colette in the master bedroom, as well as in the bedrooms of Kimberly and Kristen. In addition, a small particle from a rubber surgeon's glove—which was stained with Colette's blood—was discovered inside a sheet in a pile of bedding near the doorway that led to the hall. Ultimately, without forensic evidence to support MacDonald's explanation of



"Fifteen years is a long time. I experienced the mass tragedy of losing my family; then I was charged with the murders; then I was victimized by *'Fatal Vision'*. It seems as if I've been fighting for my freedom forever."



"When I entered the master bedroom, I saw Colette. There was blood everywhere. I remember kneeling down on my hands and knees and attempting to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Air was bubbling out of her chest."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

"Yes, I did find it difficult to express emotion in my 20s. I'm one of those men who created the need for an Alan Alda. But that doesn't mean I'm pathological. It simply means that I'm fairly typical of many men."



the events of that night, the investigators concluded that MacDonald himself had murdered his family.

Nine and a half years were to pass before MacDonald was finally tried. (See chronology, page 66.) For a fascinated public, it was a sensational parade of did-he-or-didn't-he? charges and countercharges: A Princeton-educated, Green Beret Army doctor, handsome and self-assured, repeating his story that he was ensnared in a web of circumstances; his lawyers, passionately defending him with motions, private investigations, legal delays and allegations of prosecutorial misconduct; his prosecutors, amassing volumes of evidence and affidavits, taking testimony and "confessions," slowly building a massive (though error-filled) case against him; the grieving father-in-law, Alfred Kassab, initially supportive of MacDonald, turning against him after his own study of the case and serving as his chief accuser through the years; and, finally, the author, McGinniss, who took up with the defense team, believed MacDonald innocent but later wrote the book that one reviewer was to call "a totally damning indictment." The conclusion many readers drew from *Fatal Vision* was that MacDonald was a woman-hating "pathological narcissist" who exploded in sudden rage at his wife and killed her and his two daughters in a frenzy. In August 1979, a jury found MacDonald guilty of three counts of murder and sentenced him to three consecutive life terms. He began a process of appeals that continues to this day.

The interview that follows—the most extensive that MacDonald has given for publication—took place at the Federal Correctional Institution at Bastrop, Texas. The interviewer, Dr. Jeffrey M. Elliot, is an associate professor of political science at North Carolina Central University, in Durham, as well as a free-lance writer whose works include PLAYBOY's memorable interview with Cuban premier Fidel Castro in the August 1985 issue. Dr. Elliot interviewed MacDonald over a five-month period. His report:

"Opened in 1979, the Federal Correctional Institution at Bastrop is a medium-security prison that houses approximately 600 inmates whose offenses range from murder to drug trafficking to bank robbery to conspiracy fraud.

"Armed with nothing but four tape recorders and five boxes of cassette tapes, I was searched thoroughly and escorted through two security doors and into the visitors' room, where I awaited Dr. MacDonald.

"After a 15-minute wait, MacDonald arrived. Attired in khaki garb and sneakers (he had been assigned janitorial duties here), he appeared rested and alert. Grinning, he extended his hand. He has the all-American good looks that have captivated his interlocutors before: piercing eyes, straight nose, tight lips, even white teeth. Now 42 and graying, he is, in appearance and demeanor, youthful, vigorous and relaxed—not much different from any well-educated, upwardly mobile professional in Southern California.

"Upon first meeting, he seemed small, lost,

alone, giving me a sense of the pain, the humiliation, the degradation that accompany prison life. I knew what he'd been convicted of, but I couldn't help thinking that MacDonald seemed out of place.

"As I studied him, he studied me—his eyes fixed on mine. Like an artist, he measured his subject. And, for the moment, at least, he made me feel I was his link to the outside world—a world far distant in time but ever close in memory. He asked about my trip: the flight, the hotel, the drive, the restaurants. The details fascinated him. He wanted to keep up with the world in which he undoubtedly felt he belonged.

"As we launched into our interview sessions, I felt in MacDonald a strength that should not have surprised me but did. He never yields. You rope him and he escapes; then he comes charging back. You rope him again and he breaks free. MacDonald is practiced, studied, rehearsed. When I let fly with a question, he would catch it in mid-air and, without hesitation, let fly with a carefully phrased, artfully crafted salvo. At times he looked uncomfortable, especially when the questions addressed his believability. And

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*"That night, with  
its permanently chiseled  
sights and smells and  
sounds, is indelibly etched  
in my senses."*

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although he danced and dodged, he didn't run. He desperately wants you to believe him.

"After three long sessions and almost 15 hours of tapes, I left. I told him I'd be back after more research. As I departed, he appeared disappointed—his conduit severed. As he was taken away, he was strip-searched.

"When next we met, this time in the presence of PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer David Chan, who took the interview pictures, he appeared different—perhaps owing to the presence of a third party, perhaps not. Still, he was cordial, obliging, interested. But this time, unlike the first session, he appeared guarded, ill at ease, a bit suspicious. He may have sensed that I'd spent a lot of time with sources who did not believe his story, in order to follow up on his earlier responses. Buoyed for battle, he was determined to rise to the occasion. The questions evoked anger, resentment, frustration. I fired; he fired back. There was faltering, backtracking. But he did not relent. Of this much I am sure: Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald, convicted of one of humanity's most terrible and unexplainable crimes, protester of his own innocence, will not give up. And that seems a logical point with which to begin the interview."

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PLAYBOY: What perhaps most fascinates people about you is that you won't give

up. You keep saying, in the face of your conviction and overturned appeals over a period of 15 years, that you will eventually be vindicated. Deep down, do you really believe that?

MAC DONALD: Yes, I do. I think I will be granted a new trial based upon the new evidence, and at that new trial, I will be found not guilty. I also think that public opinion at that time will be radically different. Still, it will not erase the pain of the past 15 years. And, unfortunately, there will always be people who, despite the evidence, will believe that I'm guilty. There's no way around it.

PLAYBOY: The fact is, most people who have read or seen *Fatal Vision* believe you're guilty. How can you persevere?

MAC DONALD: Prior to the past year and a half, my optimism was always predicated upon my own knowledge of, and belief in, my own innocence. I know what occurred that night. And I know I did not murder my wife and children. In the past, my hopes rested upon my own firsthand knowledge of the facts. Today, my case is buttressed by 35 new witnesses, extensive new evidence and previously known but undisclosed evidence, which the Government deliberately withheld from the defense. I think that the new evidence dramatically contradicts the Government's contentions and proves my innocence beyond a doubt. It's no longer me—Jeffrey MacDonald—shouting my innocence from the rooftop. It's the evidence—both old and new—that does it.

PLAYBOY: You claimed for years that you constantly relived, and dreamed about, the events of February 17, 1970, the night your wife and children were murdered. Do you still dream?

MAC DONALD: In all honesty, I no longer relive that night on a daily basis. The memories, however, are persistent. But they are less vivid than they used to be. However, I still experience moments of actually being there—the terror, the anguish, the hopelessness. That night, with its permanently chiseled sights and smells and sounds, is indelibly etched in my senses. As for coping, I seem to be able to compartmentalize fairly well. I'm better able to divorce myself from the memories—particularly the most powerful memories—as time passes.

But to this day, almost nightly—between three and four A.M.—I find myself wide-awake. And it bears no relationship to how tired I might be.

Fifteen years is a long time. I experienced the mass tragedy of losing my family; then I was charged with the commission of the murders; and then I was victimized by Joe McGinniss and *Fatal Vision*—both the book and the film. It seems as if I've been fighting for my freedom forever. I've been the victim of the basest accusations—spurious allegations that have no basis in fact. They're both shameful and humiliating. Still, I





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GREAT SPARKLERS  
ARE MEASURED IN  
CARATS.

**MARTINI & ROSSI**

ASTI SPUMANTE: WHEN GOOD TASTE IS MOST IMPORTANT.



A large sailboat with a white sail is sailing on the ocean. Several people are on the deck, and the boat is moving through the water, creating a wake. The sky is blue with some clouds.

# Get a ta

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85.



# ste of it.

# Merit

*The low tar flavor break.*





have no choice. I must try to remain as positive as possible. Negative emotions would be counterproductive.

**PLAYBOY:** Your critics over the years have said you are seductive and manipulative in defending your case and that despite your talking a good game, what they sense in you is a coldness, an emptiness.

**MAC DONALD:** [A hard, steady stare] I don't think that anyone, with the exception of those who work directly for the prosecution or McGinniss, would characterize me in those terms. That portrait was fostered both by busy media, interested in finding a hook for the case, and by McGinniss, who concocted an evil straw man to serve his own objectives. I'm not cold, aloof, uncaring. The media contributed greatly to that characterization. For example, during the trial, a reporter for the *Raleigh News and Observer* described me as "cold and unfeeling." The day after I testified—and cried on the stand—I was accused of crying crocodile tears. So you can't win. If I appear stone-faced, I'm described as "unemotional"; but when I display emotion, I'm accused of "turning on the faucet." The media adopted a superficial view of me—despite the fact that the reporters were staring at my back throughout the trial. It's just not true. I was shell-shocked.

**PLAYBOY:** McGinniss wrote that he was first attracted to your case, and spent time with the defense team, in the belief that you were innocent. Once he got to know the case, he says, he became convinced you were guilty. Do you believe he began with a presumption of innocence?

**MAC DONALD:** The problem is, Joe has given many versions of that answer. There's simply no way to know. If you read *Fatal Vision*, you're left with the unmistakable impression that he had already concluded upon our first meeting that I was guilty. I think that's obvious. For example, how could Joe, three and one half years later, publish a book in which he recalls a particular song about a "psycho killer" that was playing on the radio while he was driving down the freeway to meet me for the first time? Given the negative inferences—which he associated with the song and our impending first meeting—I suspect that he had already concluded that I was guilty.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think the media—and a significant segment of the public—accepted the McGinniss portrait? If that acceptance is so widespread, wouldn't you say he captured some part of the truth?

**MAC DONALD:** No, not at all. I don't know whether it's simply because he's a member of the fraternal order of newspaper writers or not. Certainly, there's an element of that. The press knew McGinniss as a reporter who had written a best-selling book, *The Selling of the President*. Reporters were impressed by McGinniss both because he was one of them and because he had moved from being one of them to being something better: He moved into the best-selling-author sphere. Most reporters

## THE MAC DONALD CASE: AN OVERVIEW

**February 17, 1970:** MacDonald's wife, Colette, and two children—Kimberly and Kristen—brutally murdered.

**April 6, 1970:** MacDonald informed by U.S. Army CID that he is a suspect.

**May 15, 1970:** Army hearing convenes; Helena Stoeckley, a local hippie who fits MacDonald's description of one of the assailants, questioned.

**October 28, 1970:** Army formally drops charges due to "insufficient evidence." MacDonald honorably discharged December 5, 1970.

**December 1970:** Father-in-law Alfred Kassab, supportive of MacDonald, issues plea demanding reinvestigation of murders; delivers copies to all members of Congress.

**February 1971:** Kassab reads transcripts of Army hearings, concludes that MacDonald committed the murders but does not voice his suspicions.

**July 1971:** MacDonald moves to Long Beach, California.

**1972–1974:** Case reviewed by U.S. Department of Justice and various Washington, D.C., attorneys.

**April 30, 1974:** Kassab and his wife file citizens' complaint charging MacDonald with the murders.

**August 12, 1974:** Grand jury begins hearing evidence; indicts MacDonald on January 24, 1975. MacDonald arrested.

**January 31, 1975:** MacDonald released on bail.

**January 23, 1976:** Fourth Circuit Court rules 2–1 that MacDonald had been denied a speedy trial.

**May 1, 1978:** U.S. Supreme Court reverses Fourth Circuit Court decision.

**March 1979:** Trial set for July.

**July 1979:** Joe McGinniss agrees to write book about the murders.

**July 19, 1979:** Trial begins.

**August 29, 1979:** MacDonald found guilty, sentenced to three consecutive life terms. Imprisoned.

**November 27, 1979:** MacDonald files appeal with Fourth Circuit Court.

**July 29, 1980:** Fourth Circuit Court again rules that MacDonald was denied speedy trial. MacDonald released on bail one month later.

**March 31, 1982:** U.S. Supreme Court overturns Fourth Circuit Court's decision. MacDonald is returned to prison.

**January 13, 1983:** Stoeckley, a drug abuser, found dead of natural causes.

**September 1983:** McGinniss publishes *Fatal Vision*, in which he concludes that MacDonald is guilty.

**November 1984:** NBC-TV airs two-part version of *Fatal Vision*.

**March 11, 1985:** MacDonald files for appeal with Fourth Circuit Court.

**December 17, 1985:** Fourth Circuit Court denies MacDonald's appeal.

don't want to be stringers or write for Associated Press for the rest of their lives. They want to move on into books or major articles for major magazines, or become interviewers for *PLAYBOY*. That's what they aspire to, and McGinniss has done that.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that exactly what impressed you when you agreed to have him write a book about your case?

**MAC DONALD:** Absolutely! And I say that with chagrin, because I was taken in by McGinniss. He's very glib. He's verbal. He has a rapid-fire, somewhat funny approach to life. He lives life, for the most part, in the fast lane. He jets around the country. He appears on talk shows. He knows famous people. All of that's very seductive. And I was seduced. Had I known that he was planning from day one to write a book—which I thought was my idea—I would have viewed him very differently. The fact is, Joe remained very seductive until I was interviewed four years later by Mike Wallace, when I first learned that he had written this shamefully untrue story of my life and the events surrounding the murder of my wife and two children.

**PLAYBOY:** This might be the place to ask you about your version of what happened that night. You were a physician in the Army, stationed at Fort Bragg, living with your wife and your two little girls. What happened on February 17, 1970?

**MAC DONALD:** I suppose it had to come sooner or later—in this case, sooner. . . . Let's dispense with the preliminaries of that evening. I was lying on the couch and I was awakened. My first recollection is of a scream. It wasn't a word but a noise. It was Colette's voice. It seemed very loud. And it seems very loud to this day. It's inconceivable that anyone could have slept through it. It was piercing! I then heard Colette's voice: "Jeff, help! Jeff! Why are they doing this to me?" They were words to that effect. About the same time, I heard Kimberly, my elder daughter—who was five at the time—shriek, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" As I arose, I saw what I initially thought to be three people. Later on, I saw another person. The first three I saw were a black male and two white males. The black male was to my left; the two white males stood at the foot of the couch, at my feet. They appeared to be clean-cut. They struck me as military types. They were not so-called hippies. And I never described them as hippies. They had short hair. They were not disheveled. They had no beards. It's difficult to describe them, as I was lying down. They were standing.

So I saw three males. First I heard Colette's voice, then Kimberly's voice, and then a third voice. At that point, I briefly saw a girl. She wore a broad, floppy hat. It was light-colored. She appeared to have stringy blonde hair, which was draped over her shoulders. Her face looked narrow. So I saw these people. Everything occurred simultaneously. I







heard the sounds. One of the men started moving toward me. I thought or said, "What the hell are you people doing here?" or "Who the hell are you people?" Something like that. And the black male swung and hit me. I was knocked back and saw stars, which you can't understand unless you've been hit in the head. That's not a figure of speech. It's true. You actually see stars—white flashes. And I did. It was unreal. I thought to myself, Colette's screaming. What's she screaming about? Who the hell are these people? I started to struggle, and the guy began to wind up again. I put my hand up and parried his blow. I grabbed his arm at the same time. Then he tried to jerk his arm away. I slid down his fatigue jacket. I only say that because I saw sergeant's stripes. He tried to jerk his arm back and I attempted to hold on to it, because if I let go, I thought he would hit me again. That's when the others started pummeling me. But it was quick. Boom, boom, boom, it was over. I was hit about the head and face. All of a sudden, as I was holding on, I experienced this pain in my right side. I thought, God-damn, he throws a hell of a punch! And I let go and started grappling. At some point, though it's not clear, I saw the glint of a blade. I never clearly saw a blade. The next thing I knew, I was pitching forward, off the end of the couch. I attempted to struggle. I held on to this guy's arm, while the others pummeled me. And that was it. During the struggle, I couldn't grab their arms, because my hands were bound up in my pajama top. I can't figure it out. It must have been pulled over my head. I never heard it rip, nor did I feel it being pulled over my head. Thus, my hands were all wrapped up—and I was fending off the blows. Then I pitched forward. My hands were not in front of me. I recall thinking, I can't stop falling. That's when I saw a bare knee and the top of a boot. However, I didn't see them in connection with the female's face.

My next clear memory is of being on the floor. The upper part of my body and trunk were positioned in the hallway; my waist and thighs were draped down the steps; and my feet were lying in the living-room area, coming off the steps. And that's where I came to. At this point, I have three clear memories: First, I remember hearing my teeth chatter. They were chattering so loudly I could hear them. Second, I realized I didn't hear Colette. It was silent, except for my teeth. Third, I was cold. I felt as if my entire body was shaking. I stood up and walked down the hallway. When I entered the master bedroom, I saw Colette. I don't know whether I turned on the lights or not. I saw Colette as clear as day. And there was blood everywhere. I remember kneeling down on my hands and knees and attempting to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Air was bubbling out of her chest. It's very, very clear. Then I went to check Kimberly. And I gave her mouth-to-

mouth resuscitation and listened to her pulse. But I'm not sure when. And then I did the same with Kristen. Air was bubbling out of both children. [*Pauses, sighs and weeps*] Eventually, I went back to the hallway. I remember thinking, What the hell is going on? [*Tears flow; visibly shaking*] Then I went back to the master bedroom [*voice breaks, long pause*]. After that, I went into the bathroom. I felt sick—queasy. I looked in the mirror. I was bleeding. And I felt breathless. That's when I called for help.

**PLAYBOY:** [*Later*] Despite the version that you've told through the years, most observers think the weight of physical evidence against you is overwhelming—and that you may have convinced yourself of your innocence by insisting on your story.

**MAC DONALD:** That's just not the case. My memory of what occurred that night is quite clear. Indeed, the so-called evidence against me simply proves that I was in the house that night, which everyone admits. There's nothing in the entire body of forensic evidence that proves that I committed the murders. It simply says that spots of blood and fibers do not comport with my recollections, which are bits and pieces of my attempt to save my family. There's no truth to your statement.

**PLAYBOY:** During the trial, you said it was the prosecution that repeatedly lied. How?

**MAC DONALD:** The prosecution employed the big-lie technique, whereby they would repeat a lie over and over again until it was either accepted as truth or viewed as a plausible explanation. For example, consider the question of my wounds. There is no startlingly clear testimony on the wounds. But I did have numerous wounds, approximately 17. I suffered head wounds as well as stab wounds. I also experienced blood-trauma wounds to my head, left shoulder and arm. When the Kassabs and my mother came to visit, I was in bed in an intensive-care unit with a tube in my chest. My abdomen was bandaged and I had light dressings on other wounds. And yet, to this day, the prosecutor [*grins disdainfully*], Alfred Kassab and Joe McGinniss continue to repeat the lie that I suffered a mere scratch—that my wounds were of the type requiring Mercurochrome. Their allegations fly in the face of the evidence. It's contradicted by countless witnesses, including five examining physicians. Yet it has become part of the folklore of the case. That's what I mean by the big-lie technique.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's consider the extent of your wounds. Your wife's arms were broken and she was brutally beaten before being murdered. Your children were also savagely stabbed. Yet, by comparison, you weren't very badly hurt—

**MAC DONALD:** That's not accurate—I had to have two surgical procedures—

**PLAYBOY:** It's true that you ended up in intensive care with a puncture wound and a collapsed lung. But as for two surgical procedures, isn't it true that the first surgi-

cal attempt to reinflate your lung failed, which is why the procedure was repeated?

**MAC DONALD:** I *did* have two surgical procedures on my chest. [*Laughs, shakes head in disbelief*] There were two separate chest tubes inserted at different times. Those are surgical procedures. That's like saying, if someone has a hernia operation, and the hernia recurs, and he has to have a repeat hernia operation, then he hasn't had two surgical procedures. Obviously, he has. I had *two* surgical procedures on my lung.

**PLAYBOY:** But as to the lung wound itself, isn't it true that it was approximately five eighths of an inch deep and one centimeter in length—a perfect scalpel wound? Isn't it also true that, at the trial, it was testified that you had assisted in an operation that involved an identical incision?

**MAC DONALD:** No one testified to that effect—namely, that it was "a perfect scalpel wound." That has, of course, been dredged up since the publication of the book and the movie. What was testified to is accurate—that is, there was a puncture wound of the right chest. The superficial wound that would be seen by the naked eye was approximately a centimeter long. How deep it was is anyone's guess. There was no probe of the wound and there's no way to know its depth. As for my assisting in an operation in which a similar wound was involved, I simply don't remember. Keep in mind that, at the time, I had had a year of surgery at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, and I had worked in very busy emergency departments. I've seen thousands of chest wounds. I've seen many, many wounds that required chest tubes. And I have inserted chest tubes on hundreds of occasions. There's no question about it.

**PLAYBOY:** You also claim that you sustained ten to 12 ice-pick wounds to the abdomen. Isn't it true that no doctor ever testified to that effect?

**MAC DONALD:** [*Pauses*] I think that's probably correct. To the best of my memory, the wounds that were referred to were a grouping of ice-pick wounds on my left chest, which, of course, Kassab and McGinniss also contend never existed. As to the abdominal wounds, I'm not positive at this point whether that statement is reflected in the trial proceedings or whether it came from a witness' statement later on. There was a series of ice-pick wounds across my abdomen, around the approximately three-inch laceration that was in my left rectus muscle.

**PLAYBOY:** But how is it possible, as you contend, to have been stabbed in the abdomen with an ice pick ten to 12 times if you were in a seated position, leaning into your attackers, which is how you described the assault? Doesn't that defy common sense?

**MAC DONALD:** I don't see why it's not possible. We re-created the scene, while preparing the defense, and it's exactly as I remember the assault's occurring. I was sitting upright on the couch, attempting to



# D I G I T A L



DOES IT OPERATE  
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# C O M M A N D



fend off my attackers. All I remember is a series of blows that I thought at the time were punches—but it's quite possible that a blade could have been used to puncture my abdomen while in that sitting position. There's no reason it couldn't. I don't understand your point.

**PLAYBOY:** The point is, you say you were stabbed while sitting; no doctor ever reported the injuries; and the stab wounds were supposedly all in one location in your abdomen. If you'd shifted even slightly, you'd have been wounded in other places. **MAC DONALD:** First, the wounds were not apparently major wounds. I did not develop peritonitis. There was no need for a surgical intervention in my abdomen, which is very common in stab wounds. Second, in a rapidly developing fight, a series of blows can be administered very quickly. What would it take to administer ten quick blows? A matter of seconds. All I can recall is fending off blows. What occurred differs markedly from the prosecution's courtroom demonstration and from the movie's depiction of the so-called assault. They reversed the direction of the blows that I remember receiving.

**PLAYBOY:** You've claimed from the beginning that crucial evidence was withheld from the defense team. Such as what?

**MAC DONALD:** I could cite countless examples. For instance, in 1979, we requested a complete set of crime-scene photographs and were told that we *had* a complete set. It turns out that we didn't. We never received two sets of photographs. One involved a series of seven fingerprints that were of unknown people but were typable; and the second set concerned the handwriting on a wall in the apartment of Helena Stoeckley [the woman who later gave contradictory evidence about having committed the murders; Stoeckley died in 1983]. Attached to one of the photographs was a note from one of the investigators who noted the similarity between the letter G in a word on Stoeckley's wall, which she wrote, and the G in the word *pic*, which was painted in blood on the headboard of the master bedroom of my home. That's a phenomenal piece of information. It puts Stoeckley in my house. Not only did they hide those photographs from us, or the existence of those photographs, but they carefully deleted any reference to those photographs in the Freedom of Information Act materials we received in 1983. [*Angrily*] That's an obvious, intentional deception.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it true that Frank Toledo, the agent who you say noted the similarity, never saw the writing on the headboard and that, according to his affidavit, he said that the P and G looked more like *your* handwriting than like Stoeckley's?

**MAC DONALD:** Your comments are correct, as they relate to his later affidavit. Earlier, though, he said that they were similar. Now, 14 years later, he states that he didn't view the writing on the headboard. That strikes me as puzzling. Why, then,

did he make such a notation on the back of the photograph in 1970 or 1971? That tells me that his 1984 affidavit is, at best, suspect. The fact is, however, that photograph was kept from us.

**PLAYBOY:** What else was kept from you?

**MAC DONALD:** The fact that Stoeckley was given a polygraph test in which she was asked whether or not she was present at my home on the night of the murders. Her answer was no.

The polygrapher told us, over the orders of prosecutor Brian Murtagh, who instructed him not to talk to the defense, that the chart clearly revealed deception.

**PLAYBOY:** If what you say is true, why didn't you subpoena the polygrapher and require him to testify in court?

**MAC DONALD:** But we did. And the judge, Franklin Dupree, refused to allow him to testify. The polygrapher, Robert Bristentine, came to us and told us that the prosecutor had ordered him not to talk to the defense. He said that he was a professional, that he had performed a polygraph on Stoeckley—and that she had flunked. He then told us that Murtagh had threatened to fire him if he spoke to the defense. He did testify, however, by *voir dire*. In a sworn statement, he said that the results of the polygraph examination, which Stoeckley failed, suggested that she was, indeed, present in my home that night and could identify her co-assailants. Furthermore, he stated that were he involved in the case, he would have proceeded against her.

**PLAYBOY:** In addition to those allegations of deception, you've maintained that the Government's failure to protect the crime scene either distorted the physical evidence or led to erroneous interpretations of the evidence. What examples do you have to support that accusation?

**MAC DONALD:** The list is almost endless. However, the most significant violation was a state of mind. They entered my house on February 17, 1970, and determined—this is their word, not mine—that the scene had been "staged." Their conclusion was based on several observations: a flowerpot, which they felt should have been sideways on the rug but was upright; no clear signs of intruders; the fact that the coffee table in the living room was found on its side and not turned all the way over onto its top.

**PLAYBOY:** The prosecution claims that there was simply not enough disarray in a room in which that kind of violence had occurred. Doesn't it still seem odd that the only two items that were disturbed were a lamp shade in the master bedroom, which was crooked, and the living-room coffee table, which was lying on its side?

**MAC DONALD:** First, the crime scene was vastly altered by teams of investigators and by members of the CID team. Second, the fact is, I was hit in the head. It was not a titanic struggle. [*Apologetic*] I've never said it was. I'm not especially proud of my own attempt at self-defense. There's no question about it. I've had to live with my

failure to save my family for the past 15 years. [*Sighs*]

But the fact remains, I was up against four intruders, was hit in the head and lost consciousness. And don't forget, these were crimes against people, not property. The damage was inflicted upon my wife and two children—and myself, to a far lesser extent—not property. Obviously, I wish it were the other way around.

**PLAYBOY:** So you maintain that the investigation was botched?

**MAC DONALD:** The mistakes, if that's what they were, were legion. For example, there existed two bloody footprints. Now, remember, we're talking about a triple homicide. A crack forensic team was flown in on the general's airplane from Fort Gordon, Georgia. They saw two bloody footprints in one of the rooms, in which there was a dead person. They cut the floor out to take back to the laboratory, and the floor fell apart. Then they tried to pick the footprint up, and destroyed it. As a result, there were no footprints. And yet the investigator, Sergeant Hilyard Medlin, testified under oath that it was my footprint. And why? Because he remembered looking at it with a loupe and comparing it with the ridges in my known footprints. As for the evidence, he says it's unavailable.

**PLAYBOY:** What you're saying is only partially true. The fact is, the footprint was destroyed, but it had been photographed before it was destroyed. And that photo suggests that it was your footprint.

**MAC DONALD:** No, it's not! There's no proof that the footprint was mine. The so-called proof is simply Sergeant Medlin's recollection. He didn't even have his notes. He stated that he took my known footprint from me at the hospital and brought it to the crime scene and, with the naked eye, identified the bloodied print as mine. He then photographed the footprint in question. It is not matchable from the photographs; Medlin's two superiors stated as much. Moreover, the prosecution kept that statement from us.

**PLAYBOY:** What other evidence was mishandled or withheld?

**MAC DONALD:** Fingerprints. Do you realize that, to this day, the house has never been fully dusted for fingerprints? The Government told us, contrary to the facts, that everything had been dusted. But the investigators neglected to dust anything over the couch in the living room. They neglected to dust the tops of vanities. More important, they *destroyed* fingerprints. We don't know how many.

**PLAYBOY:** You say the fingerprints were destroyed, but isn't it true that all that really happened was that moisture penetrated the tape used to cover them?

**MAC DONALD:** That's not what's important. The important point is that the fingerprints in question were on the back door leading to the house—the same door that was found open by the investigators on the scene. Why didn't they take the door off that day? That's the obvious



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# S Y S T E M S



question. That was the critical portal of entry. **PLAYBOY:** How do you account for the fact that neither telephone in your house had any blood on it, and yet you stated that you used both phones after examining the bodies of your wife and children?

**MAC DONALD:** At the trial, the Government accused me of lying about this point. They said, "If you used the telephones, why didn't they reveal fingerprints?" And I said I didn't know. Their goal was to discredit my story. The implication was that I must have worn surgical gloves while making the calls. However, they neglected to point out one critical fact—that when we questioned the MPs at the crime scene, one of them admitted he had used one of the telephones and had wiped it with his handkerchief after realizing that he shouldn't have used it. Again, that was typical of the crime-scene investigation.

**PLAYBOY:** But isn't it true that the MP who used the telephone testified that he had picked up the headpiece with two fingers and that when he put it to his ear, the line was dead and he put it down? Moreover, the MP never testified, as you charge, that he wiped the telephone.

**MAC DONALD:** No. No. [Long pause] An MP—I can't at this point tell you it was the same MP—told us that the telephone was wiped with a pocket handkerchief. I wouldn't swear it was the same person; I don't remember. In addition, if he didn't wipe the telephone, why weren't his prints on it? After all, he admits that he had picked it up with two fingers. If the investigators can't find his fingerprints on the telephone, when he admits having used it, why is it a mystery that they can't find my fingerprints, when I admit to having used it? I can't tell you why there wasn't blood on the telephones. I had dried blood on my hands when I arrived at the hospital. And I believe the hospital orderlies made statements to that effect, and that they also cleansed my hands.

**PLAYBOY:** You've stated, on numerous occasions, that on the evening in question, Military Police—en route to your home—spotted a woman who closely resembled your description of one of the assailants but made no effort to question or detain her. Do you allege that she was Helena Stoeckley? If so, what evidence do you have?

**MAC DONALD:** Again, this is another example of the CID's blatant mishandling of the investigation. When the MPs arrived at my house, I gave them a description of four assailants. The first MP to see me also saw a woman, in a raincoat, half a mile from my house, standing in the rain in 38-degree weather, at four o'clock in the morning. He remembered it instantly and asked that a jeep be dispatched to track down the woman. [Incredulously] And yet no one went to look for that person. That strikes me as incredible!

**PLAYBOY:** The prosecution said that the woman had *not* matched your description.

**MAC DONALD:** The important point is that she had bare knees and wore a floppy hat.

That's what's important. Moreover, why would someone be out at 3:30 or four in the morning, when it was raining, standing on the street? The fact is, she fit, in a general way, the description of one of the assailants. And yet no attempt was made to find her. I think that's very damning.

**PLAYBOY:** Many of your claims hinge on this woman, Helena Stoeckley. Yet in his September 14, 1979, order, Judge Dupree said, "The court gained the unmistakable impression, which it believes was shared by the jury, that this pathetic figure was suffering from drug-induced mental distortion and that she could be of no help to either side in the case." Stoeckley herself admitted that on the day of the murders, she took mescaline, six or seven injections of heroin, a large quantity of marijuana and another hit of mescaline just before she left her house. If it is true that she was strung out on drugs, isn't it likely that her confessions were the product of a confused and twisted mind?

**MAC DONALD:** But that's precisely the point. As a law professor has stated, I didn't have the luxury of choosing my assailants or fashioning their characters. You've described a person who, in my view, is perfectly capable of committing these crimes. She's a person who was associated both with multiple drug use and with violence—and whose associates were associated with drugs and violence, including the stabbings both of people and of animals. These are disreputable people. These crimes weren't committed by a sane, logical person who was a loving husband and father.

**PLAYBOY:** But aren't Stoeckley's statements riddled with inconsistencies? Didn't she alternately tell witnesses that she had been involved in the killings; that she had been on the scene but killed nobody; that you had killed your family; and that she knew, didn't know or suspected the identity of the killers? Why should her confessions—of which there were several—be believed?

**MAC DONALD:** The variances in Helena Stoeckley's statements are clearly understandable under the circumstances. These are, in our estimation, the musings of a person who was guilt-ridden and who was frantically attempting to cope with the awfulness of the crimes of which she was a part. It was not unusual for her to begin admissions only to become fearful of prosecution and withdraw them.

But the value of Stoeckley's statements lies in the overview, not in the minutiae. What she did was to document the existence of a bizarre group of people who match my description of the assailants. They were there. They had inside information. And, lo and behold, they confessed.

**PLAYBOY:** You say that people confessed, but, in fact, there were a number of contradictory assertions by a lot of people over the years. What concrete, undisputable evidence can you cite to prove that Stoeckley was present at your home the night of the murders?

**MAC DONALD:** Let's start with her confes-

sion. She stated that she personally saw [her friend] Greg Mitchell assault Colette. That information is fascinating, because it turns out that a majority of the killing blows were administered by a left-handed person. And Greg Mitchell was left-handed; I am right-handed.

**PLAYBOY:** A physician at the trial asserted that the blows that killed Colette could have been delivered by an ambidextrous person—which you apparently are.

**MAC DONALD:** Who says I'm ambidextrous? Alfred Kassab. He's the only person on the face of this earth who has ever made that assertion. I'm not ambidextrous. I'm right-handed.

Now, as to other pieces of inside information that Stoeckley revealed, she described, in meticulous detail, the children's broken hobby horse—that is, a broken spring, which she observed while in the house. She described the general placement of rooms and items. She knew the location of the telephone in the kitchen. And she was aware that our neighbor had a German shepherd and that the dog had been barking that night.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it true that a local newspaper published a photograph of the hobby horse prior to Stoeckley's confession, and that she could easily have seen the picture and described the hobby horse based upon her recollection?

**MAC DONALD:** First, Stoeckley stated on polygraph that she had never seen the photograph. On that question, she was apparently telling the truth; the polygraph failed to reveal deception. What's important, in my view, is that she had a general feeling that she was in my daughter's room, rode the hobby horse and stated that it was broken, which it apparently was.

**PLAYBOY:** As for the other items Stoeckley described, isn't it true that prior to testifying at the trial, she was escorted into an anteroom by your attorney, Bernard Segal, and shown various photographs of the crime scene? If so, why shouldn't she have been able to describe such items as the jewelry box under the dresser?

**MAC DONALD:** [Pause] True, Bernie Segal showed her several crime-scene photographs, but he did so in order to jar her memory. Based upon what I know, he was extremely cautious about leading her into answers that might sound like manufactured testimony.

**PLAYBOY:** Continuing with your claims about the four drug-crazed intruders, the prosecution says that a March 1970 *Esquire* article could have given you the inspiration for your story. The magazine was in your home and the cover was about cult killings in California—specifically, the Manson murders. The prosecution said it contained at least 18 phrases that sounded just like the ones in your initial version. First, did you read the article?

**MAC DONALD:** Yes, I perused that issue, which was delivered to my house by subscription, as it was to millions of other

(continued on page 178)



# WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?




*Mitch Gaylord*

**H**e's modest and low-key in a way that surprises a lot of people. That's because when they see Mitch Gaylord in action, they tend to remember the dramatic moments, such as his risky high-bar gymnastics at the 1984 Olympics. "That's what I like to accomplish," he says. "I want those exciting moves that make people feel exhilarated."

It took Mitch six years of concentration to win a gold medal. Now he's turned to acting with the same intensity. "I want people to leave the theater really

affected by my performance. I've always been like that—a goal-oriented person."

Mitch first saw **PLAYBOY** when his older brother Chuck got a subscription. Today, he has his own. "I always find something interesting in **PLAYBOY**," he says. "It's never been afraid to take chances. That's pretty much how I think, too."

Mitch Gaylord, a man who knows how to set a goal and how to reach it. The sort of man who reads **PLAYBOY**. 



once upon a time, in the land of network  
news, nbc hired a woman with a sharp  
sense of humor and a way with words—  
and *that* was news

# AND SO IT GOES

## MY ADVENTURES IN TELEVISION

*article*

By LINDA ELLERBEE

W

E CALL THEM Twinkies. You've seen them on television acting the news, modeling and fracturing the news, while you wonder whether they've read the news—or if they've blow-dried their brains, too. I make my living as a reporter and sometime anchor woman on network television and, like almost everyone in my business, I have an overdeveloped ego and a case of galloping ambition. Some of my colleagues want to be the Anchor Man on the Mount. Others see themselves as the Ace Reporter. Because of *60 Minutes*, there's a whole herd of them determined to be the Grand Inquisitor; and because of the way ratings affect our jobs, a heady number want only to be the Friendliest Anchor on the Block. At least one wants to be Jesus. Me, I just don't want to be thought of as a Twinkie.

By 1978, I was sure I'd escaped, that I was a rare breed of television journalist, that I was known for my, um, skill. After all, wasn't I in New York City, about to co-anchor the NBC News magazine *Weekend*, and didn't everybody say *Weekend* was a writer's program? I must be a hell of a writer. And didn't everybody say *Weekend* was a program where proper use of picture counted as much as narration? I must be a visual genius. It was clear: Using nothing but my little words and pictures, I would expand the frontiers of television news. The only trouble, as I saw it, was that too many people failed to spot how special I was. They seemed to think that because I was a television anchor woman, I must be a Twinkie.

Take what happened with my neighbor. I'd just found a place to live in Greenwich Village. The day I moved in, she introduced herself and asked what I did. I told her about *Weekend*, how fine it was, how smart I was, and when I was done, she said, "Oh, I see. You mean you're a television anchor woman. That's nice, dear." She said







I must meet a certain tenant in her building, because the tenant and I would have so much to talk about. I asked what the tenant did and was told that at the moment, the tenant was cutting hair. (A hairdresser? This woman wasn't paying attention.) I declined, explaining that I couldn't see how the tenant and I would have much to say to each other—not that I had anything against cutting hair, but I was, I hinted, into more important stuff. My hair was not a concern; I was a journalist.

I never did meet the tenant, but a year or so later, when my children and I went to the movies one day, there was a terrible commotion in our part of the theater when the credits rolled, because there on the screen, after the word *EDITOR*, was the name of the tenant I had passed up meeting. The name of the movie? *Hair*. The tenant wasn't cutting hair. The tenant was cutting *Hair*. I was a Twinkie.

You can be assured that a good deal of dedication and hard work had gone into making me a self-absorbed jerk. It didn't happen overnight, but it does happen rather often in this business. It's easy to be smug, doing what I do. Television news is the candy store. They pay me to read. They pay me to see the world. They pay me to watch things happen, to go to parades, fires, conventions, wars, circuses, coronations and police stations—all in the name of journalism—and they pay me well. Walter Mitty, had he known, should have taken my job. As a matter of fact, Walter Mitty *could* have taken my job; I got it by accident.

There were no journalists in my family in Texas. They all worked for a living. I did not see *The Front Page* as a child; nobody I knew wanted to grow up to be Hildy Johnson, though several people I knew wanted to grow up to be Lyndon Johnson. My family read, and I cannot remember being unable to read, but reading was something you did in school or for fun; it wasn't something you got paid to do. Writing was what you did when Aunt Rose sent a birthday gift or Mrs. Scott asked for a paper about what was important in *Silas Marner* and you hadn't read it. (Later I read it, and the answer is, "Not much.") Travel was what you did for two weeks in August. Reading, writing and traveling were good things to do, but they weren't serious. Getting married was serious. That's what they told me.

I certainly didn't learn about journalism at college, though I did draw a few cartoons for the student magazine at Vanderbilt University. I don't think they made much of an editorial statement, though, because the only one I can remember showed an ugly woman standing in front of one of those machines that give you quarters in exchange for dollar bills and have printed across the front, CHANGE—ONE DOLLAR. In the little balloon

coming out of the ugly young woman's head, I had written, I'VE SPENT \$18 AND I HAVEN'T CHANGED YET. Garry Trudeau was not threatened.

We weren't given to making strong editorial statements, those of us who were freshmen at Vanderbilt in 1962. Events that would change a nation were going on all over the South, but on campus in Nashville, the watchword was apathy. It was the year parodied a decade and a half later by the National Lampoon movie *Animal House*. There really were toga parties. Students dressed in bed sheets to get drunk and lunge at other students. Fraternities threw the parties, the same fraternities that wouldn't let Jews join because they were afraid everybody who wasn't Jewish might quit. They were probably right. Those who were not members of fraternities or sororities, or were not members of the *right* fraternities or sororities, we called "nubs." Anyone who wrote for the school newspaper was a Communist, we figured. Anyone who had anything to do with the school theater department was a queer, of course. The largest organization on campus was the College Republicans. The second largest was the group made up of students who gave blood once a year for four years in order to get free blood transfusions for life. I belonged. We didn't have nasty names for black people on campus. We didn't have to. At Vanderbilt in 1962, the only black people I saw on campus were raking leaves or washing dishes.

I am as nostalgic for those good old days at Vanderbilt as I am for the Cuban Missile Crisis, which also took place in 1962.

In 1964, I quit school. I was 19, an age at which I regularly found it difficult to locate my backside with both hands. There followed some years during which what happened to me can be of little interest to anyone outside my immediate family and is of interest to them only when I insist. I moved around some, married some, had two babies, worked for three radio stations, one of which hired me to read the news because I sounded black—my Texas heritage—and the black woman it had hired did not. Since it was an all-black station, the all-white management thought that sounding black was as good as being black—maybe better. In radio, I learned about keeping logs, editing audio tape, writing copy, selling air time, announcing and "running a board," which sounds one hell of a lot more sporting than it is.

Those years, many of them, coincided with what we sometimes call the Sixties and other times call the last Children's Crusade. Some people get religion. I got politics, let my hair grow, took off my shoes, put on an old Army jacket, marched, sang, lived in a commune, learned how to kill and dress deer, learned I didn't want to do that, talked revolution, walked the woods in Alaska, walked the river between Texas

and Mexico and bored absolutely everybody with my answers to everything. May I never eat another bowl of brown rice as long as I live.

Yes, it was an important time in this country's history, but I was not an important part of it. Mostly, I just talked a good game. Still, I believed. Oh, did I believe. I believed until that day I found myself in Juneau, Alaska, without a job, without a husband, without an education—but *with* a three-year-old daughter and a two-year-old son to raise. Then I became a journalist.

It was as simple as could be: I needed the money. No dream. No vision. No ambition. I needed the money to raise my children. I'd been fired from my job at radio station KJNO in Juneau over what you might call a personality conflict. Mine conflicted with that of the man who owned the station. We disagreed about one or two little things, such as how his station ought to be run. He pointed out that I might be right but only one of us owned the station, so it would be real interesting to see how fast I could pack. I learned something valuable from the experience: I learned I could pack very fast. It has come in handy. Once, an editor explained to me that a journalist was just an out-of-work reporter. If that's so, then I have been—from time to time—one hell of a journalist. Never trust anyone in this business who hasn't been fired at least once. I have been fired more than once and always for cause. I am trustworthy.

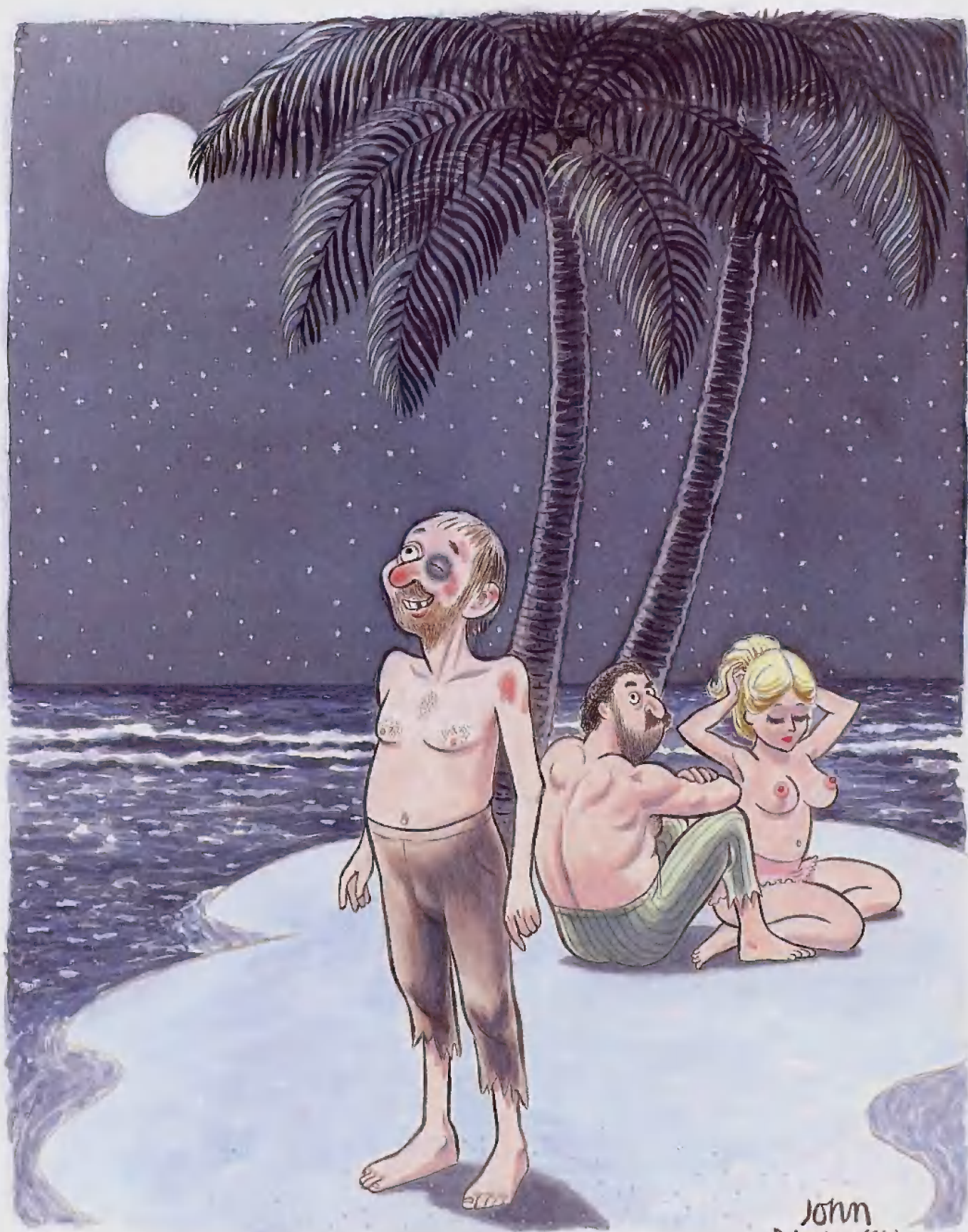
The Associated Press, for instance, was exactly right to fire me. The mistake it made was hiring me in the first place, which, I believe, is how they still feel about it over there.

I was hired by the Dallas bureau of the A.P. to write for the broadcast wire stories that could be read on radio and television newscasts. It was December 1972, and A.P. had recently purchased word processors for its Dallas bureau. Some of us used them more intelligently than others. Some of us who are low-tech now were low-tech then. But only one of us wrote on her word processor a long, chatty letter to a friend in Alaska. In it, I maligned a couple of Texas newspapers, the Dallas city council, the Vietnam war and a fellow I was dating, topping it off with a little something about a mutual friend who was leaving the A.P. in Dallas. I believe I suggested that when she left, the bureau chief, whom (in fine A.P. fashion) I named, might rid himself of any discriminatory guilt by hiring a half-black *chicana* lesbian who could handle the A.P. stylebook.

I was no fool; I hit the keys on the word processor that would give me a printed copy of the letter—and would *not* send it out on the A.P. wire. The letter was mailed and I went home, unaware that I had also hit the key that put the letter on hold in the computer. The following morning,

(continued on page 192)





John  
Dempsey

*"Another superbeautiful night! A night for making love!"*



# R A N G E R I D E R S

go fast, young man, go fast





A FEW YEARS AGO, we got to ride a Superbike racing machine around a track in California. It was \$15,000 worth of high-tech parts and about 800 man-hours' worth of labor. The result was an "idea" of a motorcycle. Pure speed. Thought-control handling. We wondered, knowing that such a bike was possible, how long it would take for some company to offer all that technology to the consumer. We have the answer now. Japan and Italy have uncrate street-legal production racers for the *aficionado*. To match the performance of these motorcycles in a four-wheeled vehicle, you would have to spend in excess of \$100,000. To fully appreciate these machines, you may have to pay in excess of \$100,000 to a lawyer. Keep him on permanent retainer, so you can keep your license. We know a few roads where courage and competence can combine with technology to produce the rush of the century. These bikes go fast, handle well and stop on a dime. They do those things better than any machine you've laid your hands on. The time to dream is now.

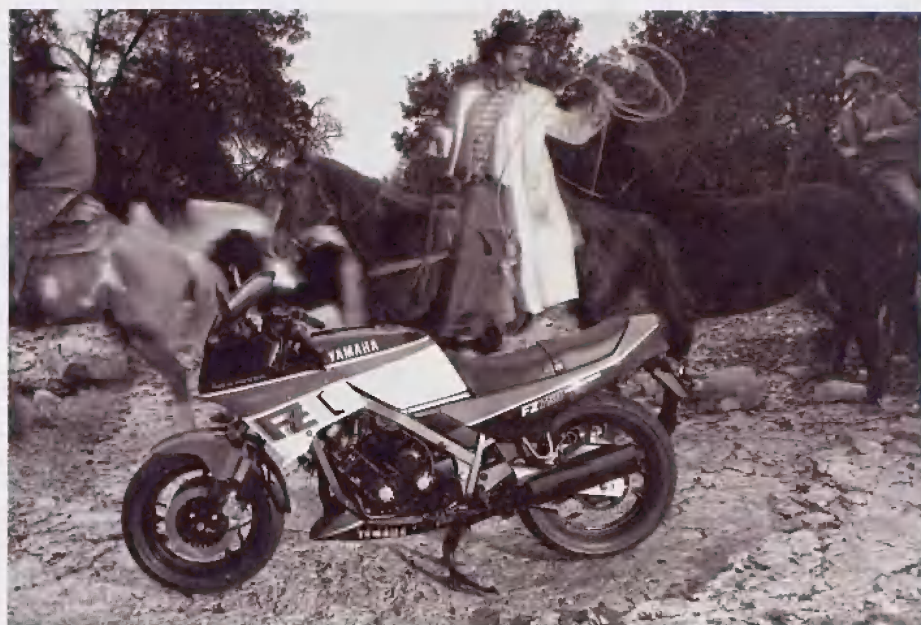
This picture should be subtitled "Ghost rider in the sky." The only thing that keeps the Suzuki GSX-R1100 out of the Air Force is its absence of wings. The 1100 weighs 434 pounds. The engine cranks out 130 horsepower. The power is contained in an aluminum frame and swing arm. The front fork has an electrically activated antitive mechanism. The four-into-one exhaust is guaranteed to get your heart (as well as your neighbor's) started in the morning; \$4999.











Far from the thundering herd: The Yamaha FZ750 (above) set the standard for street-legal road racers last year. It was the bike to buy in the very competitive 750 class. This year, they made it better. The narrow four-cylinder engine has a unique five-valve system for better breathing. It's as powerful as any engine in its class. The oomph is contained in a double-cradle frame made of high-tensile box-section steel. Dual-disc brakes in front and a single disc in the rear provide stopping power. And for the first time, the bike will be available in California. Yours for \$4599.

Head 'em off at the pass, buckaroo. The Honda VFR 750 (left) may signal the lack of bikes to come. The all-white fiberglass exterior conceals an ultralight box-section frame and a D.O.H.C. V4 engine that produces 105 horsepower. Some claim VFR stands for very fast racket. Dry weight is 439 pounds. Stopping power is provided by drilled dual discs with twin-piston calipers in front, single disc in rear. A torque-reactive antilock control reduces fork compression during hard stopping. Other details, such as the race-styled exhaust, came off the track. Price? Maybe \$4700.

So how do you keep someone from stealing a motorcycle like the Cagiva-Ducati F1 750 (below)? Have you considered branding? The F1 is a limited-edition production racer. There are 40 of them in this country. The engine is a four-stroke L twin that develops 70 hp at 8000 rpm. The rest of the bike is pure Italian flash, from the hand-crafted aluminum gas tank to the Brembo double-floating-disc brakes on the front and the Brembo single-floating-disc rear brake. The total dry weight is 385 pounds. You can acquire a classic, in beautiful red, white and green, for \$6900.

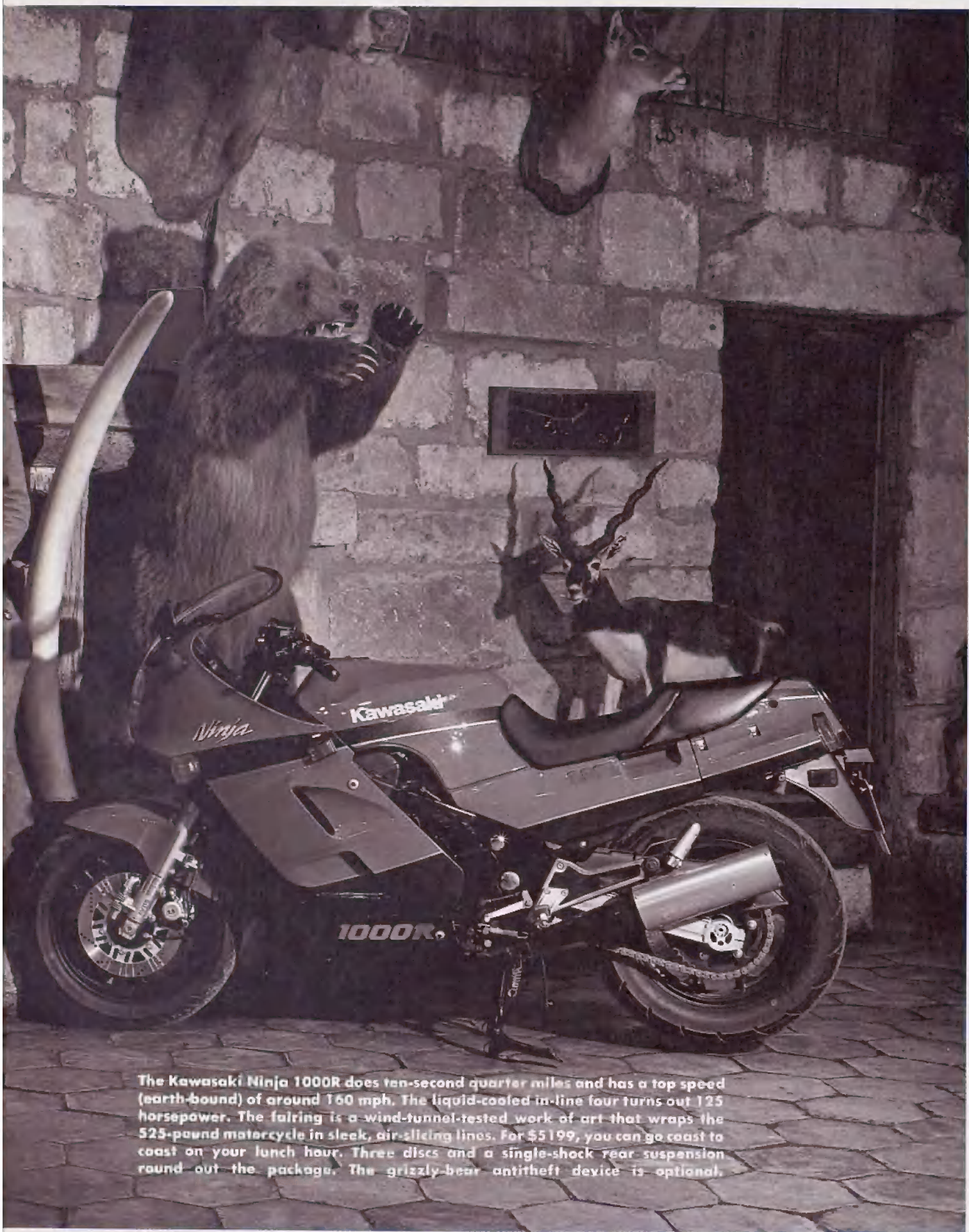






PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTIN SCHREIBER





The Kawasaki Ninja 1000R does ten-second quarter miles and has a top speed (earth-bound) of around 160 mph. The liquid-cooled in-line four turns out 125 horsepower. The fairing is a wind-tunnel-tested work of art that wraps the 525-pound motorcycle in sleek, air-slicing lines. For \$5199, you can go coast to coast on your lunch hour. Three discs and a single-shock rear suspension round out the package. The grizzly-bear antitheft device is optional.



# THE *Rock'n'Roll* HEART OF ROBERT JARVIK

---

*the heart in his hand clicks  
with scientific precision . . .*

---

*personality*  
**By LAURENCE GONZALES**

*Strange as my circumstances were,  
the terms of this debate are as old and  
commonplace as man.*

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ON GOOD DAYS, he seemed normal enough. About eight in the morning, his black Toyota Celica would pull into the parking lot at Symbion headquarters at old Saint Mark's Hospital, an institutional red-brick building on the northern outskirts of Salt Lake City. He'd stride in, carrying his briefcase, collegiate and neat in his dark blazer and bright tie, and he'd even get his own coffee from the little lunchroom. Then he'd sit in his office in an arctic blast of air conditioning, signing letters and glancing now and then through black Levolor blinds at the first 500-foot ripples of the Wasatch mountain range—yellow, rocky hills that seemed to become incandescent in the growing heat of the day.

He'd talk on the telephone with potential customers—usually the directors of heart-transplant programs—and he would charm them, being by turns witty and sober. He had a way with people.

His office walls were covered with awards and with pictures of the people who had played significant roles in the development of the artificial heart, most of all himself. (From William A. O'Neill, governor of Connecticut: I AM PLEASED TO

DESIGNATE FEBRUARY 14, 1985, AS DR. ROBERT K. JARVIK DAY IN CONNECTICUT.) On a bookcase behind his desk, various hearts and pieces of hearts lay in disarray, like the castoff idle tinkering they might have been, had he not had a compulsion to design and build things—not only the artificial heart but the artificial ear, a surgical stapler to replace stitching and an internal power pack to run an improved artificial heart.

On good days, Dr. Robert K. Jarvik, president of Symbion, Inc., the company that manufactures the Jarvik-7 artificial human heart, had the appearance of a successful entrepreneur who had everything—intelligence, style, money, talent, good looks, youth and a sense of humor.

Then there was the weekend I spent watching him design a new dildo.

True, I had seen hints that there was more to this man than met the eye. The ties, for instance. The blazers and slacks and shirts were ordinary enough. But the ties. . . . They were sometimes lavender or lilac, sometimes shiny, sometimes almost—I don't know—*punk*. There was also the high-pitched giggle. Dr. Jarvik had a way of delivering a line, deadpan, and then following it with a little squeak-cough that turned out, upon close examination, to be a laugh. And he had a crooked smirk that pulled his upper lip

way back over his teeth; it could be coy or menacing, depending upon how he used it. He also had a quirky sense of humor, as when he gave me a T-shirt showing the human heart and turned to tell his secretary, "Look, he's got a heart-on." Giggle.

Still, it was nothing I could put my finger on when I first went to visit him in Utah. It was the second time I met him, when he came to Chicago, that I saw the other side of Dr. Robert Jarvik.

He had been on a tour for Symbion, visiting hospitals, universities and scientists around the Midwest. Public relations for the artificial-heart program takes up a lot of his time these days, and it gets wearying, traveling from hotel to hotel. Besides, not everyone wants an artificial heart. Some people would rather stick with their own hearts, no matter how pesky the darned things get. It's hard to believe, but some people would rather die than have an artificial heart.

So Jarvik was traveling around, proselytizing; and one day, in an airport in Arkansas, he met a woman—call her Joan of Ark. I don't want to use her real name, because she may not want to know Jarvik after she finds out that he's thinking about mass-producing the dildo he designed for her, the one with the unicorn on the end. Besides, she's got her own children, and











---

... but in his chest, there's  
a backbeat you could bop to

---

they may not want everybody to know that Jarvik fell in love with their mother in an airport in Arkansas. In fact, I've changed the name of the state, too, just to be on the safe side.

"I feel like a teenager," Jarvik told me when he phoned to say he would be arriving in Chicago with Joan of Ark for the weekend. "I've only known her for a week. She's great, though. She likes to go camping when there are tornado warnings out."

"Hey, cool," I said.

They were going to spend a romantic weekend in that Toddlin' Town, hitting all the best restaurants and (presumably) hoping for heavy weather. Then Jarvik was scheduled to go off to Milwaukee to visit the heads of a new artificial-heart program there, and Joan of Ark was scheduled to go back to the rest of her real life. Jarvik suggested that maybe we'd go out to dinner Saturday night, he and Joan of Ark and my wife and I. It sounded like a good opportunity, journalistically speaking.

But tragedy struck: Joan of Ark couldn't make it. Something had come up at home. Jarvik was left alone in Chicago for the entire weekend with *nothing to do*.

He called again: Could I maybe find him a nice, interesting, beautiful lady companion to take to dinner Saturday night? I told him he could dine at my house. "Well,

if you think of any interesting lady who might like to accompany me . . ." he suggested again.

"So," I said to my wife as I hung up the phone, "guess who's coming to dinner."

•

The assignment had begun normally enough: Interview Jarvik and find out what sort of man manufactures hearts. He was the principal designer of the Jarvik-7, which is now the best known of several such devices in the burgeoning field of artificial internal organs. I flew out to Symbion headquarters in Salt Lake City and met the man and had the grand tour of the plant. True, there were undertones that led me to believe I wasn't getting the complete Dr. Jarvik; but I was willing to let him present himself as he chose. That was his prerogative, and I wasn't there to overturn his soil, just to interview him. Indeed, while at Symbion, I discovered the serious, competent side of Robert Jarvik. He did, after all, develop the first workable artificial human heart; and he did raise \$25,000,000 to start the company that manufactures it; and without him, a number of people who are now alive and extremely grateful would almost certainly be dead. But where Jarvik is involved, no matter how grave the issue, there is always another twist; and it takes a while to catch

on to that. Take the case of the second implantation of a Jarvik-7 in a human, that of William Schroeder. (The first recipient, Dr. Barney Clark, lived 112 days.)

With Jarvik, things must always be just so. If they are not just so, he becomes irked and changes them. It is that compulsion, along with his ability to block out all but his own goals, that may have allowed him to complete work on an artificial heart that had been under development by dozens of others for decades. So it was nothing out of the ordinary when Jarvik moved into a hotel room near Humana Hospital-Audubon in Louisville, Kentucky, and decided that he had to rearrange the furniture. He wanted a desk to write on, and it had to be in just the right place, by the window, for the early light and the view: writing desk, mirror, bed, window, muted pastels, a cup of coffee at 9:45 A.M.

Jarvik keeps a diary. He carries it with him and writes of the most minute and seemingly trivial matters, right next to what he hopes will one day prove to be profound theories of the universe. He made sure I read excerpts from his diary when I went to visit him:

I think Bill Schroeder is going to do very well. I still see him clearly in my mind's eye, overwhelmingly stronger than Barney (continued on page 128)



# THE LADY IN BLACK

*alexandra mosca wants you  
to know that morticians  
are people, too*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

ALEXANDRA MOSCA is a mortician—or, as she prefers, a *funeral director*. And if there's one thing that bugs a funeral director—a stunning, funny and bright funeral director—it's being sloughed off as a mysterious, black-cloaked phantom. **PLAYBOY**—having in the past found beauties among the women of Mensa, on the Springfield, Ohio, police force and even in the forests of Alaska—has now added Alexandra to its list of discoveries and, luckily for us, Morticia Addams she's not. "I'm posing for these pictures to prove that the undertaker isn't that shadowy figure depicted in mythology. True, we wear black suits and not a lot of make-up, but **PLAYBOY** found me attractive. Frankly, I'm flattered." Alexandra was born 28 years ago aboard a ship in the Mediterranean. Her mother, a Greek, died in childbirth and her father, an Italian, put her up for adoption. Making her first transatlantic trip as an infant, she ultimately wound up











in Queens, New York. "As a child, I was always interested in—fascinated by might be the wrong term—death." Eventually, that admittedly macabre preoccupation led Alexandra to undertake her first undertaking assignment. During a Las Vegas Night at a local church, she met a man who happened to be a funeral director ("We were playing craps"). Somehow, he persuaded her to work for him. It was a far cry from your typical part-time job (no cashier-at-the-local-candy-store stuff for Alexandra), and she soon found herself absorbed in her work. "I felt I was helping people. See, when you're a teenager, you somehow think you're immortal. Life'll never end. When you're a funeral director, that whole notion changes. In fact," she adds quietly, "whenever I'm feeling sorry for myself, I think about the young people I've buried. That's when I suddenly feel very lucky." Realizing she had found a career, Alexandra began to save her money. In 1982, she became proprietor of her own funeral service in Queens. Believe it or not, life in the funeral lane is fast, and that sometimes poses social problems for Alexandra. "I've had three fiancés and numerous boyfriends. The fiancés were old-fashioned men who wanted me to stay home and make macaroni. As for the boyfriends—well, they were a little better. They weren't taken aback by my profession,

Although the nature of her business is often quite emotional, Alexandra maintains a professional poise at all times. "When it comes to caskets [top left], I never do 'the hard sell.' I offer wood, metal, bronze and copper—and then I walk out of the room. If they want me, I'm out there." At left, she exercises her cosmetic skills to produce the natural look for which she strives. At right, Alexandra lets her own hair down for a moment.





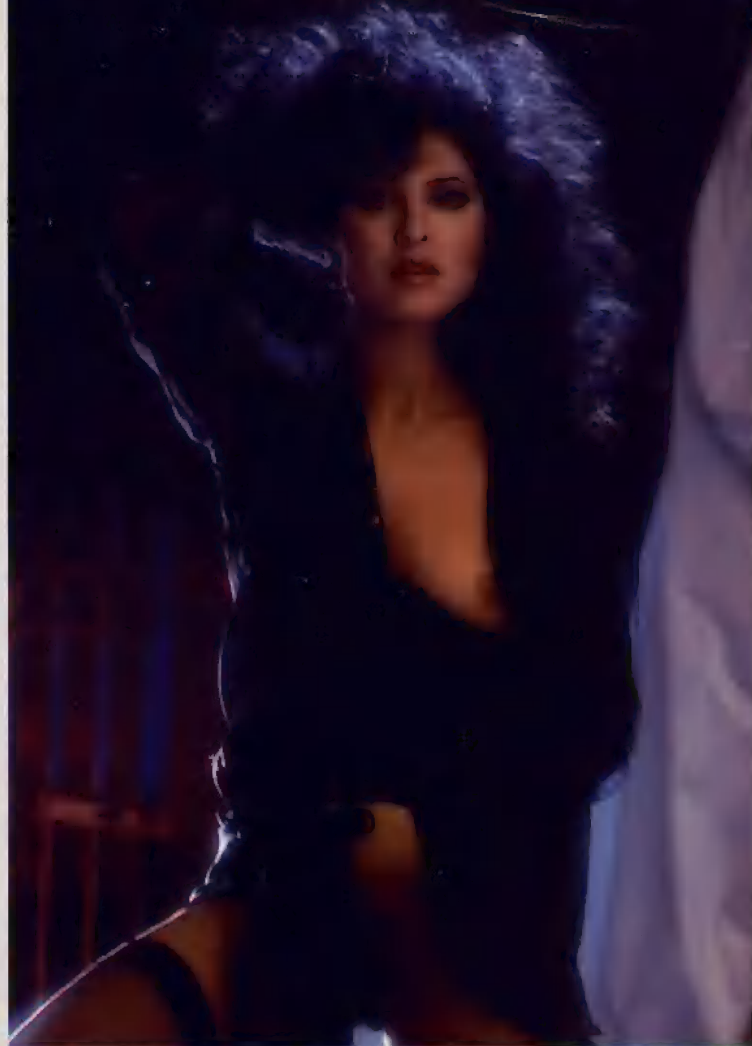






but they'd get annoyed when I was beeped in the middle of a romantic dinner. That's understandable, but, hell, you never know when you're going to get business." And when it comes to business, Alexandra shines. She radiates a compassionate—almost tender—aura. "After the embalming, I dress and make up the body. You have to take great care not to overdo the make-up; otherwise, they'd look like dolls. I want to make them appear peaceful. Then there's the family. You're the target for their grief. They'll spar with you and give you a certain amount of abuse, so you need infinite patience." She takes a deep breath and smiles with her eyes. "The *real* reward is when they come back later and say: 'You made this terrible experience a little easier for us.'" Alexandra maintains her sense of

"I loved doing the photo sessions," says Alexandra when asked about her stint in front of our cameras. "Sure, I expect the industry to blast me for posing, but I don't care. *PLAYBOY* is an institution and this was a once-in-a-lifetime thing. I wasn't about to let it pass me by. I'm a pretty strong Catholic and I don't think I've sinned by doing this." As role model, Alexandra names Scarlett O'Hara. "She was ahead of her time. She would've posed for *PLAYBOY*, too."







humor, even when contemplating her own demise. "I wish I could take care of myself when I die," she comments with a somewhat bizarre enthusiasm. "Obviously, I can't. But when I *do* go, I get the feeling there'll be a lottery. A lot of men in the biz would love to see me naked." Well, now those men have their chance—while Alexandra is still emphatically alive. Although in the past Alexandra had posed for more than 200 oil paintings by an artist friend, her gig in front of the PLAYBOY cameras was something new. She's fully aware that she may get some flak as a result and has decided to make no excuses whatever. "It has taken me a long time to realize it, but I think I'm a bit of an exhibitionist." But just as Alexandra was opening up, the conversation came to an abrupt halt. Honest to God—she was beeped.

"I'm hoping people will stop looking at the funeral director as a spooky figure lurking in the shadows," says Alexandra (looking anything but ghoulish, ot top). "I'm not that person. I keep a healthy body [she takes 20 to 25 vitamin pills a day] and a healthy mind." In other areas of life, Alexandra is not about to overturn any old traditions: "I think that feminism was a great ruination of things," she complains. "I want men to open the door for me."

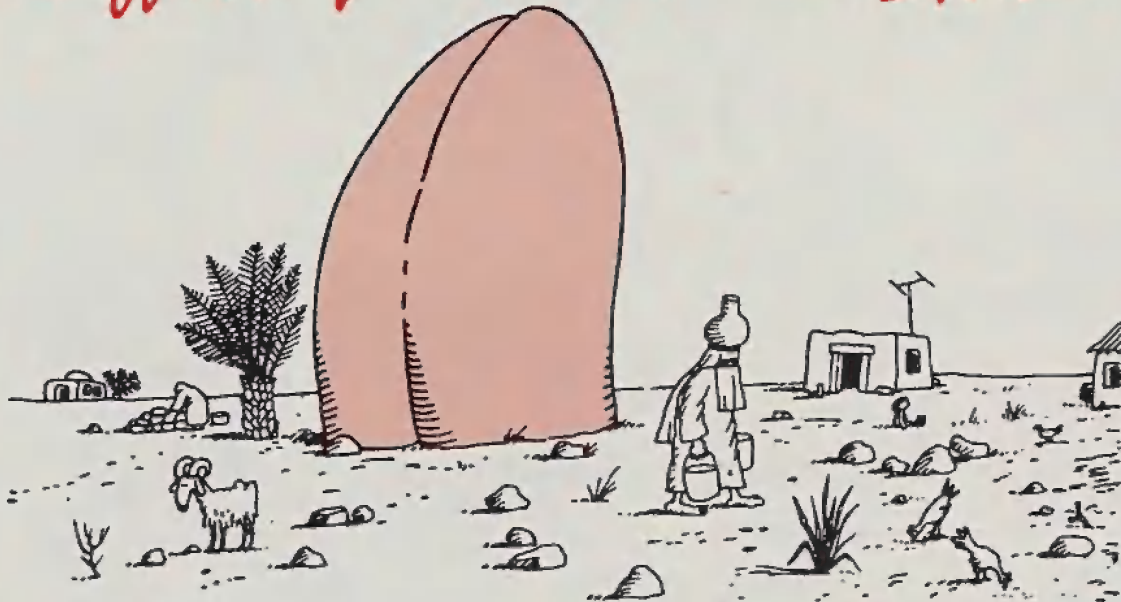








# The Biggest Tongue in Tunisia AND OTHER DRAWINGS *Btkliban*



STAND UP COMEDY

THE EARLY YEARS







# THE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION





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# THE MIDDLE MAN

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*fiction*

By BHARATI MUKHERJEE

*i'm no hero;  
i calculate margins. and the  
cost of a night with maria is  
more than my life is worth*

THERE ARE only two seasons in this country, the dusty and the wet. I already know the dusty and I'll get to know the wet. I've seen worse. I've seen Baghdad, Bombay, Queens—and now this moldering spread deep in Mayan country. Aztecs, Toltecs, mestizos, even some bashful whites with German accents. All that and a lot of Texans. I'll learn the ropes.

Forget the extradition order; I'm not a sinful man. I've listened to bad advice. I've placed my faith in dubious associates. My first American wife said, "In the dog eat dog, Alfred, you're a beagle." My name is Alfie Judah, of the once-illustrious Smyrna, Aleppo, Baghdad—and now Flushing, Queens—Judahs.

I intend to make it back.

This place is owned by one Clovis T. Ransome. He reached here from Waco with \$15,000,000 in petty cash hours ahead of a posse from the SEC. That doesn't buy much down here—a few thousand acres, residency

papers and the right to swim with the sharks a few feet off the bottom. Me? I make a living from things that fall. The big fat belly of Clovis T. Ransome bobs above me like whale shit at high tide.

The president's name is Gutierrez. Like everyone else, he has enemies, right and left. He is on retainer from men like Ransome, from the *Contras*, maybe from the *Sandinistas* as well.

The woman's name is Maria. She came with the ranch or with the protection; no one knows.

President Gutierrez' country has definite possibilities. All day I sit by the lime-green swimming pool, sun-screened so I won't turn black, going through my routine of isometrics while Ransome's *Indios* hack away the virgin forests. Their hate is intoxicating. They hate gringos—from which my darkness exempts me—even more than Gutierrez. They hate in order to keep up (continued on page 164)







# MIAMI NICE





*teri weigel is  
making tropical heat waves  
in southern florida*

KEY WEST. Home to Ernest Hemingway, Jimmy Buffett and, for the day, Teri Weigel. The town is half shack, half sensitive restoration. Beer-bellied tourists stroll the veranda of the Hemingway house, wearing sumo-wrestler sweat shirts. There are film crews on every corner, trying to soak up the atmosphere. There's a woman going crazy on Caroline Street, or close to it, animating a pair of jeans in a







manner guaranteed to make your heart stop and seriously challenge the sexual preference of half the town. It's Teri Weigel, Miss April, filming a fashion spot. When Hollywood or Madison Avenue or Paris wants a little bit of Florida style, it calls Teri. Twice she has been a special extra on *Miami Vice* ("I was in a wedding scene in one of the early episodes. I did a casino shot in another. I walked

*"Southern Florida is naturally sexy. It's the heat, the fashion. You can wear nothing or next to nothing. You can dress to the nines. Everything feels good."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY













across the street in a bathing suit in *Scarface*. I had something in *Stick*. The problem is, I never get to see myself on TV. It seems that on Fridays, I'm flying somewhere to work"). How did she become one of the hottest models in Florida? "It was always a childhood fantasy. When I was 14, I used to pull down good money doing architectural drawings for a local builder. I won a two-month trip to

*"I have a career, but I feel most like a woman at home. You should see the clothes I wear when I do chores. Believe it or not, house cleaning can be sexy."*













Japan when I was 17. Once you have a taste for travel, you can't sit still." After college, she scouted New York and Europe. New York said she was too short to model. She went to Europe and proved it wrong. ("I was cocky back then. I said, 'You'll see.'") Five months in Paris, two months in Germany, two months in Italy, four months in Japan. "It's not so glamorous. *(text concluded on page 192)*

*"I feel as if my life is in a continual overhaul. It's early to bed, early to rise. I try to keep myself at a level where I'm physically fit and feeling good all the time."*





MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Lewi Wayne*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Teri Weigel

BUST: 34B WAIST: 21 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 2-24-62 BIRTHPLACE: Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

AMBITIONS: To be a successful model and eventually make it as a screen actress.

TURN-ONS: Thinking of different ways to be sexy. House cleaning. Good, arousing movies.

TURN-OFFS: Fake, phony people. I don't like criticism or critical people. People who say they can't.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Body Double (I've seen it 3 times), The Terminator, Silkworm, The Joy and 48 HRS.

FAVORITE FOODS: Salad bars and pizza. I could eat a slice of pizza every day.

FAVORITE PLACE: Switzerland; it's so clean, untoured.

IDEAL EVENING: Checking out local bands. Dinner at a restaurant, then a Kenny Rogers Concert.

BIGGEST JOY: To make people happy. To help someone else succeed. (I'm not good at receiving gifts.)



12 yrs. old  
School kid



17 yrs. old  
Miss Deerfield 1979



23 yrs. old  
Cover Girl





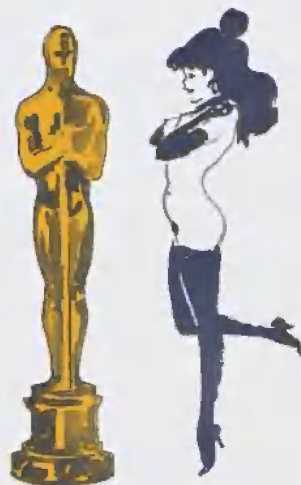


# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Wishing to impress the pretty coed who had only reluctantly agreed to a date, the middle-aged professor took her for a spin in his Porsche. The aging hot rodder burned rubber at lights, took corners on two wheels, performed figure eights, spin-outs and doughnuts—finally screeching to a halt in front of his apartment house.

"Whew," the student gasped after she'd caught her breath. "I'll bet you're hard on tires."

"I'll bet it doesn't," the professor said, grinning.



A maintenance worker returned home early from work with a headache. Walking into his bedroom, he found his wife lying on the bed, panting and perspiring. "Honey," the woman gasped, "I think I'm having a heart attack."

While rushing to call the doctor, the worried husband nearly stumbled over his sobbing four-year-old, who told him that there was a naked man in the closet.

He ran back upstairs, pulled open the closet and jerked his best friend out. "Damn it, Mike," the husband shouted, "Mary's having a heart attack and here you are, scaring the hell out of the kids."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *midget prostitute* as a microchippie.

After sharing 50 years of friendship and a love of baseball with him, George was crushed to learn that his friend Harry was terminally ill.

"Harry, buddy, I'm going to miss you," George wept. Then, brightening, he added, "But I've got to know if there's baseball in the afterlife. Promise you'll come back and tell me."

"I promise," Harry croaked.

Two weeks after Harry's death, George was awakened by a brilliant white light.

"Harry? Is that you?"

"It's me," Harry said.

"Tell me. I have to know," George pleaded.

"Is there baseball in the afterlife?"

"Well, I have some good news and some bad news."

"What's the good news?"

"There is baseball in the afterlife."

"So what could be bad?"

"You're pitching Saturday."

After cocktails with his two French hosts, the American businessman commented, "You know, even after a year in your country, I still don't know what *savoir-faire* means."

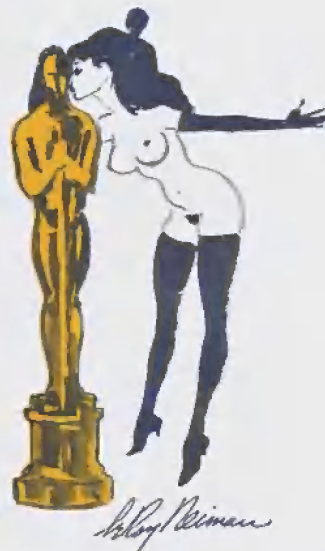
"Oh, zat is easy," said the first Frenchman, shrugging. "Eef you come home and find your wife on ze chaise with her lovaire, you zimplify zay, 'Pardonnez-moi' and you leave. Zat, *mon ami*, is *savoir-faire*."

"Mais non," said the second Frenchman. "Zat is not right. You come home and find your wife on ze chaise with her lovaire and say, 'Pardonnez-moi, m'sieur et madame, please continue.' If zey can continue," he winked, "zat is *savoir-faire*."

During an open discussion in a sex-education class, a male student asked a question about impotence. When the teacher corrected his pronunciation, the student insisted that he was only saying the word the way he had always heard it down home in Alabama.

Losing her patience, the teacher exclaimed, "I don't care how your friends say it, it's not *impotent*!"

"Ma'am, it may not be *impotent* to you," maintained the student, "but it's damn *impo'tant* to me."



Request overheard at a greeting-card shop: "I'd like something for the man who has everything—from the apologetic lady who gave it to him."

The flight attendant had more than her hands full with one obviously inebriated passenger, whose sexual comments and proposals became increasingly graphic during the flight. Finally, the plane landed at its destination and the rowdy fellow staggered toward the exit. As he passed the fed-up stewardess, she handed him a fully inflated airsickness bag.

"Whaz that?" he slurred.

"A blow job to go," she hissed.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.





Interlande

*"I'm celibate. I only screw other celibates."*







# STALLONE —VS.— SPRINGSTEEN

## WHICH DREAM DO YOU BUY?

*how our two most popular  
working-class heroes are  
pulling this country in  
opposite directions*

**B**RUCE SPRINGSTEEN and Sylvester Stallone are the two great working-class heroes of American mass culture. Springsteen had the best-selling album of 1985 and Stallone had the second most successful movie. On the surface, they share stunning similarities of biceps, bandannas, American flags, Vietnam themes, praise from President Reagan and uplifting feelings of national pride. Bumper stickers proclaim, BRUCE—THE RAMBO OF ROCK.

But beneath the surface—and between the lines—these two American heroes of the Eighties are sending opposite messages. They are subtly pulling the 18-to-35-year-old generation toward two competing visions of the American future.

Stallone's *Rocky* and *Rambo* films—especially the latter—are about violence and revenge in a context of fantasy. *Rambo* never (continued on page 188)

*essay*

**By JACK NEWFIELD**



ILLUSTRATION BY GREG SPALENKA



GOT A HOT DATE WITH  
DEFINITE PASTABILITIES?  
GO FOR THE PESTO!

# PASTA!

BACK IN 1960, a very young Jack Lemmon lusted after Shirley MacLaine in a semi-comedy called *The Apartment*. The movie's big laugh came when boy invited girl to dinner and we saw him adroitly drain the spaghetti through a tennis racket. There's been a lot of tomato sauce under the gastronomical bridge since then, and we've learned that there is more to Italian cooking than meatballs and lasagna.

Social revolutions were the norm during the past 25 years, not least in the way Americans came to view what they eat. We want our food fast, light, healthy . . . but tasty and classy, too. On all those counts, pasta is the nearly perfect choice. It comes in more than 300 types, has surprisingly few calories per serving and marries well with scores of meats, vegetables and seafood. Marathoners carbo load it, chefs invent with it, foodies coo over it. In a time of dinner as theater, it can be served hot or cold, as appetizer, salad, entree and even dessert. (Yes, there is a chocolate pasta.) And no *cordon bleu* diploma is required to turn out eye-filling platters for two or 20.

We're talking start to table in 45 minutes or less—no daylong simmering of sauces and plenty of time left for other evening activities. Pasta takes 20 to 30 minutes to cook, depending upon the type used and including bringing the water to a boil. And that's about all the time needed to prepare most of these sauces and accompaniments. Just do all the cleaning and chopping first.

Begin by using lots of water: four quarts for eight ounces of pasta, six quarts for 12 to 16 ounces. Bring it to a rolling boil. Pour in a tablespoon each of salt and olive oil, then add (continued on page 175)

*food*

By HERBERT B. LIVESEY







# PLAYBOY

## MUSIC

AT YOUR RIGHT is a lush illustration depicting one of music's greatest recent moments—Mick Jagger and Tina Turner performing *State of Shock* at the Live Aid concert in Philadelphia. Looks like love to us, and love has been the operative concept in music for the past 18 months or so. Something has changed.

Most years, when we stop in April to sort out what's been going on in music, we discover without real astonishment that somebody has lied, somebody has been dumb, somebody has been vain, somebody has been mean or somebody has been greedy. You get it—a lot of petty sinning in full-blown Technicolor. It gives a certain cynical edge to our update. This year, it's difficult to be cynical. After all, the biggest rock-'n'-roll story of the year—even bigger than Bruce—was charity. Sure, you've heard the jokes: "We are the rich—you are the hungry." And maybe the WE ARE THE WORLD sweat shirts in the video were a bit much. And some have speculated that, in the long run, donations to save the starving or to save the family farm won't do much good. The simple fact stands: Never before have musicians united so universally to become so significant a moral force. Mother Teresa meets

Johnny B. Goode? What's going on here?

There was a time when rock-'n'-rollers were the bad kids of music. Self-indulgent? You bet. They snarled and shrieked and stuck out their pelvises at—and much to the dismay of—those in charge. Are those days over now? Where have all the bad boys gone? Bob Geldof, lead singer of the Boomtown Rats—a group whose record company once sent actual dead rats to radio stations—has now been credited

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money for nothing, chicks  
for free and artists united  
to save humanity

---

with inventing Band Aid and inspiring everything else that followed. Geldof, who was nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize, spends most of his time overseeing administrative aspects of Band Aid. No more dead rats, we guess.

The song *Do They Know It's Christmas?* (co-written by Geldof and Ultravox lead singer Midge Ure) was recorded by Band Aid in November 1984 and earned \$12,000,000 within weeks of its release.

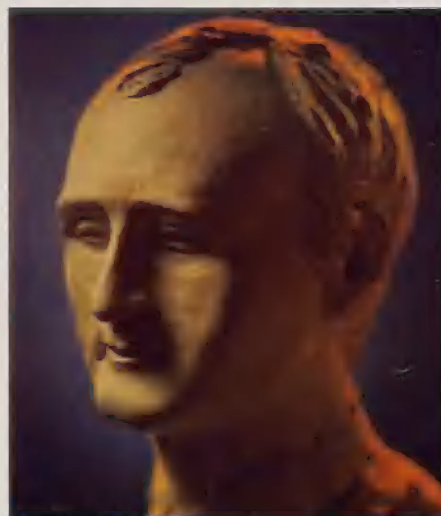
Almost immediately, the fund-raising spin-offs began: U.S.A. for Africa, with the single *We Are the World*, Live Aid and Farm Aid. Combined with Band Aid, they collected more than \$150,000,000. Then Little Steven put together the most musically eclectic project, *Sun City*, an album of seven cuts from artists in rock, jazz, R&B, Latino and African music, all protesting apartheid. Calypsonians, country and Latino stars have all put together their own projects for famine relief. And the not-for-profit *Live Aid World-Wide Concert Book* documented great moments from the historic twin concerts that took place simultaneously in London and Philadelphia. There were even a record and a video called *More... We Are the World*, featuring superstar impersonations by a bunch of impressionists. Why not?

What we've seen this year is profound. The entire music industry has seemingly been transformed into a long-play Coke commercial ("We'd like to teach the world to sing..."), and it makes us feel warm all over. But pardon our cynicism for wondering, Why did Columbia Records drop Bob Geldof and the Boomtown Rats from its roster last December? Didn't they know it was Christmas?

### HALL OF FAME: PHIL COLLINS

The Live Aid concerts had more than a few memorable moments, but perhaps the most astounding were contributed by Phil Collins. After a typically charming performance in London, where in addition to a solo set he sat in with Sting, Collins hopped a Concorde to Philadelphia, where he played a second solo slot, then capped the day by drumming with a reunited Led Zeppelin. An effort above and beyond the call of duty? Yes, but the funny thing was, it seemed perfectly in character.

Of course, staying in character is no problem for a former child actor. Collins started his career in the London production of *Oliver!* and even had a bit part in *A Hard Day's Night*, though he modestly admits, "You can't actually



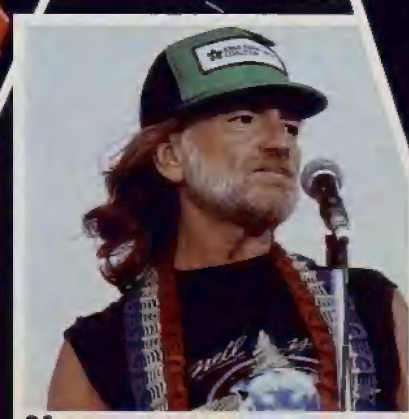
see me." Yet it wasn't his technique so much as his good-natured charm that came through in his videos and on *Miami Vice*, for Collins managed to be lovably droll in almost all his roles.

Collins is, after all, rock's renaissance man. Having played art rock with Genesis, jazz rock with Brand X, hard rock with Robert Plant and funk rock with Philip Bailey, he has proved himself a musician's musician, while the hits he has produced for himself and others have secured his studio reputation. Still, his greatest talent is that of being able to speak to the average listener. Collins is among the few genuine adult rock stars, someone whose songs go beyond teen-beat banalities to zero in on the problems of contemporary romance. It's music to live with, not merely listen to, and that's why Phil Collins is one of the major voices of the Eighties.











# READERS' CHOICES

who's zoomin' who?  
you tell us

Last November, we gave you a choice. In fact, we gave you a lot of choices on the 1986 Playboy Music Poll ballot. We hope you had fun voting. Here are the winners according to your ballots.

## MUSIC VIDEO

Bruce Springsteen / *Glory Days*

## BEST LP

POP/ROCK—*Born in the U.S.A.* / Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)

R&B—*Around the World in a Day* / Prince and the Revolution (Warner)

JAZZ—*The Dream of the Blue Turtles* / Sting (A&M)

COUNTRY—*40 Hour Week* / Alabama (RCA)

BEST RECORD PRODUCER: Quincy Jones

## POP/ROCK

1. Male Vocalist and Composer / Songwriter: Bruce Springsteen

Group: Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band

2. Female Vocalist: Tina Turner

3. Guitar: Edward Van Halen

4. Keyboards: Billy Joel

5. Drums: Phil Collins

6. Boss: Paul McCartney

## RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

7. Male Vocalist: Prince

Group: Prince and the Revolution

8. Female Vocalist: Madonna

9. Composer / Songwriter: Lionel Richie

## JAZZ

10. Male Vocalist: Al Jarreau

11. Female Vocalist: Ella Fitzgerald

12. Brass: Wynton Marsalis

13. Woodwinds: Grover Washington, Jr.

14. Keyboards: Herbie Hancock

15. Vibes: Gary Burton

16. Guitar: George Benson

17. Bass: Stanley Clarke

18. Percussion: Billy Cobham

19. Composer / Songwriter: Quincy Jones

20. Group: Manhattan Transfer

## COUNTRY

21. Male Vocalist and Composer / Songwriter: Willie Nelson

22. Female Vocalist: Crystal Gayle

23. String Instrumentalist: Ricky Skaggs

24. Group: Alabama







## THE BILLY IDOL MAKE-OVER

Rumors are a staple of rock 'n' roll. Our favorite rumor of the year turned out to be, well, somewhat true. The buzz was that **Billy Idol** (left), who could give lessons in how to curl your lip, had become—dare we say it?—a sensitive man. This after appearing pantsless and in leather on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. Now comes his new LP, *Whiplash Smile*, pretty much a compilation of unrequited-love songs. Gone are the clenched fist and the chain-link jewelry. Why, he's nearly the Perry Como of rock.

## STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST OF THE YEAR

A group of Senators' and Congressmen's wives calling itself the Parents' Music Resource Center (P.M.R.C.) attacked rock lyrics for having pornographic content. The P.M.R.C. succeeded in pressuring the music industry into voluntary compliance with certain demands for "self"-censorship and in persuading the U.S. Senate to hold hearings. **Frank Zappa** (above right), founder of The Mothers of Invention, turned out to be the most articulate and sagacious defender of the First Amendment at the hearings. Lest the

# CURRENT EVENTS



Washington wives have further misconceptions about the character of Zappa and other First Amendment creeps, we offer this portrait of Frank relaxing at the Lime-light in Chicago. Personally, we think someone should do something about Muzak—it's ruining parents' minds.

## THE YEAR IN QUOTES

"I've convinced my managers I can write lyrics underwater. So look for a bunch of fish songs on my next album."

—GLENN FREY

"Prince kinda looked up and went, 'What is this?' I winked at him and shook my butt."

—DON JOHNSON

"I don't like to sit around listening to my own records—it's perverse."

—MARK KNOPFLER

"I'd never be a pimp or a drug runner. I wouldn't do anything I wouldn't want my guru to see."

—CLARENCE CLEMONS

"I think I can still be fun and crazy and be acceptable to a wide audience. I don't want kids quoting me and not sounding kosher."

—MORRIS DAY

"I'm not a chauffeur. Nobody would have bought my records if I were. I call the shots. They don't have to like it."

—HERBIE HANCOCK

"People may have been profoundly affected by the Live Aid day—but that does not trans-

late into a massive change in consciousness."

—BOB GELDOLF

"I just had a year of writing all these songs, basically because I was depressed and miserable."

—PHIL COLLINS

"You can't polish doo-doo."—QUINCY JONES

## SAM AND DAVE

**David Lee Roth** (right) is a boy Rockette when he hits the big stage. He jumps, high-kicks, shakes his tush and takes arty theatrical bows when the show's over. Roth, who was catapulted to fame and fortune as the lead singer for **Van Halen**, left the group last year for an already successful solo career. His top-selling four-song EP, *Crazy from the Heat* (Warner), was an eclectic package, to say the least: He adopted Louis Prima's vocal style and at the same time revived The Beach Boys' *California Girls*, and consequently became sort of a California state poster child. A pretty hard act to follow, we'd say. And now **Sammy Hagar** (left) has set out to replace him. We don't wish Sammy any harm, but we wonder, Can he fill David Lee's rhinestone-studded Lycra jump suit? The reconstituted Van Halen hits the road this month, so why not see for yourself?





## VIDEO—GOOD, BAD AND WHA?????

**PATRIOTIC VIDEO OF THE YEAR:** Kurtis Blow / *America*, which features film clips of Ronald Reagan as a bumbling Army officer and a Catholic priest celebrating Mass. Honorable mention to Morris Day's *The Oak Tree*, for showing Nancy Reagan dancing the flamenco.

**CHAUVINIST VIDEO OF THE YEAR:** Lee Greenwood / *God Bless the U.S.A.* Proceeds from the sale of this video will go to feed Lee Greenwood.

**MALE-CHAUVINIST VIDEO OF THE YEAR:** Simon F. / *I Want You Back*. A wet-dream revenge fantasy that no 13-year-old boy should be without.

**HUMANITARIAN VIDEO OF THE YEAR:** Artists United Against Apartheid / *Sun City*.

**LIZA MINNELLI-LOOK-ALIKE-HAIR AWARD:** Prince / *Raspberry Beret*.

**IF THE PENTAGON MADE VIDEOS, IT WOULD'VE FINANCED THIS ONE:** Mick Jagger's *Hard Woman* supposedly cost half a million dollars for four and a half minutes of one of the dumbest, silliest videos since Paul McCartney's *Take It Away*. The computer on which this video was created reportedly cost \$12,000,000, which leads you to think that it could be used to design great toilet seats for the Air Force.

**WHERE WAS THE P.M.R.C. WHEN WE REALLY NEEDED IT?** Diana Ross, grotesquely resplendent in cat-woman make-up, climaxes her *Island of Dr. Moreau* fantasy by apparently biting the balls off the white stud she pursues throughout *Eaten Alive*—a prominent video on VH-1 last year.

**I LOVE IT WHEN YOU CALL ME NAMES:** MTV gave heavy rotation to two videos that in different ways do their best to undercut the whole silly formula. David Lee Roth's *Just a Gigolo* not only got him a movie deal, it was nominated for six MTV Video Music Awards. And Dire Straits' *Money for Nothing* views the rock-video biz through the eyes of a blue-collar worker blowing his cool over a steamy MTV clip.

**EXCEPTIONS THAT PROVE THE RULE:** Proof that videos don't have to be boring, stupid and overpriced is provided by three Talking Heads clips from the past year. *And She Was*, *Stay Up Late* and *Road to Nowhere* all radiate a sense of fun while

# THE REST OF THE YEAR IN MUSIC



**SINGLE OF THE YEAR:** *Can Your Pussy Do the Dog?*, by the Cramps.

avoiding the self-important cleverness that appears mandatory these days. Maybe going to art school *does* help after all.

**TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE DEPARTMENT:** In Jeff Beck's *Ambitious*, Donny Osmond plays a singer auditioning for a job in Beck's band. Asked what he's done lately, Osmond replies, "I sang with this chick named Marie one time. . . ."

**EXOTICA:** Two videos you won't find on MTV or VH-1 are Rita Mitsouo's *Marcia Baila*, a campy affair with the funniest Keith Richards look-alike yet, and Angel Maimone's *Ultimo Ballo*, a walk on the wild side of Venice (Italy, that is) for those of you who found Madonna's *Like a Virgin* (also shot there) just a tad cloying. Where can you see them? Try a video club that has been programed by Rockamerica.

**SILLIEST MOMENT:** In their otherwise wonderful remake of Sonny and Cher's classic *I Got You, Babe*, Chrissie Hynde sings "So let them say your hair's too long . . ." to UB40's Ali Campbell, virtually a skinhead. —PETER OCCHIOGROSSO

## THE BRUCE SECTION

**BEST LIVE SHOW:** Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band.

**BEST LIVE AUDIENCE:** Bruce's.

**BEST PERFORMANCE IN A LITERARY WORK:** Bruce Springsteen in Bobbie Ann Mason's novel *In Country*.

**BEST SPIN-OFFS:** Bruce Springsteen, for the solo careers of Little Steven Van Zandt and Clarence Clemons.

## SPARE PARTS

**ROCK-'N'-ROLL HIGH SCHOOL:** PBS televised *Rock-school*, a series that sought to combine "the excitement of rock . . . with public television's educational mission." It featured Madonna and The Police.


**NEW RIDERS OF THE COLLEGE WAVE:** The most careful listeners of college radio are the major record labels and big-watt FM rockers. Why? Because college radio is again the testing ground for new sounds in contemporary music. Groups such as U2, X and The Clash all had their starts on college radio. Tune in your local college station; you could be a year ahead of your time.

**ALL RIGHT, THE KNIVES AND ZIP GUNS CAN STAY, BUT THE RADIOS GOTTA GO:** New York mayor Ed Koch outlawed boom boxes in a section of Central Park and on parts of beaches in Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island, creating the city's first "radio-free zones." Violators not only face \$50 fines, their radios may be impounded.

**NETWORK MUSIC VIDEO:** *Television's Greatest Hits*, a compilation of 65 famous schlock TV themes, was the sleeper hit of the year.

**BEST TOY:** Pioneer's PD-M6CD changer. It features magazines that house six CDs for more than seven hours of continuous listening.

## HAIR OF THE YEAR

Patti LaBelle's rousing performance on NBC-TV's *Motown Returns to the Apollo* made anyone who saw it sit up and listen. Cyndi Lauper seems to be one who did. LaBelle and she have since recorded together with *très* mutual admiration. The new fantail hairdo didn't hurt, either. Already making waves for Patti (right) in 1986: a new LP and a national tour. Kudos to her hairdresser. 







# ROBERT JARVIK (continued from page 87)

*"His optimism stems, in part, from his ability to make the wildest of his dreams come true."*

ever was. I can see him stand up and walk down the hall with the portable driver. This is possible and this is now where I set my hopes for him: that he will do well—be home from the hospital in less than two months—and find himself feeling well and able to walk outside when new leaves open next spring.

If physicians had read that diary at the time of Schroeder's operation, when Jarvik wrote it, they might have been more than a little worried by his optimism. They knew there were many problems with the artificial heart, and Schroeder would be lucky to live as long as Clark had lived. But Jarvik is an optimist, not a realist. His optimism stems, in part, from his ability to make the wildest of his dreams come true. That childlike quality circumscribes and defines his life. Asked where he'd like to live, he said, "I'd like to live in Seattle, if we could get rid of the clouds." The remarkable thing about Jarvik is that if he moved to Seattle, he might very well get rid of the clouds.

When I first met him, we spent half a day discussing the most esoteric mystical, artistic and scientific subjects imaginable, from his desire to fly in space (preferably with Sally Ride) to his conviction that he has discovered, by logic and without the aid of higher mathematics, the ultimate nature of all matter in the universe. Jarvik is not a surgeon; he is not even a practicing physician. He received an M.D. but never did an internship or took a residency. When the talk turns to matters of biochemistry, his eyes appear to glaze over. What, then, is he? Alchemist? Artist? Entrepreneur? As I read Jarvik's journals, passages from a Robert Louis Stevenson novel kept coming back to me:

Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite; both sides of me were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I labored, in the eye of day, at the furtherance of knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering.

Observing the surgery on Sunday morning, Jarvik wrote in his diary:

Now 8:17—Mr. Schroeder's chest has just been opened. . . . Things are very calm. No one is talking. Surgery is proceeding very directly. There is the presence of cold air and the hum of the video recorder. . . . No talking.

8:35—Opening the pericardium.

There is a major difference compared to Dr. [Barney] Clark. Then we had the feeling that he might arrest and not survive the last few minutes while he was being put on bypass.

9:25—Progress is steady but slow. The chest and pericardium are now widely open. The heart is beating—the right stronger than the left, but both ventricles are moving only slightly.

9:50—Now on bypass. The heart went into V-tach and now is stopped. The aorta is cross-clamped.

9:56—Apex is clamped. DeVries is beginning to cut out the heart.

It was two days later before Jarvik could fully relax; after the operation, Schroeder began bleeding heavily and had to be cut open again.

Somewhere along the way, through the extremes of elation and disappointment there in Louisville, the wild swings of emotion, Jarvik had met a woman. That special electricity had passed between them, and they had sworn they'd try to get together. Of course, the ultimate in optimism is to find love in the midst of adversity. It's the stuff of which classic novels are made. Stevenson described a similar feeling this way:

There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual images running like a millrace in my fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul.

After days of medical emergencies, during which Schroeder was snatched back from the brink of death time after time, Jarvik sat at the writing desk by the window in his room and took a photograph of himself in the mirror—for posterity. Jarvik fasts and does sit-ups and rides a bicycle in the Wasatch foothills to ward off the transformation of aging. A man of 39 years, small and thin, with boyish good looks and black hair touched here and there with gray, he snapped his picture again. And again. Only now he looked haggard in the hoary November light.

Stevenson wrote:

I lingered but a moment at the mirror: The second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet

remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine; and hurrying back to my cabinet, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more. . . .

That day, Jarvik shaved and dressed and visited Schroeder, who was finally out of immediate danger and breathing on his own. The Jarvik-7 artificial heart clicking away in his chest felt better than his own heart, Schroeder said. At one point, Jarvik became so confident in his achievement that he promised Schroeder he'd take him fishing one day. Schroeder believed him, too, so they set the date.

Jarvik reassured the television reporters as they were drawn to the bizarre event. He looked good on camera. He'd been on the cover of *Time*.

The next night, Jarvik sat in his hotel room, waiting for the mystery lady. He wrote:

It is ten at night and I have a bottle of champagne with two glasses waiting for a phone call or for the lady with the kiss in the dry-ice bubble to show up at my door—as she said she would if she can get away. This is the way life goes—to celebrate such a moment so long in coming with a new friend.

OK, telephone.

OK, doorbell. . . .

For some time, I had been promising my four-year-old daughter that we'd go to the Field Museum of Natural History. So when Dr. Jarvik came to town unexpectedly early, we invited him to go along. Then, on the way, he announced that he had to have some Polyform modeling compound, a special white-plastic material that looks like Spackle and can be molded and then baked in the oven until it hardens to the consistency of wood. There was a sense of urgency about his mission. Having visited Jarvik at Symbion, I knew all about special modeling materials. I knew he had made the first Jarvik-7 hearts by hand, pouring Lycra plastic, layer after layer, over a mold. In fact, the hearts were still being made that way by technicians in a special clean room when I took the tour; so I naturally assumed that he now needed Polyform to make a model of some sort for his trip to the hospital in Milwaukee. Or perhaps he had just been struck by an inspiration and was going to invent some new medical device before our very eyes. This was important, I thought. This was medical science.

We stopped at the largest art store in our area but had no luck. All the way downtown, Jarvik inquired about other

*(continued on page 146)*





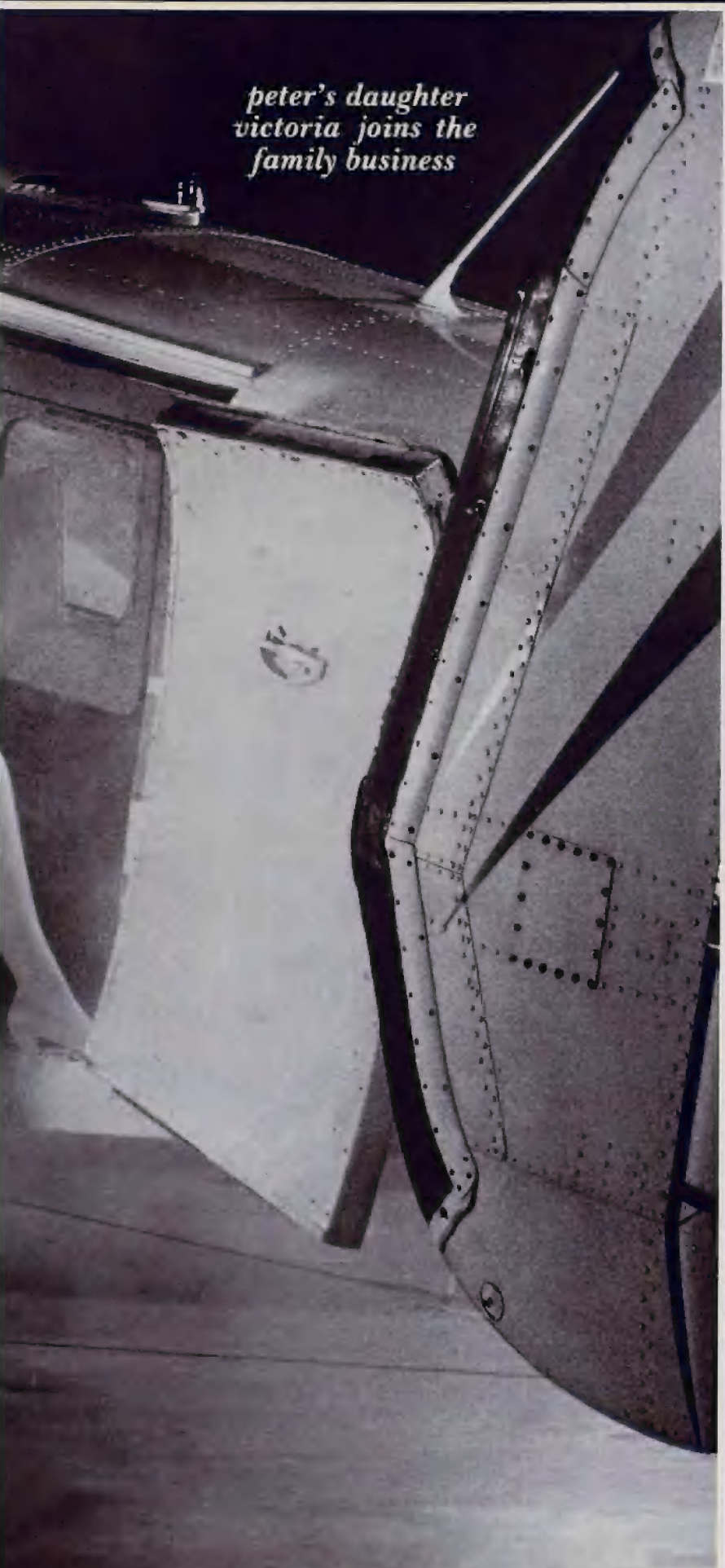
*"How do you plan to use all this fitness, Mrs. Gilbert?"*



as Ingrid Bergman in CASABLANCA







*peter's daughter  
victoria joins the  
family business*

# Best Sellers



**J**EMPUS certainly *fugit*. It's hard to believe that 22 years have passed since master comedic actor Peter Sellers appeared in these pages and on our cover in a special feature we called *Sellers Mimes the Movie Lovers* (PLAYBOY, April 1964). Recently, though, that fact stared us in the face in the decidedly postadolescent form of Victoria Sellers, daughter of Peter and actress Britt Ekland, who was born about a year after that issue hit the stands. Two decades later, here she is, all grown up and starring in her own version of that memorable pictorial. Sellers, who died of a heart attack in 1980 at the age of 54, left some rather large footsteps in which to follow. But having been raised in the whirlwind of her parents' lives, Victoria has developed a fairly long stride herself. The quintessential

At left, in the final scene from *Casablanca*, Victoria Sellers and Bagey double Tony Heller, a Ron Smith Celebrity-Look-Alike, play it again. That's Dad above, doing his imitation of Cary Grant, from our 1964 pictorial.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





as **Elizabeth Taylor** in **CLEOPATRA**

as **Jane Russell** in **THE OUTLAW**







Victoria manages to get a Nile seat for the barge races (top left). Mummy's the word. At bottom left, that's no plain Jane, it's Victoria—body by Goodyear, rather than Hughes, this time. Below, Father flares his nostrils as Rudolph Valentino's sheik.



movie-colony child, she has had four mothers and two fathers. She has a half brother and a half sister from an earlier marriage of her father's and a younger half brother born of her mother's union with movie and record mogul Lou Adler. When she was a teenager, her mother's live-in companion was rock star Rod Stewart—a situation most teens would envy. But for a child with Victoria's background, it was nothing special. "I didn't really know who he was," she admitted. "I suppose I had heard his songs, but when I was living there—that was from when I was 11 till I was about 15—I didn't really make the connection."

"Later on, I did go on tour with the band a couple of times. That was exciting. In London, right after a concert, we'd jump into this big limousine, and all these people would be running around, looking in the windows, and it would be just little me sitting there. I knew then that Rod was a star. But it didn't really matter to me when I was living at his house."

Nowadays, Victoria would attend any father-daughter functions with Slim Jim Phantom, ex-drummer for the Stray Cats, who now plays with a group called Phantom, Rocker and Slick.

"Yeah!" says Victoria, laughing. "It's Slim Jim Phantom, my mom's husband. He's 25!"

The idea boggles her mind, but she's used to unusual situations. "I like him, but I don't really consider him my stepdad. He's a nice man, and my mom loves him, and he makes her happy, so I guess I can't complain. I can handle it. My mom has gone out with younger guys than that." We tried to picture a visit to the principal's



as Raquel Welch in ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.





In a prehistoric singles bar (left), Victoria finds the usual lounge lizards. As *la Loren* (right), she brings new style to household chores but fails to impress her mate. In the shot below, dad Peter has just said the secret word.



office with this cast of characters playing the leading roles. It wasn't easy.

"I know," agreed Victoria, rolling her eyes skyward. "If my mom knew she had to go in to school, she would get conservatived out. If she knows she has to dress like that, she will. But she's not usually the kind to adopt a conservative look. Now that she's got a rock-a-billy husband, she's kind of into that kind of clothing."

"But when I'm her age—she's 43 now—I hope I'm having as much fun as she is. I'm going to be swinging!"

The truth is, Victoria has been swinging all her life—though from her vantage point, it was just the way *everyone* lived. Born in London, she has lived in countless homes, from the south of France to Southern California. She's an expert on nannies and a walking catalog of

as **Sophia Loren**  
in **YESTERDAY, TODAY**  
**AND TOMORROW**





as Brooke Shields in THE BLUE LAGOON



private schools. To a large extent, she has had to raise herself, providing the continuum in her life through a succession of guardians. Her friends were her parents' friends and their children, so an evening at home was like a Hollywood opening night.

Victoria is reluctant to name-drop, considering it poor form. She tries to keep the Sellers name out of things. But she's beginning to realize just what a special life she has led:

"Dad was friends with David Niven,





In the sequence at far left, a shipwrecked Victoria washes up on an island beach and discovers, to her dismay, that she has forgotten her Calvins. In the scene below, after stocking her Paris apartment with an ample supply of dairy products, Victoria waits for someone to ask her to tango. At right, Peter does a bug-eyed Bela Lugosi, about to cure his persistent anemia.



as **Maria Schneider** in **LAST TANGO IN PARIS**







Victoria, at left, is the lady we'd like to spin around with at the laundromat. Her dad, as Francis X. Bushman in *Ben Hur* (below), makes a chary charioteer. And at right, a new definition of breaking and entering.



Spike Milligan, Cary Grant. He was really close to George Harrison. We used to go to his house, and my dad would play drums with him. George Hamilton—my mom was good friends with him; and Warren Beatty—my mom was friends with him. And Jack Nicholson. He's my little brother's godfather. My best friend used to be Alexandra Curtis; her dad's Tony Curtis. And then I was good friends with Jason Bronson, son of Charles Bronson, and Jennifer Nicholson—her dad's Jack."

Could any child fail to be affected by all this stellar commotion?

"I don't know," Victoria said, shrugging, "it's no big deal. It was fun. I wouldn't want to be, say, like some of my girlfriends who've lived with their parents in one house all their lives. Me, I've moved (concluded on page 142)

**as Brigitte Bardot  
in AND GOD CREATED WOMAN**



as Kathleen Turner in BODY HEAT





# *Alive with*



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## **Newport Lights**

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to low-tar menthols**





from here to there, different schools all over the place. And I really wouldn't change it."

Life with the mercurial Peter Sellers provided some, well, interesting moments for the young Victoria. She, of course, viewed him differently from those who knew him only from his movies.

"I knew what he did—I went with him on the sets and saw it—but it was like, 'Oh, well, that's what he does.' I didn't fully understand.

"He was always nice to me. He almost never said no to anything. He always let me have parties or do whatever I wanted to do. He had a house in the south of France. We'd go there for the summer, and he'd get me a water-skiing instructor and water skis, all that stuff. I'd be out all day on my skate board or on my bike, or water-skiing or whatever, having a great time.

"But then there were other times. For instance, once I went to London to see him when he was staying at the Dorchester Hotel. I was sitting in the hotel room with Dad, his wife and my older brother and sister, and they were all watching my dad on a taped TV interview about his new

movie, *Being There*. I wasn't watching. I was reading a magazine. Dad got mad because of that and threw his drink at me, told me that I was leaving on the next flight back to L.A.—and I had just gotten there. So off I went, crying, to my room. As it turned out, he didn't send me home, and later that night we all made plans to go out to dinner. My favorite color then was purple, so I was wearing a purple shirt, pants, shoes. My dad had this weird idea that some colors were bad, so he freaked out because I was wearing all purple. I couldn't change, because everything I had brought with me was purple. So then he got on me for that. I went to my room and didn't talk to him for, like, a day and a half. I just stayed in my room, and finally he called me out to say he was sorry. Then he gave me, like, \$1000—this was when I was about 13—and told me to go out and buy a new wardrobe so that I wouldn't have to wear purple. Then we made up.

"I was used to it from an early age, so it was just 'Oh, God,' you know, 'my dad's freaking out; time to go downstairs,'" Victoria continues. "I just knew how to deal with it. And I knew that it would be OK.

It was just him having, like, a young kid's fit as an older man, and I could handle that, because I had seen it for a long time. I was mature for my age. I had always been with adults, so I could deal with that sort of thing. It didn't bother me that much. I mean, it did, but I wasn't going to freak out about it, like my dad.

"He would freak out and then, in the morning, he'd do this yoga thing on his head. 'Ohhhmmmm,' he'd chant for, like, three minutes. He had this little statue of someone with a whole bunch of arms and an elephant nose, some yoga god. He was into the yoga thing, he and George Harrison. Together they got into all that Krishna, yoga stuff.

"Still, it was great. I wouldn't change it. I look at my friends' parents, their moms going out to tea together. My mom going out for tea with other moms would be a joke! She's wild compared with other mothers. No way would my mom fit in with that, especially with all the boyfriends she's had and her rock-a-billy husband. 'Sure, let's go out to dinner with the Feldsteins tonight, Mom. We're going to go to Chasen's.' My mom would go, 'Woo hooo!'"

With Victoria's background, a show-business career was inevitable. As will be the comparisons to her father. Luckily, Victoria's genes contain the spark of a similar comedic talent. She's animated and quick-witted, often doing little character bits or changing voices in midsentence. When she relaxes, she tends to sprawl, limbs going in all directions. It's partly youth; but you get the impression that she's not going to grow up much more than she has already. That's good news, we observed, because, in a lot of ways, show business demands perennial youth.

Victoria thought that over for a second, then laughed. "Possibly that's so, yeah. You grow up, but you find a way to just be silly all the time. And your excuse: 'I'm an actor; I don't know what you're talking about.' Yeah, I think so.

"To be successful as an actor, you've got to not mind anything, I think. I don't know how to say it. Just, like, be loose, carefree about things, like a kid is. You can always be childlike, because you're allowed to."

While she feels no real pressure to follow her father in the pratfall business, the desire and the opportunity are certainly there—and Victoria is preparing, notably by working with the Groundlings, a comedy improvisation group.

"I didn't have to choose to do comedy, but that's what I want to do. I want to do funny women in films. I want to be an actress who keeps going in the movies. I don't want to be someone who was in the movies when she was younger and then, when she's older, is forgotten."

Forget Victoria? Fat chance.



"Be gentle with me, Malcolm. I come from an unbroken home."



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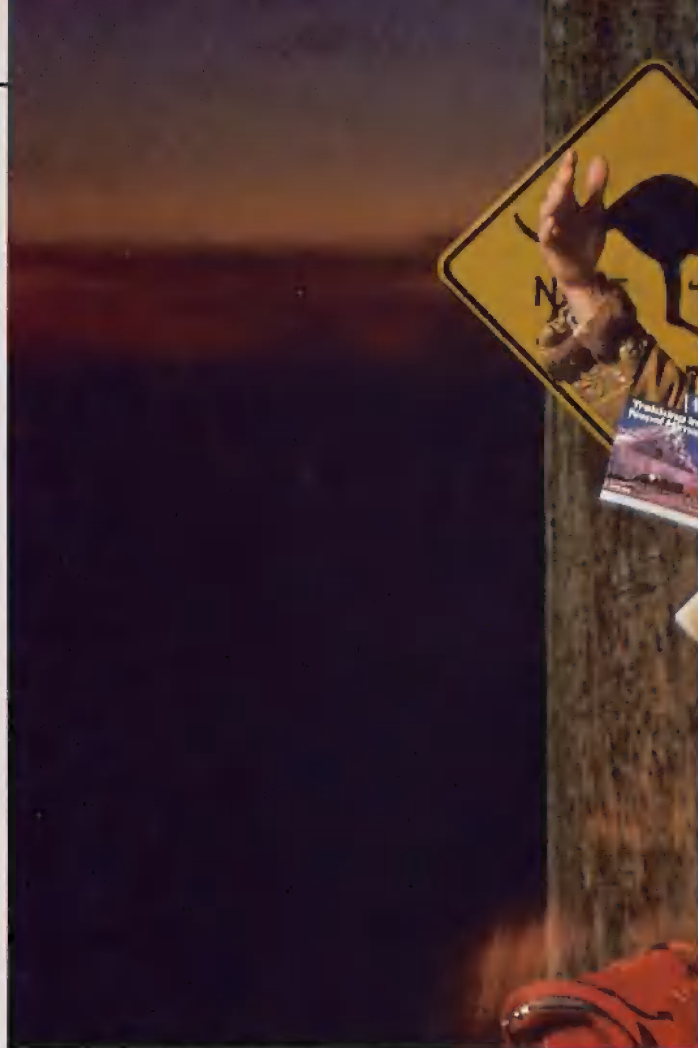
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# FAST FORWARD



MARK HANAUER



## △ JUDGE REINHOLD the verdict is in

Judge Reinhold has an infectious laugh and a memorable name. Born Edward, Jr., and quickly dubbed Judge by one of his father's lawyer friends "as a corny joke," Reinhold, 27, is a very warm Hollywood property. He has already appeared in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, *Gremlins*, *Beverly Hills Cop* and *Head Office*, and he plays the lead in Disney's upcoming *Off Beat*.

"Disney's changing its image. My next film for it is going to be *That Fucking Cat*," he laughs. "No, the faction of Disney I'm associated with is Touchstone Films. When Daryl Hannah showed her ass in *Splash* for Touchstone, it opened up that arena. But Disney is different. It's real strange to drive up and ask the guard where Goofy Lane is. He says, 'Take a right on Grumpy, but if you go past Sneezy, you've gone too far.'"

Reinhold made the perfect foil for Eddie Murphy in *Cop*. He was, and is, the regular guy you can't help rooting for—kindly but a little confused.

"I *am* confused," he says. "But I'd like to think I also stand for old values, stuff like that. One reason people go to the movies is to see somebody with dignity come through in a difficult situation. Parts like that are attractive to me."

Those parts keep coming. And so, recently, did a wedding, sandwiched in between two busy schedules.

"I reserved a bungalow, but my wife's a casting director and she just started a movie," he complains. "So there's this deluxe bungalow down there in Kona Village with my name on it and nobody's there." —KEVIN COOK





JAMES SCHNEPP

## ▷ TONY WHEELER

*backpackers' baedeker*

When Tony Wheeler first hit the road a decade ago, he was "virtually penniless" but was determined to tackle the overland route from Europe to India. A year later, he and his wife, Maureen, landed in Australia, dead broke but rich in one valuable commodity: the how-to of traveling through Asia on a shoestring.

Legions of young backpackers were making the same rugged journey, Wheeler says, but "there was no guide that could tell you what the used-car market was like in Afghanistan or where you should or shouldn't smuggle money." So he wrote a guidebook, publishing it himself under the Lonely Planet imprint.

Since then, Wheeler, 38, has become a growing force in travel publishing. Now settled in Australia, he still spends five months a year on the world's back roads, and Lonely Planet has released more than 40 books, covering Papua New Guinea, Ecuador, Africa and much of the rest of the globe.

The guides still emphasize the gritty facts: how to bike through India or size up riots in Sri Lanka. "We want travelers to realize the effect they're having, so they don't spend money madly where it's bad and aren't tightfisted where they shouldn't be," he says.

While Wheeler is the first to admit it's a romantic way to make a living, he pays a price. "You rave about a place, and next time, everyone's taken it over. Sometimes I can't even get a room."

—BOB KEARNEY

## OPRAH WINFREY▷

*talking a purple streak*

"Joan is the reason I'm eating skinless chicken breasts and Wasa crackers," says Oprah Winfrey, fresh from her acclaimed performance as Sofia in *The Color Purple* and now crucially dieting for a guest shot on *The Tonight Show* with Joan Rivers. Winfrey, who got her first taste of national exposure from *Tonight Show* appearances with Rivers and followed those up in a big way with her work in Steven Spielberg's hit film, is already a Chicago institution. Her morning TV talk show, *The Oprah Winfrey Show*, on Chicago's channel seven, regularly crunches the opposition, including a popular silver-haired gent named Phil Donahue.

"Donahue's the master," she admits. "I don't have anything he doesn't—just respect for him." Winfrey's success against Donahue has been so dramatic that her show has been picked up for national syndication starting in September. Of course, that means she has to put her budding acting career on hold.

"I'm not a Hollywood person. You can bet your last dime on that. I'm just basically a country girl and I know it," she ardently insists. "Besides, you know what will probably make me a rich woman? Syndication, not acting."

On the air, Winfrey is intellectual, outspoken and emotional. "How many of you believe our guest John De Lorean is innocent?" she asked her audience recently. Another time, when a group of farmers' wives started to cry on camera, Winfrey cried, too. Not even her personal life is sacred. "I mean, everybody has lived with my weight problem," she moans. "The first time I ever mentioned it was on a diet show. I *had* to—everyone could see I was overweight."

Now 31, she's found instant success as an actress and is looking at considerable wealth if her show takes off. "Syndication is great, the movie's great and working with Spielberg is great," she says, smiling. "But being thin is greater."

—KATE NOLAN



JEAN MOSS



## ROBERT JARVIK

(continued from page 128)

*"Looking at his prototype for the ivory carving, he shook his head and emitted a high-pitched giggle."*

stores; by the time we reached the Field Museum, I had begun to wonder if I might be standing in the way of some vital medical invention.

In the Field Museum, I observed Jarvik for signs of stifled scientific creativity. From afar, dressed in blue jeans, a dark suede jacket and white Reeboks, he looked like a student—short, intense, emaciated, hands jammed into his pockets, in close examination of the elk and antelope horns on display in the mammalian-fauna room.

When we left the museum, we were fortunate enough to find a large art store that was still open and sold Polyform. Jarvik bought himself a load of it and bought my daughter some colored modeling clay as a gift. When we got home, she and he spread out on the kitchen table to make their models.

They had a similar method of working, except that Jarvik was more demanding, sending me down to the basement for iron wire for the core of his model and upstairs

for carving tools and here and there for kitchen knives, satay skewers and whatever struck his fancy as he massaged the white Polyform into a long, thick roll. I didn't mind all this; after all, I might be able to say I had had a hand in making the Jarvik-9 or something.

They both worked all afternoon, side by side, heads down, muttering now and then, conferring with each other, commiserating, concentrating on their work, smearing the clay around.

My daughter nibbled on snacks to keep from getting hungry while she worked. Jarvik fasted, as was his avowed habit. In fact, the only sustenance he would take was diet Coke and Tylenol. I offered him regular Coke, but he said, "No, it has, you know, *nutrients* in it."

Only when he could stand it no longer, just before I was about to serve dinner, did he begin roaming the kitchen like a hungry cat, rummaging in the refrigerator and the cabinets, grabbing whatever he could find

to put into his mouth. At one point, he even took a piece of lettuce that I was in the act of pushing down the garbage disposal. He rescued it, rinsed it off and popped it into his mouth.

By the time dinner was ready, it was clear that he was not making a scientific breakthrough in my kitchen. No doubt about it: It was a unicorn dildo.

He explained that when he was in high school, his parents had gone to Japan and had brought him back a piece of an ivory tusk that was about the right size and shape for what he was now modeling in Polyform. Years later—after a marriage and two children and the artificial heart and a divorce and all that sort of stuff—he had promised a girlfriend (call her Lilly of the West) that he would carve her something from the tusk (and we are not talking here about carving scenes from the Sistine Chapel but, presumably, something long and stout). But he had never gotten around to it, and he and Lilly had eventually broken up. Now, looking at his prototype for the ivory carving, he shook his head and emitted a high-pitched giggle. "Lilly of the West would kill me if she knew I was making this for Joan of Ark," he said with a smirk.

After dinner that night, one of the guests who had seen the dildo sculpture confided, "I don't trust men who like unicorns."

"Yeah," I said, "but what about men who like dildos?"

Someone who had known Jarvik when he was in college later asked, "Does he still sit in the corner at parties? I used to go to these parties and see him. He'd just go into the corner and sit. No chair. Nothing. Just him in the corner."

Yes, sort of.

He squatted on the floor by the fireplace most of the evening after dinner, hugging himself, talking about himself, speculating on where he might move if he could leave Salt Lake City, land of the Mormons, where no antelope dildos roam. He brought out his video tape of a Swedish recipient of the Jarvik-7, and we watched the man make history by talking and walking and eating a huge meal and then thanking everyone because he was alive.

"That," Jarvik said, "is the richest man in Sweden." The Swedish press also said he was a gangster—now an artificial gangster. Imagine the moral questions that brings up.

Finally, Jarvik brought out the artificial heart he carries in his briefcase, and we all handled it, sipping our port by the fireplace in the living room of my turn-of-the-century house. The trees we were burning had grown to maturity before any of us had even conceived the possibility of such an invention as we now held in our hands.

The Jarvik-7 looks like a Tupperware carburetor with long, thin fuel lines coming off it. The only really exotic-looking parts of it are the Bjork-Shiley tilting-disc titanium-and-carbon-steel valves. They are as beautiful as jewelry; instead of the



*"I can keep going for around three hours . . . including foreplay . . . and a movie afterward."*



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familiar old lub-dub, they go click-tick. The Jarvik-7 is a spooky thing to hold, though, because it has the general shape of a human heart; and you know that a man who is dangling between life and death will have his chest wrenched open and his own beating, liver-colored heart snipped out with silver scissors and forever stilled, while this wobbly plastic apparatus is shoved down into that bloody cavity to take its place.

Holding the Jarvik-7 in my hands that night, after seeing Jarvik work on his dildo all day, I stood watching him squat by the fire and hug himself and talk about himself; and I couldn't help wondering what it would be like to have one of his inventions inside my body. Joan of Ark was about to find out.

The holy secrets of the body were revealed to Robert Jarvik as a youth; his father was a doctor, and he let Jarvik watch surgery when he was still in high school. It was while watching surgery that Jarvik perceived the need for a way to close off blood vessels faster than the traditional method of hand-stitching them. He invented a surgical stapler. That patent, which was bought by a large medical manufacturer, still pays him royalty checks.

It may well be that the moment it was decided that the Jarvik-7 artificial heart would be built occurred when Jarvik was a freshman architecture student at Syracuse University. "It was in the spring; I remember that very clearly," he said. He was studying for an exam in the library when someone called him to the telephone. Jarvik knew something was wrong. Freshmen at Syracuse did not get paged in the library.

What was wrong was that his father had just been diagnosed as having an abdominal aortic aneurysm and was being rushed to Houston's Baylor Medical Center to go under the knife of heart surgeon Michael DeBakey. Jarvik went home and for the next few days followed his father's progress by phone, learning of the new and radical techniques being used: DeBakey sewed a Dacron patch over the delicate blood vessel that had ballooned out and threatened to burst.

The surgery worked. Technology and flesh were wed. "That made a big impression on me," Jarvik said. (Later, he would buy Dacron in a downtown Salt Lake City fabric store and use it in constructing his artificial heart.) "That's when I decided to go into premed. My parents had always wanted me to be a doctor. I didn't quite want to do that. I wanted to be an artist or something."

"Were you pressured into medical school?" I asked him.

"Yeah," Jarvik said with a smirk. "I don't think he had that aneurysm at all. I think they went to the Caribbean." Then he giggled.

In fact, he was unable to get into medical school because of his grades. He was

rejected by two dozen schools before he went off to Italy, where acceptance standards were not so strict. He daydreamed his way through a year of medical school there. When he came back, he enrolled in the biomechanics program at New York University and eventually got into the University of Utah artificial-organs program, run by Willem J. Kolff, who had developed the artificial kidney and was the first man in the West to implant an artificial heart in an animal. (The dog lived 90 minutes.)

Jarvik was immediately put to work trying to improve upon the artificial heart, which was under development by Dr. Clifford Kwan-Gett, Kolff's assistant. The Kwan-Gett heart held the world's record—ten days—for keeping an animal alive.

Jarvik plunged himself into the task, working obsessively, sometimes forgetting to eat or sleep. He redesigned the device to make it fit more neatly into the chest. Before he had been there half a year, the world record was up to two weeks.

Jarvik redesigned the heart several times during the next year, and soon it was known as the Jarvik heart. But he had run into a major problem with clotting. The machinery was rough on the delicate and complex components of the blood. This caused many clots to form, which used up the chemicals in the blood that make clotting possible. Hemophiliacs have no clotting factors; that's why they don't stop bleeding. The animals that received Jarvik hearts were dying not from the artificial hearts but from uncontrolled bleeding.

Then, in early 1973, the Cleveland Clinic, where Kolff had worked before he moved to Utah, set a new record with an animal that survived 17 days. Kolff put the pressure on Jarvik, whose talents as a designer he had come to appreciate over the months.

A Jarvik-3, as the most recent design was being called, was implanted in a calf named Betty. She lived only six days. Kolff grew even more anxious, because the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs was about to have its annual meeting. Being in second place for that meeting would mean losing his primacy in the artificial-organs field.

In April, the Jarvik-3, with some improvements, was put into a calf named Burke. The A.S.A.I.O. meeting took place in Boston, and the announcement was made that the Jarvik-3 heart had kept an animal alive for 19 days. There was a buzzing in the crowd: Who is this Jarvik? The answer was, a 27-year-old kid from Connecticut who was not even licensed to practice medicine.

Unfortunately, by the time Jarvik succeeded in perfecting the invention, his father had died of an aortic aneurysm.

In spite of that (or perhaps because of it), Jarvik wanted his medical degree. He went to his University of Utah Medical School interview armed with his degree in biomechanics and the latest model of his

artificial heart to impress the admissions officer.

"I come to you with my heart in my hands," he said.

When I was out in Utah, Jarvik showed me the animal lab. In a red-brick room with a high ceiling, we watched half a dozen calves with artificial hearts standing in steel cages. Their heads stuck out between the bars so they could eat from plastic containers of hay and feed. The concrete floor was awash in urine and manure, and every now and then, a lab technician in rubber boots would hose it down the drain. The room was a cacophony of hissing and clicking sounds from the Jarvik-7 hearts and their pneumatic driving units. (William Schroeder described his as sounding like a threshing machine.) On the newer Utahdrive units, a Compaq computer traced each beat of the heart graphically on a green phosphorescent screen.

Each calf was connected to its console by one-inch clear-plastic tubing. Life flowed invisibly through that tubing: air to power the Jarvik-7. The concept of the artificial heart is elegantly simple: Air pushes a diaphragm, which changes the volume of a ventricle. As the volume gets smaller, blood is pushed out; as the volume gets larger, blood fills the ventricle again. There are two ventricles, two pneumatic hoses.

On top of each cage was a sheet of paper on which a cute name for the animal had been scrawled in black marker. Below that, a digital timer showed days and hours since the operation. They ranged from a few days to a few months. On the newer calves, I could see the stitches where the chest had been opened; but on the older ones, it looked as if the polyurethane tubing issued quite naturally from a smooth expanse of seamless hide. Jarvik reached into one of the cages and jerked on a tube to demonstrate the attachment he'd designed to prevent infection. The calf flinched in pain and tried to kick him but could not, being tethered in the cage.

"See, that doesn't pull on the skin. The force is transmitted to the deep tissues."

The calf kicked at him again.

"How long can they survive like this?" I asked.

"Months and months," he said. "But usually, we don't keep them that long. It's pretty expensive to keep these animals alive. Most of them we sacrifice before that."

On video tape, I had watched a calf receive a Jarvik-7 heart. Like tightrope walking, it looks so easy: With a smooth stroke of a tiny silver blade, the taut skin is slit and falls away like an unzipped overcoat. The chest is split open by steel spreaders, and the big blood vessels entering and leaving the heart are tied off with loops of ribbon. The animal is put on a heart-lung-bypass machine, which pumps the blood out the jugular vein and into the carotid





*"It appears the people of Atlantis not only had TV but boring, stupid programing!"*



artery, bypassing the heart.

Then the surgeon grips the heart with silver tongs and hauls it out of the chest.

The surgery is deft, and there is surprisingly little blood up to this point. But then the surgeon plunges a pair of scissors into the beating heart, and the blood pours out. It is quickly siphoned off, as the snipping continues, until half the heart is gone—the pumping part, the left and right ventricles. That is the point of no return.

Four plastic quick-connect cuffs are sewn into place on the *vena cava*, the aorta and the two remaining valves. The Jarvik-7 heart is actually two separate mechanical pumps (ventricles) that fit together with a Velcro attachment. The left one is snapped into place first. The air is sucked out of it with a fat hypodermic syringe; and as someone hammers on it with a hemostat to make sure there are no air bubbles, fresh red blood is pumped in to prime it. The right ventricle goes in the same way, and the two are pressed together so that the Velcro holds.

Now the animal is doomed to be part flesh, part machine, for the rest of its short life. Stevenson wrote of the duality of human nature, "I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both. . . ."

The second day that Jarvik was in Chicago visiting me, we got up bright and early, and I told him I'd have to go shopping for food if we were going to have breakfast.

"I'll go with you," he said.

We bought all the usual breakfast foods—eggs, *The New York Times*, coffee cake—and when we got home, Jarvik clipped stories about the most recent artificial-heart recipient while I unpacked the groceries. The *Times* gave ample space to the University of Pennsylvania's achievement. It was the first serious competition for Symbion.

When asked what he'd like to eat, Jarvik said, "I think people eat too much." He refused to eat anything. I urged him to have a bite so he wouldn't get so hungry, and without looking up from the success story of his competitors, he said, "Eat whatever the hell you want."

So we fixed breakfast for three instead of four. Just as we were about to sit down to eat it, Jarvik popped into the kitchen, sat down and started eating everything in sight. "I always do that," he said cheerfully, "refuse to eat and then pick at someone else's plate."

After breakfast, he took one look at his Polyform unicorn dildo and decided that it was all wrong. He shoved the breakfast dishes aside, got more wire and spread out on the kitchen table again to start over from scratch. He wasn't going to rush through this thing; it was too important.

I said this must have been how it was when he was working on the artificial heart.



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"The artificial heart was never this interesting," he said.

I admired his tenacity, his stamina, his single-minded sense of purpose. My daughter glued herself to his side, asking questions, offering him bits of blue modeling clay, but he managed to work around her distractions.

My wife remarked that it was a lot of work for someone he'd known only a week.

"You haven't met Joan of Ark," he said.

Apart from that, he spoke little that day, unless he needed something.

I went out for a jog. Later, my wife told me that while I was out, Jarvik had taken her aside and, giggling like a teenager, had explained to her what the sculpture was, to make sure that she knew it was a dildo. He ran upstairs and got his journal and let her read the good parts, where he described making it. He was already writing about it, though it was not finished or tested.

He insisted that it was not a unicorn but an antelope. Evidently, even he thought there was something weird about guys who like unicorns, and so he gave the new model more definition to show that there were two horns, not one. ("I got a good look at those horns in the museum," he said.)

In spite of Campbell's soup for lunch, Jarvik turned up starving again that evening, right about the time dinner was ready to go into the oven. He began to root, first asking my wife, then me, if we had peanuts.

This dinner had been planned before Jarvik had announced his arrival. It was a family affair, but I thought it would be fun to have everyone together, especially since my father happens to be a biophysicist. I thought maybe Dr. Jarvik and Dr. Gonzales would say something quotable in biophysics. My mother was making enchiladas. One of my brothers was in from out of town. I envisioned this homey autumn scene as Mozart played on the Victrola.

We explained that we did not have peanuts, but Jarvik insisted. "Come on," he said, "everybody's got peanuts." And he started going through the cabinets. He found some walnuts and said, "See! Look!"

"Those are walnuts," I said.

"Same thing," he said.

He then decided he didn't want the walnuts and settled into a bag of raisins, stuffing handfuls into his mouth. My daughter happily joined him in that, her favorite food.

The ovens were heating up for dinner, and we were about to begin when Jarvik insisted that his dildo be baked first.

"Couldn't we bake it after dinner?" I asked. "We're about to put the food in."

"No," he said. "It only takes thirty-five minutes."

As it turned out, we all stood around for



half an hour—my wife, my parents, two of my hungry brothers and I—peeking into the oven, watching the unicorn dildo turn from a snowy white to a toasty brown, until Dr. Jarvik declared it finished.

During my trip to Utah, Jarvik told me about an exercise device he had invented. It was like a jump rope, he said, only weighted. It was actually a tube of heavy nylon mesh filled with bird shot. He had devised a series of exercises to be used with this Ae-rope-ic, as he called it, “almost like a dance.” He showed me the prototype one day when we stopped at his apartment in the hills near Salt Lake City.

Jarvik brought up the mail and slit open a letter from Lilly. She had sent him two pages torn from *People* magazine, featuring the inventor of something called the Heavyrope, which happened to be the very thing Jarvik had invented. As I sat in the living room, I could hear him shouting from the bedroom, “Shit! I hate that! That pisses me off! Goddamn it!” From where I sat, I could see his study. In it were a weight bench with about 90 pounds on it, an artist’s easel and oils, a lightweight

pink racing bicycle and a fly rod with a Pflueger reel.

Jarvik came stomping out of his room, waving the magazine pages. “Thanks a lot!” he shouted at the absent ex-lover. And to me: “You know he invented this goddamn thing in 1968? Shit! I hate that.”

The apartment, he said, was a temporary measure. In January 1985, he had divorced Elaine Levin, a real woman with a real name who had been the real Mrs. Jarvik for 17 years. Jarvik had lived with Lilly for a while after the divorce but moved out. Now the apartment where he lived looked lonelier than a highway motel room: a bathroom with no soap, no towel, no wastebasket. An injection-molded shower with no curtain. The kitchen was equally bare. The refrigerator was bare except for a few Heinekens.

It was, after all, only temporary.

Up the hill, there was a piece of land on a crest overlooking the Great Salt Lake. There Jarvik would build his real home, as soon as he could find the time to finish the design. (He would, of course, have to design it himself.) Then he would become the real Dr. Robert K. Jarvik. It was as if,

having transformed himself once from husband and father and scientist into this new creation—this famous and dashing miracle worker, jetting around the globe—he could not find the concoction that would change him back.

I had seen it before in young rock-'n'-rollers who had suddenly come into great wealth and power: Their lives changed suddenly, and what at first seemed wonderful soon ceased to seem real to them. Unable to unlock the combination and return to normalcy, they started running. They ran toward the mirage of their real lives or away from the specter of their unreal lives; but either way, they could not stop running. Traveling in airplanes and limousines in great luxury, they found themselves filled with a dreadful sense of being lost, of drifting in space.

On the day Jarvik received the *People* article, we were to meet his ex-wife at a little-league game in which his 11-year-old son, Tyler, was playing. On the way, Jarvik stopped to pick up something at his family’s house. Although he had been divorced more than half a year and separated even longer, he still had the garage-door opener. He pulled his dusty black Toyota (license plate UP-N-UP) into the garage at his former house, strode inside, ran quickly through a wicker basket of mail and began to rummage in a kitchen cabinet.

“You know, she’s got every kind of vitamin on earth in here, but where the hell’s the aspirin?” Perhaps he had a headache from not eating.

At the ball park, Jarvik sat in the bleachers, thinking, while Elaine and their daughter, Kate, hollered encouragement at Tyler, and Elaine occasionally nudged Jarvik in the thigh when something exciting happened. “We’re just hoping he hits the ball,” she said. “That would be enough.”

Rob and Elaine, as they were once known to their friends, seemed to fall back into the easy familiarity of husband and wife, as if they’d never been apart. There was a gentle intimacy in the way they sat touching each other. Elaine said that if Jarvik moved, as he kept talking about doing, she would move with him.

“Do you like Salt Lake City?” I asked.

She laughed. “Do I like Salt Lake City?” she asked Jarvik.

He smirked.

Some weeks later, as we were driving around Chicago, searching for Polyform modeling compound, Jarvik told me, “You ought to find some nice guy for Elaine. She’s really a great person. She’s just not for me. But she keeps meeting these Mormon guys, and then it just doesn’t work out. Don’t you know some nice guy for Elaine?” A nice guy for Elaine, an interesting lady for Rob. Sounds like they should get to know each other.

At the little-league game, Jarvik kept coming back to the article in *People* about the Heavyrope inventor. He was thinking



“Please . . . close . . . the door. . . .  
Please . . . buckle . . . your seat belts. . . . Please  
wipe that silly smile off . . . your face and put that motel  
receipt where your wife won’t find it. . . .”



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hard, and every few minutes another strategy for making the best of a bad situation would rise to the surface. "Maybe I should just compete with them," he said.

Elaine, momentarily distracted from Tyler's attempts to hit the ball, said, "Hm?"

The visiting-team coach threw a fit on the field.

A lady in our section of bleachers got beamed with a pop-up foul.

Jarvik was off in his own world. "He's got them jumping rope," he mused. "My rope is heavier. You can't jump rope with it. I've got a whole series of exercises worked out. Maybe I could do a book."

"Hm?"

Tyler finally hit the ball and was thrown out at first base. There was a moment of excitement, then Jarvik went back to his reverie. An hour and a half into the game, he had arrived at this: "Maybe I should just give that guy a call and see if we can work something out. . . ."

It was the final night of Dr. Jarvik's Chicago visit. The dildo had come out of the oven, piping hot on a cookie tray. The enchiladas had gone in, and we were finally seated around the big table. Mozart was playing in the background. I was at the head of the long table, with Jarvik on my left, my mother at the opposite end, my father next to her, my brothers and wife and daughter. Not much biophysics was spoken at that table. Jarvik was curiously quiet as he made quick work of his enchiladas.

We were nearly through with dinner when I wondered out loud whether or not I should have a second helping.

"Sure, have one," Jarvik said, scooping up a generous portion of enchiladas with a spatula and flipping it across the table at my plate. It missed the plate and landed on the tablecloth, splashing reddish-brown chili sauce this way and that. I saw my mother's fork pause halfway to her mouth, which remained open for some time. My father's eyes had shifted to the left as he followed the arc of travel of the flying enchiladas, and now they seemed stuck there—the eyes, that is. It was so quiet you could have heard a Bjork-Shiley valve click-ticking.

"Well, it would have been neat if it had worked," Jarvik said.

"Rob's drunk again," I said. Pause. "No, the sad part is, Rob's *not* drunk." There were a few hollow laughs.

Then I was out of the room, serving chocolate cake, when I heard someone explain to Jarvik that the white stuff in the glass bowl on the table was not whipped cream but sour cream. He knew that, of course, because it had been part of the dinner. When I returned to the table, Jarvik had piled sour cream on a piece of chocolate cake and put it at my place.

"I made you a special dessert," he said. Smirk.

I went to get another piece of chocolate

cake to replace the piece he'd spoiled; and when I returned to the table, Jarvik had put a second slice of cake on top of the mound of sour cream.

"I made you a sandwich," he said.

I carried both pieces away for the garbage disposal, thinking about a dinner he and I had had in Salt Lake City with his (then) girlfriend, a TV reporter—call her Electra. We were at one of the fanciest restaurants in Utah, built like an ancient French manor house; and because Jarvik is famous in Salt Lake City, he was recognized by a number of people as we dined. After the dinner, he grabbed two long loaves of bread from a nearby shelf and made Electra fence with him as the people in the restaurant stared incredulously. Jarvik wouldn't stop fencing until he had broken Electra's loaf and knocked it to the floor.

I thought, Here is a man who is truly fearless, acting this way in front of not one but two reporters. In fact, his former wife is a reporter. Doesn't he know what reporters do? I wondered. I could only conclude that he frankly didn't care what anyone thought of him.

Or perhaps, like Stevenson's hero, he was a scientific genius who had begun to experience involuntary transformations:

I was led to remark that whereas, in the beginning, the difficulty had been to throw off the body of Jekyll, it had of late gradually but decidedly transferred itself to the other side. All things therefore seemed to point to this: that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

On the night Jarvik finished his unicorn (now antelope) dildo at my house, after airborne enchiladas and chocolate-cake surprise, we sat around watching the news for word of the artificial-heart implant at the University of Pennsylvania, the first implant of a non-Jarvik heart in which the patient had an appreciable chance of survival. The patient was doing well, in fact, and Jarvik expressed his hope that the man would survive a long time. The success of another artificial-heart group would give Symbion that much more credibility. Moreover, he was interested in watching the news because news anchor Faith Daniels might come on. "I really like her," he said. "She's really cute." We also talked a lot about the dildo. He kept asking for paint.

"Don't you have any white spray paint?" he asked, incredulous that my home could run without it. As with the peanuts, I think he believed I was concealing white paint from him. "How about black? It would look great painted black."

I said I had none.

We watched the news and poked at the fire.

"I've got it!" he said a while later. "White nail polish. That'll work great."

I regretted that we had none. Not only did my wife not paint her nails, she most especially didn't paint them white. Not even my four-year-old daughter painted her nails white. I wondered if, in addition to sitting out in tornado weather, Joan of Ark painted her fingernails white. Maybe she was a really New Wave woman.

Later, Jarvik was speculating on how difficult it was going to be to carve the dildo out of ivory, now that he had the prototype done nearly to his satisfaction. He was talking about using some exotic reduction grinding machine at Symbion to make a copy of it. "The only problem is that you can't copy things one to one with it. It only reduces models, so this would come out about one fourth the size." We talked for a while about how it would be to sell tiny ivory antelope dildos. Then he decided that it would be better to send the thing overseas somewhere and have Micronesians or Orientals carve them out of ivory—cheap labor but the real thing.

"It would cast really nice in bronze," he said, admiring the horn, the detail, "but it would be too cold."

And later, just before going to bed: "I've got it! I can have them made of polyurethane."

"You mean Lycra?" I asked.

"Yeah, that's what the artificial heart is made of."

I envisioned the red-brick Symbion building in Salt Lake City churning out flesh-colored Lycra antelope dildos within sight of the Mormon Temple. I imagined an outpouring of chagrin and dismay.

Maybe, I thought, just maybe, Jarvik is a New Wave artist, and this is not medical science at all; it's just art so avant-garde that we can't even recognize it: all these people with artificial hearts and antelopes.

Before going to bed that night, he worried about how he would transport the protodildo without breaking it. I offered him Styrofoam peanuts, but he shook his head, deep in creative thought. He went upstairs, muttering to himself. A few minutes later, he came rushing back down, carrying one of his white Reeboks gym shoes.

"Look!" he said excitedly. "It fits!" He tipped the shoe so that we could see. The dildo was nestled neatly inside.

The next day, at breakfast, after Jarvik had left, we were talking about it, and someone said, "He's just inconsiderate."

"No, he's not!" my daughter piped up. "He fixes people's hearts. He's good."

And therein lies the baffling thing about Dr. Robert Jarvik: He does what he sets out to do. It's difficult to argue with success. He and Schroeder actually went fishing in the summer of 1985. Schroeder caught a fish, too.





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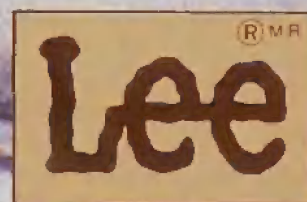
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## PLAYBOY GUIDE

# SPRING PREVIEW

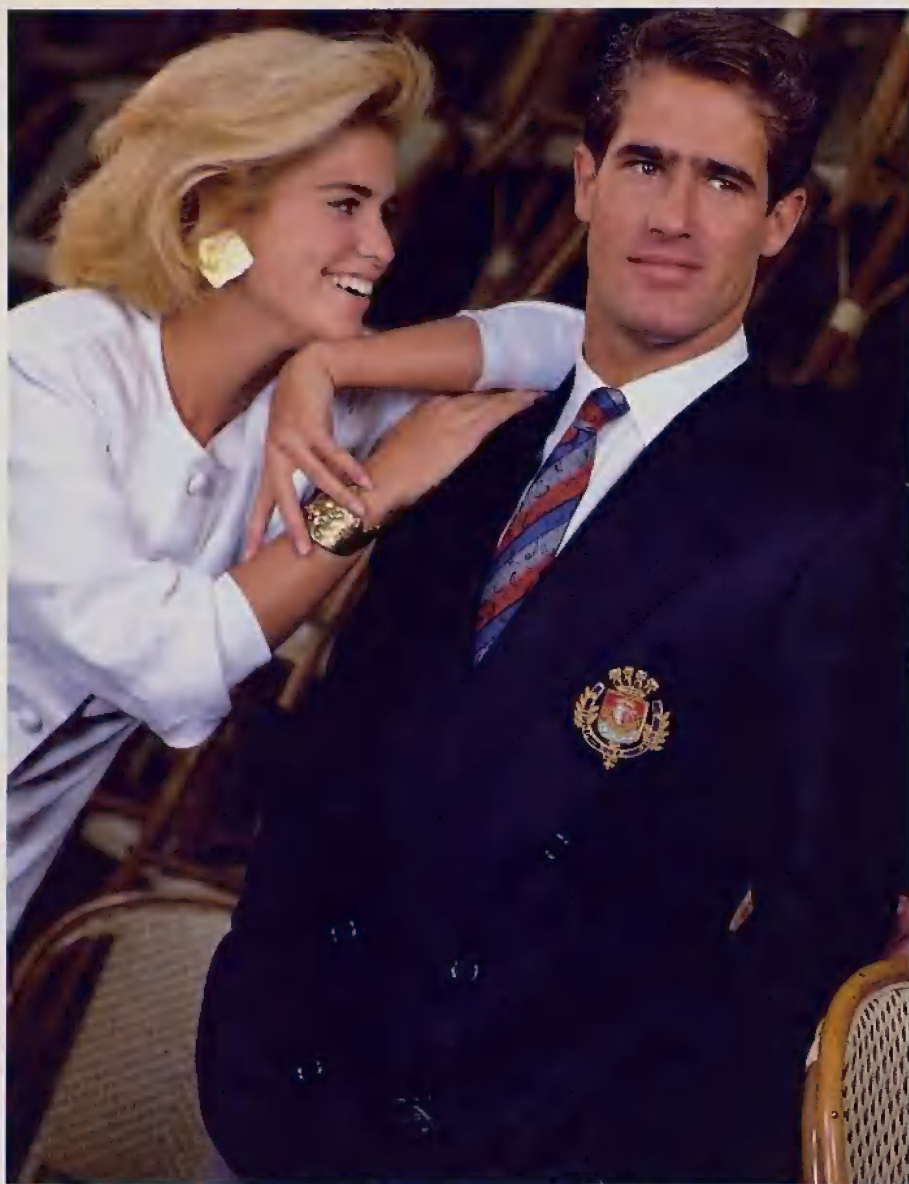
*from new york chic to miami cool,  
when it comes to hot fashion looks,  
we've got you covered*



The look is called dressed to kill, and it has all the subtlety of a club—the newest night club in town. Our man on the town wears a single-breasted indigo/cobalt-linen Jacquard jacket with notched lapels (\$380), a porcelain-blue-linen spread-collar shirt (\$130), a silk patterned tie (\$42.50) and black-linen pleated trousers (\$160); all by Perry Ellis. Her dress is by Norbury and Osuna.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL HALSBAND





The classic blazer is back, this time bolder than ever. Above, complete with club insignia, is a navy-cashmere double-breasted jacket with peaked lapels (\$550), worn with a white-linen dress shirt (\$115), a silk-rip tie (\$60) and gray-wool double-pleated trousers (\$140); all by Huga Boss. At right, suitable for a night on the town, a lightweight wool suit with multicolor pinstripes and notched lapels (\$285). It's worn with a fitted shirt with multicolor stripes (\$35) and a silk tie with a geometric print (\$22); all by Yves Saint Laurent. Women's outfits are by Diane Pernet.

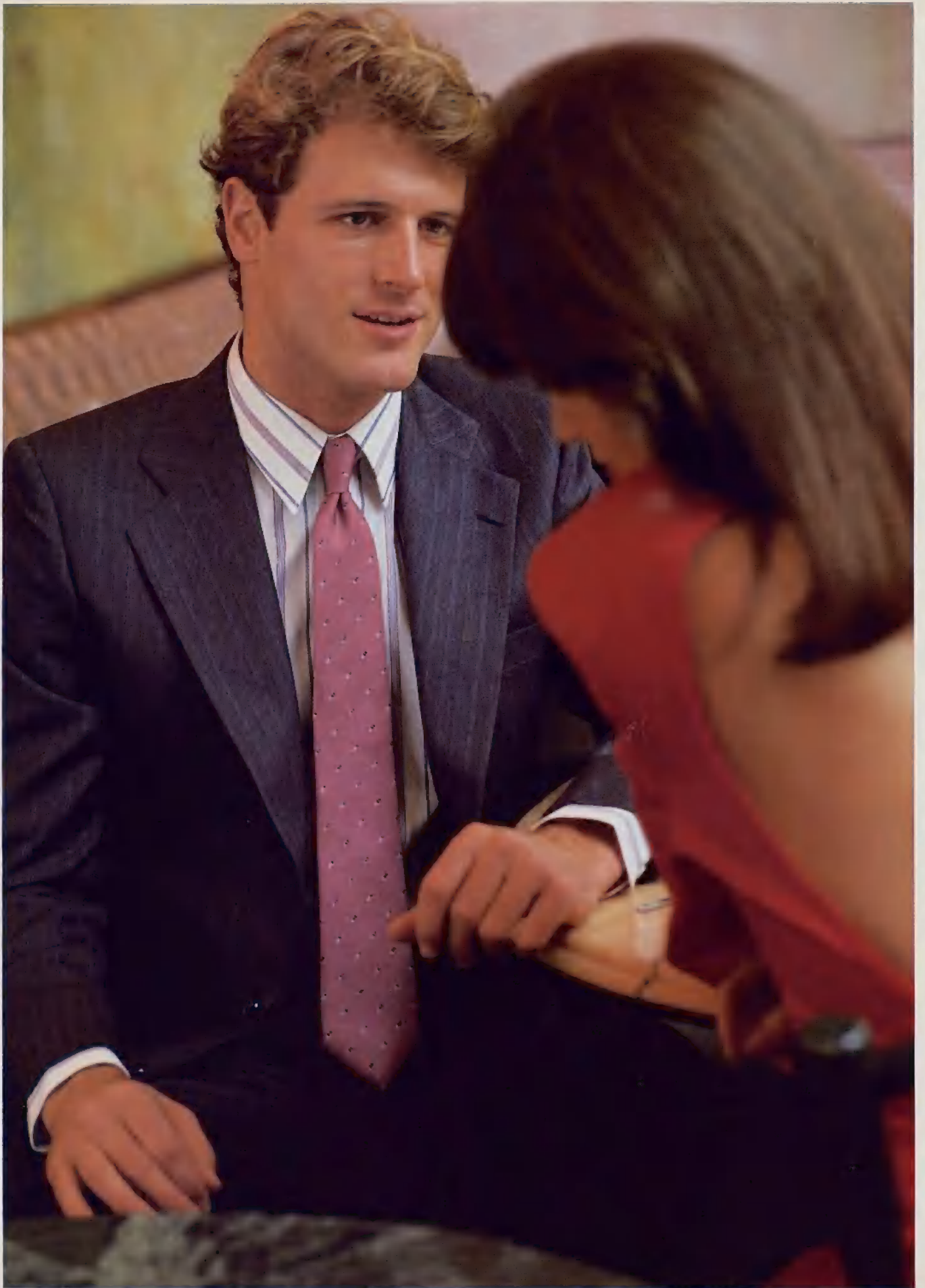
What will you be wearing this spring? Worry not. As lapels widen a little, so does the focus on clothes. This season, there's definitely something for everyone. If you're a traditionalist, you'll welcome the return of the classic blazer. This time around, though, there's a little something extra. You can call it the emblazoned blazer or, more simply, the club look. This solid stand-by, with a proper crest added, has just a bit more dash and

flash to take it anywhere from the right university club to the latest supper club.

And what should you wear to a night club? Something dressy. But these days, you can wear what you like and feel dressed up without being formal.

Even business suits are looking livelier. While the basic colors tend to be on the dark side this spring, many manufacturers have livened them up with touches of pastel for strong-but-subtle types. All right!









Above left, cotton/linen crew-neck (\$180), cotton trousers (\$50); both by Robert Stock; shirt, by The Heartland Co., Ltd., \$67.50. Above right, cotton/linen crew-neck (\$67.50), cotton polo (\$28.50), cotton trousers (\$45); all by Boston Traders. Her outfit, by Joan Vass. At right, linen sports coat (\$240), striped Henley shirt (\$75), linen trousers (\$95); all by Barry Bricken. Polyester/silk jacket, by Pierre Cordin, \$290. T-shirt, by The Gap, \$11. Linen trousers, by Tollio for Hartz & Co., \$85. Her outfit, by Mary Jane Marcasiano. Women's jewelry, by Dennis Perry.

Sweaters this spring are bigger, bulkier and a lot bolder. Horizontal stripes and geometric prints take the lead in a season that will be showing a lot of Shakers to fashion movers. But don't take the bulk as bad. These often oversized sweaters only look heavy. When worn with the right layers (most often a polo shirt or a cotton buttondown), they can make you feel like quite the cool character.

Speaking of characters, we certainly can't forget the

lead ones in *Miami Vice*. The influence of Don Johnson's and Philip Michael Thomas' on-screen wardrobes may well be felt in your closet. The trick to pulling it together on your own is fairly simple: Always wear three shades or colors at once. The key is that everything should go together, but nothing should match. If this seems a little too ambitious, don't get all bent out of shape. Remember, it was Edward James Olmos who won the Emmy.









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## PLAYBOY GUIDE

# FLASH

### GET A LOAD OF THE MUGS ON THIS CHICK

You know how you wake up some mornings and just want to blend in with the furniture? Designer Daniel Hechter knows just how you feel—which is why he's now designing furnishings to go along with his clothes. His snappy stripes and foulard prints, once the province of shirts and ties, now lead off a line of trays and mugs. You've always wanted to pattern yourself after your coffee, haven't you? And when you're not wearing the shirt on your back, it makes a great tablecloth. Hey, are we talking progress here, or what?



### ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK

Say, here's the perfect gift for friends who are doing hard time. It's the Rock Watch from Tissot of Switzerland. Fashioned from granite carved out of the Swiss Alps, this timely terrain is unique. Because the variety of minerals and other materials found in rock dictates a variety of colors and patterns, no two Rock Watches are alike. For \$195, they're just right for those stuck between a hard place and a wrist watch. Wear one when you visit Gibraltar.

### THE ORGANIZATION MAN

Remember the little black book? Forget it. These days, if you can't keep a calendar, a yearly planner, a vintage-wine chart and a subway map along with your phone numbers, what's the use?

While the trend started a while back with the British Filofax System, here are some of the latest entries in the daybook derby.

From left: The Metropolitan Diary (\$26) features full-color maps, financial charts and a listing of cinemas and theaters in top U.S. cities. Next, the Time Traveler from Louis Fabian offers a water-soluble pen and an erasable calendar along with a data bank and a place for reflections (from \$65). The Day Runner (from \$49) has a new Year-In-View insert as well as a section to chart personal and corporate growth. Finally, the Basix Organizer (from \$35) has credit-card holders as well as colored graph paper. All are available at better department and stationery stores. Don't you love that line? Better than what?





*"I didn't notice Maria for the first few days of my visit. Now I think a single word: adultery."*

their intensity. I hear a litany of Presidents' names, Hollywood names, Detroit names—Carter, *chop*, Reagan, *slash*, Buick, *thump*—bounce off the vines as machetes clear the jungle greenness. We spoke a form of Spanish in my Baghdad home. I understand more than I let on.

In this season, the air's so dry it could scratch your lungs. Bright-feathered birds screech, snakeskins glitter, as the jungle peels away. Iguanas the size of wallabies leap from behind macheted bushes. The pool is greener than the ocean waves, cloudy with chemicals that Ransome has trucked over the mountains. When toads fall in, the water blisters their skin. I've heard their cries.

Possibilities, oh, yes.

I must confess my weakness: women.

In the old Baghdad when I was young, we had the hots for blondes. We'd stroll up to the diplomatic enclaves just to look at women. Solly Nathan, cross-eyed Itzie, Naim and me. Pinkish flesh could turn our blood to boiling lust. British matrons with freckled calves, painted toenails through thin-strapped sandals, the onset of varicose veins, the brassiness of prewar bleach jobs—all of that could thrill us like cleavage. We were 12 and already visiting

whores during those hot Levantine lunch hours when our French masters intoned the rules of food, rest and good digestion. We'd roll up our fried flat bread smeared with spicy potatoes, pool our change and bargain with the daughters of washerwomen while our lips and fingers still glistened with succulent grease. But the only girls cheap enough for boys our age with unspecified urgencies were swamp Arabs from Basra and black girls from Baluchistan, the broken toys discarded by our older brothers.

Thank God those European women couldn't see us. It was comforting at times just to be natives, invisible to our masters. They were worthy of our lust. Local girls were for amusement only, a dark place to spend some time, like a video arcade.

"You chose a real bad time to come, Al," he says. He may have been born on the wrong side of Waco, but he's spent his adult life in tropical paradises, playing God. "The rains'll be here soon, a day or two at most." He makes a whooping noise and drinks Jack Daniel's from a flask.

"My options were limited." A modest provident fund I'd been maintaining for New Jersey judges had been discovered.

My fresh new citizenship is always in jeopardy. My dealings can't stand too much investigation.

"Bud and I can keep you from getting bored."

Bud Wilkins should be over in his pickup any time now. Meanwhile, Ransome rubs Cutter over his face and neck. They're supposed to go deep-sea fishing today, though it looks to me as if he's dressed for the jungle. A wetted-down hand towel is tucked firmly under the back of his baseball cap. He's a Braves man. Bud ships him cassettes of all the Braves' games. There are aspects of American life I came too late for and will never understand. It isn't love of the game, he told me last week. It's love of Ted Turner.

His teams. His stations. His America's Cup, his yachts, his network.

If he could be a clone of anyone in the world, he'd choose Turner. Then he leaned close and told me his wife, Maria—once the mistress of Gutierrez himself, as if I could miss her charms or underestimate their price in a seller's market—told him she'd put out all night if he looked like Ted Turner. "Christ, Al, here I've got this setup and I gotta beg her for it!" There *are* things I can relate to, and a man in such agony is one of them. That was last week, and he was drunk and I was new on the scene. Now he snorts more J.D. and lets out a whoop.

"Wanna come fishing? Won't cost you extra, Al."

"Thanks, no," I say. "Too hot."

The only thing I like about Clovis Ransome is that he doesn't snicker when I, an Arab to some, an Indian to others, complain of the heat. Even dry heat I despise.

"Suit yourself," he says.

Why do I suspect he wants me along as a witness? I don't want any part of their schemes. Bud Wilkins got here first. He's entrenched, doing little things for many people, building up a fleet of trucks, of planes, of buses. Like Ari Onassis, he started small. That's the legitimate side. The rest of it is no secret. A man with cash and private planes can clear a fortune in Latin America. The story is, Bud was exposed as a CIA agent, forced into public life and made to go semipublic with his arms deals and transfer fees.

"I don't mind you staying back, you know. It's Bud she wants to poke."


Maria. I didn't notice Maria for the first few days of my visit. She was *here*, but in the background. And she was dark, native, and I have my prejudices. But how shall I say—is there deeper pleasure, a darker thrill than prejudice squarely faced, suppressed, fought against and then slowly, secretly surrendered to?

Now I think a single word: adultery.

On cue, Maria floats toward us out of the green shadows. She's been swimming in the ocean; her hair is wet; her big-boned, dark-skinned body is streaked with sand. The talk is, Maria was an aristocrat, a near-Miss World whom Ransome







“Light my Lucky.”



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partially bought and partially seduced away from Gutierrez, so he's never sure if the president owes him one or wants to kill him. With her dark hair and smooth, dark skin, she has to be mostly Indian. In her bikini, she arouses new passion. Who wants pale, thin, pink flesh, limp, curly blonde hair, when you can have lustrous browns, purple-blacks?

Adultery and dark-eyed young women are forever entwined in my memory. It is a memory, even now, that fills me with chills and terror and terrible, terrible desire. When I was a child, one of our servants took me to his village. He wanted me to see something special from the old Iraqi culture. Otherwise, he feared, my lenient Jewish upbringing would later betray me. A young woman, possibly adulterous but certainly bold and brave and beautiful enough to excite rumors of promiscuity, was that day stoned to death. What I remember now is the breathlessness of waiting as the husband circled her, as she struggled against the rope, as the stake barely swayed to her writhing. I remember the dull *thwack* and the servant's strong fingers shaking my shoulders as the first stone struck.

I realize I am one of the very few Americans who know the sound of rocks cutting through flesh and striking bone. One of the few to count the costs of adultery.

Maria drops her beach towel onto the patio floor, close to my deck chair, and straightens the towel's edge with her toes. She has to have been a dancer before becoming Ransome's bride and before Gutierrez plucked her out of convent

school to become his mistress. Only ballerinas have such blunted, misshapen toes. But she knows. To the right eyes, even her toes are desirable.

"I want to hear about New York, Alfred." She lets herself fall like a dancer onto the bright-red towel. Her husband is helping Eduardo, the houseboy, load the jeep with the day's gear, and it's him she seems to be talking to. "My husband won't let me visit the States. He absolutely won't."

"She's putting you on, Al," Ransome shouts. He's just carried a case of beer out to the jeep. "She prefers St.-Moritz."

"You ski?"

I can feel the heat rising from her, or from the towel. I can imagine as the water beads on her shoulders how cool her flesh will be for just a few minutes.

"Do I look as though I ski?"

I don't want to get involved in domestic squabbles. The *Indios* watch us. A solemn teenager hefts his machete. We are to have an uncomplicated view of the ocean from the citadel of this patio.

"My husband is referring to the fact that I met John Travolta in St.-Moritz," she says defiantly.

"Sweets," says Ransome. The way he says it, it's a threat.

"He has a body of one long muscle, like an eel," she says.

Ransome is closer now. "Make sure Eduardo doesn't forget the crates," he says.

"OK, OK," she shouts back. "Excuse me." I watch her corkscrew to her feet. I'm so close I can hear her ligaments pop.

•

Soon after, Bud Wilkins roars into the cleared patch that serves as the main parking lot. He backs his pickup so hard against a shade tree that a bird wheels up from its perch. Bud lines it up with an imaginary pistol and curls his fingers twice in its direction. I'm not saying he has no feeling for wildlife. He's in boots and camouflage pants, but his hair—what there is of it—is blow-dried.

He stalks my chair. "We could use you, buddy." He uncaps a beer bottle with his teeth. "You've seen some hot spots."

"He doesn't want to fish." Ransome is drinking beer, too. "We wouldn't want to leave Maria unprotected." He waits for a retort, but Bud's too much the gentleman. Ransome stares at me and winks, but he's angry. It could get ugly, wherever they're going.

They drink more beer. Finally, Eduardo comes out with the crate. He carries it bowlegged, in mincing little half-running steps. The fishing tackle, of course. The crate is dumped into Bud's pickup. He comes out with a second and a third, equally heavy, and drops them all into Bud's truck. I can guess what I'm watching. Low-grade arms transfer, rifles, ammo and maybe medicine.

"Ciao, amigo," says Bud in his heavy-duty Texan accent.

He and Ransome roar into the jungle in Ransome's jeep.

•

"I hope you're not too hungry, Alfie." It's Maria calling from the kitchen. Alfred to Alfie before the jeep can have made it off the property.

"I'm not a big eater." What I mean to say is, I'm adaptable. What I'm hoping is, let us not waste time with food.

"Eduardo!" The houseboy, probably herniated by now, goes to her for instructions. "We just want a salad and fruit. But make it fast. I have to run into San Vincente today." That's the nearest market town. I've been there; it's not much.

She stands at the front door, about to join me on the patio, when Eduardo rushes past, broom in hand. "*¡Vaya!*" he screams.

But she is calm. "It must be behind the stove, stupid," she tells the servant. "It can't have made it out this far without us seeing it."

Eduardo wields his broom like a night stick and retreats into the kitchen. We follow. I can't see it. I can only hear desperate clawing and scraping on the tiles behind the stove.

Maria stomps the floor to scare it out. The houseboy shoves the broom handle into the dark space. I think first, being a child of the overheated deserts, Giant scorpions. But there are two fugitives, not one—a pair of ocean crabs. The crabs, their shiny purple backs dotted with yellow, try to get by us to the beach, where they can hear the waves.

How do mating ocean crabs scuttle their way into Clovis T. Ransome's kitchen? I feel for them.



"I know just how you feel. I was once a man myself."



The broom comes down—thwack, thwack—and bashes the shells in loud, succulent cracks. *Ransome, gringo*, I hear.

He sticks his dagger into the burlap sacks of green chemicals. He rips, he cuts.

"Eduardo, it's all right. Everything's fine." She sounds stern, authoritative; the years in the presidential palace have served her well. She moves toward him, stops just short of taking his arm.

He spits out, "He kills everything." At least, that's the drift. The language of Cervantes does not stretch around the world without a few skips in transmission. Eduardo's litany includes crabs, the chemicals, the sulphurous pool, the dead birds and snakes and lizards.

"You have my promise," Maria says. "It's going to work out. Now I want you to go to your room; I want you to rest."

We hustle him into his room, but he doesn't seem to notice his surroundings. His body has gone slack. I hear the name Santa Simona, a new saint for me. I maneuver him to the cot and keep him pinned down while Maria checks out a rusty medicine cabinet.

He looks up at me. "You drive *Doña* Maria where she goes?"

"If she wants me to, sure."

"Eduardo, go to sleep. I'm giving you something to help." She has water and a blue pill ready.

While she hovers over him, I check out his room. It's automatic with me. There are crates under the bed. There's a table covered with oilcloth. The oilcloth is cracked and grimy. A chair by the table is a catchall for clothes, shorts, even a bowl of fruits. Guavas. Eduardo could have snuck in caviar, imported cheeses, Godiva candies, but it's guavas he's chosen to stash for siesta-hour hunger pains. The walls are hung with icons of saints. Posters of stars I'd never have heard of if I hadn't been forced to drop out. Baby-faced men and women. The women are sensuous in an old-fashioned, Latin way, with curvy lips, big breasts and tiny waists. Like Maria. Quite a few are unconvincing blondes, in that brassy Latin way. The men have greater range. Some are young versions of Fernando Lamas; some are in fatigues and boots, striking Robin Hood poses. The handsomest is dressed as a guerrilla, with all the right accessories: beret, black boots, bandoleer. Maybe he'd played Ché Guevara in some B-budget Argentine melodrama.

"What's in the crates?" I ask Maria.

"I respect people's privacy," she says.

"Even a servant's." She pushes me roughly toward the door. "So should you."

The daylight seems too bright on the patio. The bashed shells are on the tiles. Ants have already discovered the flattened meat of ocean crabs, the blistered bodies of clumsy toads.

Maria tells me to set the table. Every day, we use a lace cloth, heavy silverware, roses in a vase. And every day, we drink

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champagne. Some mornings, the Ransomes start on the champagne with breakfast. Bud owns an air-taxi service and flies in cases of Épernay, caviar, any damned thing his friends desire.

She comes out with a tray. Two plates, two fluted glasses, *chèvre* cheese on a bit of glossy banana leaf, water biscuits. "I'm afraid this will have to do. Anyway, you said you weren't hungry."

I spread a biscuit and hand it to her.

"If you feel all right, I was hoping you'd drive me to San Vincente." She gestures toward Bud Wilkins' pickup truck. "I don't like to drive that thing."

"What if I don't want to?"

"You won't. Say no to me, I mean. I'm a terrific judge of character." She shrugs, and her breasts are slower than her shoulders in coming down.

"The keys are on the kitchen counter. Do you mind if I use your w.c. instead of going back upstairs? Don't worry, I don't have horrible communicable diseases." She laughs.

This may be intimacy. "How could I mind? It's your house."

"Alfie, don't pretend innocence. It's Ransome's house. This isn't *my* house."

I get the keys to Bud's pickup and wait for her by the bruised tree. I don't want to know the contents of the crates, though the stenciling says FRUITS and doubtless the top layer preserves the fiction. How easily I've been recruited, when a bystander is all I wanted to be. The Indians put down their machetes and make signs to me: *Hi, Mom, we're number one*. They must have been watching Ransome's tapes. They're all wearing Braves caps.

The road to San Vincente is rough. Deep ruts have been cut into the surface by army trucks. Whole convoys must have passed this way during the last rainy season. I don't want to know whose trucks; I don't want to know why.

Forty minutes into the trip, Maria says, "When you get to the T, take a left. I have to stop off near here to run an errand." It's a strange word for the middle of a jungle.

"Don't let it take you too long," I say. "We want to be back before hubby gets home." I'm feeling jaunty. She touches me when she talks.

"So Clovis scares you." Her hand finds its way to my shoulder.

"Shouldn't he?"

I make the left. I make it sharper than I intended. Bud Wilkins' pickup sputters up a dusty rise. A pond appears and around it shacks with vegetable gardens.

"Where are we?"

"In Santa Simona," Maria says. "I was born here, can you imagine?"

This isn't a village, it's a camp for guerrillas. I see some women here, and kids, roosters, dogs. What Santa Simona is is a rest stop for families on the run. I deny simple parallels. Ransome's ranch is just a ranch.

"You could park by the pond."

I step on the brake and glide to the rut-

ted edge of the pond. Whole convoys must have parked here during the rainy season. The ruts hint at secrets. Now, in the dry season, what might be a lake has shrunk to a muddy pit. Ducks float on green scum.

Young men in khaki begin to close in on Bud's truck.

Maria motions to me to get out. "I bet you could use a drink." We make our way up to the shacks. The way her bottom bounces inside those cutoffs could drive a man crazy. I don't turn back, but I can hear the unloading of the truck.

So: Bud Wilkins' little shipment has been hijacked, and I'm the culprit. Some job for a middle man.

"This is my house, Alfie."

I should be upset. Maria has turned me into a chauffeur. You bet I could use a drink.

We pass by the first shack. There's a garage in the back where there would be the usual large cement laundry tub. Three men come at me, twirling tire irons the way night sticks are fondled by Manhattan cops. "I'm with her."

Maria laughs at me. "It's not you they want."

And I wonder, *Who* was she supposed to deliver? Bud, perhaps, if Clovis hadn't taken him out? Or Clovis himself?

We pass the second shack, and a third. Then a tall guerrilla in full battle dress floats out of nowhere and blocks our path. Maria shrieks and throws herself on him and he holds her face in his hands, and in no time they're swaying and moaning like connubial visitors at a prison farm. She has her back to me. His big hands cup and squeeze her halter top. I've seen him somewhere. Eduardo's poster.

"Hey," I try. When that doesn't work, I start to cough.

"Sorry." Maria swings around, still in his arms. "This is Al Judah. He's staying at the ranch."

The soldier is called Andreas something. He looks me over. "Yudah?" he asks Maria, frowning.

She shrugs. "You want to make something of it?"

He says something rapidly, locally, that I can't make out. She translates, "He says you need a drink," which I don't believe.

We go inside the command shack. It's a one-room affair, very clean, but dark and cluttered. I'm not sure I should sit on the narrow cot; it seems to be a catchall for the domestic details of revolution—sleeping bags, maps and charts, an empty canteen, two pairs of secondhand army boots. I need a comfortable place to deal with my traumas. There is a sofa of sorts, actually a car seat pushed tight against a wall and stabilized with bits of lumber. There are bullet holes through the fabric, and rusty stains that can only be blood. I reject the sofa. There are no tables, no chairs, no posters, no wall decorations of any kind, unless you count a crucifix. Above the cot, a sad, dark, plaster crucified Jesus recalls his time in the desert.

"Beer?" Maria doesn't wait for an answer. She walks behind a curtain and hefts a six-pack of Heineken from a noisy refrigerator. I believe I am being offered one of Bud Wilkins' unwitting contributions to the guerrilla effort. I should know it's best not to ask how Dutch beer and refrigerators and 1957 two-tone Plymouths with fins and chrome make their way to nowhere jungle clearings. Because of guys like me, in better times, that's how. There's just demand and supply running the universe.

"Take your time, Alfie." Maria is beaming so hard, it's unreal. "We'll be back soon. You'll be cool and rested in here."

Andreas manages a contemptuous wave; then, holding hands, he and Maria vault over the railing of the back porch and disappear.

She's given me beer, plenty of beer, but no church key. I look around the room. Ransome or Bud would have used his teeth. From his perch, Jesus stares at me out of huge, sad Levantine eyes. In this alien jungle, we're fellow Arabs. You should see what's happened to the old stomping grounds, *compadre*.

I test my teeth against a moist, corrugated bottle cap. It's no good. I whack the bottle cap with the heel of my hand against the metal edge of the cot. It foams and hisses. The second time, it opens. New World skill. Somewhere in the back of the shack, a parakeet begins to squawk. It's a sad, ugly sound. I go out to the back porch to give myself something to do, to maybe snoop. By the communal laundry tub, there's a cage, and inside the cage, a mean, molting bird. A kid of ten or 12 teases the bird with bits of lettuce. Its beak snaps open for the greens and scrapes the rusty sides of the bar. The kid looks defective, dull-eyed, thin but flabby.

"Gringo," he calls out to me. "Gringo, gum."

I check my pockets. No Dentyne, no Tums, just the plastic cover for spent traveler's checks. My life has changed. I don't have to worry about bad breath or gas pains turning off clients.

"Gringo, Chiclets."

The voice is husky.

I turn my palms outward. "Sorry, you're out of luck."

The kid leaps on me with moronic fury. I want to throw him down, toss him into the scummy vat of soaking clothes, but he's probably some sort of sacred mascot. "How about this pen?" It's a 49-cent disposable, the perfect thing for poking a bird. I go back inside.

I am sitting in the H.Q. of the guerrilla insurgency, drinking a Heineken, nursing my indignation. A one-armed man opens the door. "Maria?" he calls. "Prego." Which translates, indirectly, as "The truck is unloaded and the guns are ready and should I kill this guy?" I direct him to find Andreas.

She wakes me, maybe an hour later. I sleep as I rarely have, arm across my eyes,





*"Very impressive, Lester—but  
did it ever occur to you that your double-reverse  
triple-pump sky-high slamma-jamma doesn't work nearly as well  
with a woman as it does with a basketball?"*



like a Bedouin, on top of the mounds of boots and gear. She has worked her fingers around my buttons, pulls my hair, my nipples. I can't tell the degree of mockery, what spill-over of passion she may still be feeling. Andreas and the idiot boy stand framed in the bleaching light of the door, the boy's huge head pushing the bandoleer askew. Father and son, it suddenly dawns. Andreas holds the bird cage.

"They've finished," she explains. "Let's go."

Andreas lets us pass, smirking, I think, and follows us down the rutted trail to Bud's truck. He puts the bird cage in the driver's seat and, in case I miss it, points at the bird, then at me, and laughs. Very funny, I think. His boy finds it hilarious. I will *not* be mocked like this. The bird is so ill fed, so cramped and tortured and clumsy, it flutters wildly, losing more feathers merely to keep its perch.

"*Viva la revolución*, eh? A leetle gift for helping the people."

No, I think, a leetle sign to Clovis Ransome and all the pretenders to Maria's bed that we're just a bunch of scrawny blackbirds and he doesn't care who knows it. I have no feeling for revolution, only for outfitting the participants.

"Why?" I beg on the way back. The road is dark. "You hate your husband, so get a divorce. Why blow up the country?"

Maria smiles. "Clovis has nothing to do with this." She shifts her sandals on the bird cage. The bird is dizzy, flat on its back. Some of them die, just like that.

"Run off with Andreas, then."

"We were going to be married," she says. "Then Gutierrez came to my school and took me away. I was fourteen and he was minister of education. Then Clovis took me away from him. Maybe you should take me away from Clovis. I like you, and you'd like it, too, wouldn't you?"

"Don't be crazy. Try Bud Wilkins."

"Bud! Wilkins is, you say, dog meat." She smiles.

"Oh, sure," I say.

I concentrate on the road. I'm no hero; I calculate margins. I could not calculate the cost of a night with Maria, a month with Maria, though for the first time in my life, it was a cost I might have borne.

Her voice is matter-of-fact. "Clovis wanted a cut of Bud's action. But Bud refused, and that got Clovis mad. Clovis even offered money, but Bud said, 'No way.' Clovis pushed me on him, so he took, but he still didn't budge. So . . ."

"You're serious, aren't you? Oh, God."

"Of course I am serious. Now Clovis can fly in his own champagne and baseball games."

She has unbuttoned more of the halter, and I feel pressure on my chest, in my mouth, against my slacks, that I have never felt.

All the lights are on in the villa when I lurch Bud's pickup into the parking lot. We can see Clovis T. Ransome, very drunk, slack-postured, trying out wicker chairs on the porch. Maria is carrying the bird cage.

He's settled on the love seat. No preliminaries, no questions. He squints at the cage. "Buying presents for Maria already, Al?" He tries to laugh.

"What's that supposed to mean?" She swings the cage in giant arcs, like a bucket of water.

"Where's Bud?" I ask.

"They jumped him, old buddy. Gang of guerrillas not more 'n half a mile down the road. Pumped twenty bullets in him. These are fierce little people, Al. I don't know how I got away." He's watching us for effect.

I suspect it helps when they're in your pay, I thought, and you give them Ted Turner caps.

"Al, grab yourself a glass if you want some Scotch. Me, I'm stinking drunk already."

He's noticed Bud's truck now. The

emptiness of Bud's truck.

"That's a crazy thing to do," Maria says. "I warned you." She sets the cage down on the patio table. "Bud's no good to anyone, dead or alive. You said it yourself, he's dog meat." She slips onto the love seat beside her husband. I watch her. I can't take my eyes off her. She snakes her strong, long torso until her lips touch the cage's rusted metal. "Kiss me," she coos. "Kiss me, kiss, kiss, sweetheart."

Ransome's eyes are on her, too. "Sweets, who gave you that filthy crow?"

Maria says, "Kiss me, lover boy."

"Sweetie, I asked you who gave you that filthy crow."

I back off to the kitchen. I could use a shot of Scotch. I can feel the damp, Bombay grittiness of the air. The rains will be here, maybe tonight.

When I get back, Ransome is snoring on the love seat. Maria is standing over him, and the bird cage is on his lap. Its door is open and Clovis' fat hand is half inside. The bird pecks, it's raised blood, but Clovis is out for the night.

"Why is it," she asks, "that I don't feel pride when men kill for me?"

But she does, deep down. She wants to believe that Clovis, mad, jealous Clovis, has killed for her. I hate to think of Maria's pretty face when Clovis wakes up and remembers the munitions are gone. It's all a family plot in countries like this, revolutions fought for a schoolgirl in white with blunted toes. I, too, would kill for her.

"Kill it, Alfie, please," she says. "I can't stand it. See, Clovis tried, but his hand was too fat."

"I'll free it," I say.

"Don't be a fool—that boy broke its wings. Let it out and the crabs will kill it."

Around 11 that night, I have to carry Ransome up the stairs to the spare bedroom. He's a heavy man. I don't bother with the niceties of getting him out of his blue jeans and into his pajamas. The secrets of Clovis T. Ransome, whatever they are, are safe with me. I abandon him on top of the bedspread in his dusty cowboy boots. Maria shan't want him tonight. She's already told me so.

But she isn't waiting for me on the patio. Maybe that's just as well. Tonight, love will be hard to handle. The dirty glasses, the booze and soda bottles, the Styrofoam-lidded bowl we used for ice cubes are still on the wicker-and-glass coffee table. Eduardo doesn't seem to be around. I take the glasses into the kitchen. He must have disappeared hours ago. I've never seen the kitchen in this bad a mess. He's not in the villa. His door has swung open, but I can't hear the noises of sleeping servants in the tropics. So, Eduardo has vanished. I accept this as data. I dare not shout for Maria. If it's ever to be, it must be tonight. Tomorrow, I can tell, this cozy little hacienda will come to grief.

Someone should go from room to room and turn out the lights. But not me. I make



"And next time, would you mind not humming 'On Top of Old Smoky' through the whole thing?"



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THE SOUND OF MUSIC	0039212	TERMS OF ENDEARMENT	2014182	MAD MAX	7109052
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it fast back to my room.

"You must shut doors quickly behind you in the tropics or bugs get in."

Casually, she is unbuttoning her top, untying the bottom flaps. The cutoffs have to be tugged off, around her hips. There is a rush of passion I have never known, and my fingers tremble as I tug at my belt. She is in my giant bed, propped up, and her breasts keep the sheet from falling.

"Alfie, close the door."

Her long thighs press and squeeze. She tries to hold me, to contain me, and it is a moment I would die to prolong. In a frenzy, I conjugate crabs with toads and the squawking bird, and I hear the low moans of turtles on the beach. It is a moment I fear too much, a woman I fear too much, and I yield. I begin again, immediately, this time concentrating on blankness, on burned out objects whirling in space, and she pushes against me, murmuring, "No," and pulls away.

Later, she says, "You don't understand hate, Alfie. You don't understand what hate can do." She tells stories; I moan to mount her again. "No," she says, and the stories pour out. Not just the beatings; the humiliations. Lending her out, dangling her on a leash, like a cheetah, then the beatings for what he suspects. It's the power game, I try to tell her. That's how power is played.

Sometime around three, I wake to a scooter's thin roar. She has not been asleep. The rainy season must have started an hour or two before. It's like steam out there. I kneel on the pillows to look out the small bedroom windows. The parking lot is a mud slide. Uprooted shrubs, snakes, crabs, turtles are washed down to the shore.

Maria, object of my wildest ecstasy, lies inches from me. She doesn't ask what I

see. The scooter's lights weave in the rain.

"Andreas," she says. "It's working out."

But it isn't Andreas who forces the door to my room. It is a tall, thin Indian with a calamitous face. The scooter's engine has been shut off and rain slaps the patio in waves.

"Americano." The Indian spits out the word. "Gringo."

Maria calmly ties her halter flaps, slowly buttons up. She says something rapidly and the Indian steps outside while she finds her cutoffs.

"Quickly," she says, and I reach for my pants. It's already cold.

When the Indian returns, I hear her say, "Jew" and "Israel." He seems to lose interest. "Americano?" he asks again. "Gringo?"

Two more Indians invade my room. Maria runs out to the hall and I follow to the stairs. I point upward and try out my Spanish. "Gringo is sleeping, drunk."

The revolution has convened outside Clovis' bedroom. Eduardo is there, Andreas, more Indians in Ted Turner caps, the one-armed man from Santa Simona. Andreas opens the door.

"Gringo," he calls softly. "Wake up."

I am surprised, truly astonished, at the recuperative powers of Clovis T. Ransome. Not only does he wake but he sits, boots on the floor, ignoring the intrusion. His Spanish, the first time I've heard him use it, is excellent, even respectful.

"I believe, sir, you have me at an advantage," he says. He scans the intruders, his eyes settling on me. "Button your fly, man," he says to me. He stares at Maria, up and down, his jaw working. He says, "Well, sweets? What now?"

Andreas holds a pistol against his thigh.

"Take her," Ransome says. "You want

her? You got her. You want money, you got that, too. Dollars, marks, Swiss francs. Just take her, and him"—he says, pointing to me—"out of here."

"I will take your dollars, of course."

"Eduardo—" Ransome jerks his head in the direction, perhaps, of a safe. The servant seems to know where it is.

"And I will take her, of course."

"Good riddance."

"But not him. He can rot."

Eduardo and three Indians lug out a metal trunk. They throw away the pillows and start stuffing pillowcases with bundles of dollars, more pure currency than I've ever seen. They stuff the rest inside their shirts. What it must feel like, I wonder.

"Well, Señor Andreas, you've got the money and the woman. Now what's it to be—a little torture? A little fun with me before the sun comes up? Or what about him—I bet you'd have more fun with him. I don't scream, Señor Andreas, I warn you. You can kill me, but you can't break me."

I hear the safety clicking off. So does Clovis.

I know I would scream. I know I am no hero. I know none of this is worth suffering for, let alone dying for.

Andreas looks at Maria as if to say, "You decide." She holds out her hand and Andreas slips the pistol into it. This seems to amuse Clovis Ransome. He stands, presenting an enormous target. "Sweetie—" he starts, and she blasts away, and when I open my eyes, he is across the bed, sprawled in the far corner of the room.

She stands at the foot of their bed, limp and amused, like a woman disappointed in love. Smoke rises from the gun barrel, her breath condenses in little clouds and there is a halo of condensation around her hair, her neck, her arms.

When she turns, I feel it could be any of us next. Andreas holds out his hand, but she doesn't return the gun. She lines me up, low, genital level, like Bud Wilkins with a bird, then sweeps around to Andreas and smiles.

She has made love to me three times tonight. With Andreas today, doubtless more. Never has a truth been burned so deeply in me, what I owe my life to, how simple the rules of survival are. She passes the gun to Andreas, who holsters it, and they leave.

In the next few days, when I run out of food, I will walk down the muddy road to San Vicente, to the German bar with the pay phone. I'll wear Clovis' Braves cap and I'll salute the Indians. "Hi, Mom," I'll say.

"Number one," they'll answer. Bud's truck has been commandeered, along with Clovis' finer cars. Someone in the capital will be happy to know about Santa Simona, about Bud, Clovis. There must be something worth trading in the troubles I have seen.



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## PASTA!

(continued from page 118)

the pasta and swirl it a few times to keep it from sticking. Cook uncovered. Fresh pasta takes only 30 seconds to two minutes and packaged dry pasta eight to 14 minutes, the thicker varieties requiring the greater time. Pasta should be just cooked through—*al dente*—no more. Fork out a strand and bite it to be certain. Drain the pasta in a colander, do not rinse, and serve immediately. The sauce should be ready and waiting, for the pasta will start to clump if it stands around too long.

### SHRIMP AND TOMATO (Serves two)

This is a simple, classic tomato sauce with a little added zing. Buy the shrimps already cleaned but uncooked. If you clean them yourself, allow an extra 15 minutes' prep time. Pinch off the tails, peel off the shells and run a sharp knife down the backs to remove the veins. A salad of endive leaves and radish slices goes well.

- ½ lb. raw shrimps, peeled and deveined
- ½ lb. medium pasta shells
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 garlic clove, peeled and minced
- ½ cup onion, chopped
- 1 large celery stalk, chopped
- 2 cups canned crushed tomatoes
- ¼ teaspoon dried hot-pepper flakes
- Salt, pepper
- 2 tablespoons parsley, minced

Start water for pasta. Heat oil in skillet. Add garlic, onion and celery. Cook, stirring, until soft. Add tomatoes, pepper flakes, salt and pepper to taste; stir. Bring to boil, then lower immediately to simmer. Cook 6 to 8 minutes. Add shrimps. Cook, stirring, just until they are pink, about 2 or 3 minutes. Pour over cooked pasta and sprinkle with parsley.

### PASTA PRIMAVERA (Serves three or four)

The name refers to the season of new vegetables—*primavera* means spring in Italian—but this can be put together with whatever is available. Use almost anything: green beans, zucchini, squash, carrots, cauliflower, okra, peas. Fresh is best, but some frozen substitutes can be used, within reason. A salad isn't needed.

- 1 large bunch broccoli
- 12–16 asparagus spears
- 1 large sweet pepper, preferably yellow
- 1 medium onion
- 4 large mushrooms
- 2 ripe tomatoes
- 12 ozs. *capellini* (ultrathin pasta)
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 garlic clove, peeled and minced
- 1 teaspoon dried basil
- ¼ teaspoon dried hot-pepper flakes
- ¼ cup fine bread crumbs
- Salt, pepper
- 4 tablespoons butter
- Parmesan cheese

Wash and drain vegetables. Cut off

thick lower stem of broccoli and discard. Cut heads into small flowerets. Set aside in large bowl. Cut off asparagus buds and add to broccoli. Discard stalks. Cut sweet pepper lengthwise into quarters. Remove stem, seeds and inner ribs. Slice pepper quarters into thin strips. Add to broccoli and asparagus. Trim and peel onion. Cut into small chunks. Add to other vegetables.

Trim off tough ends of mushroom stems. Slice mushrooms lengthwise. Set aside in separate bowl. Quarter tomatoes. Remove and discard cores. Cut tomatoes into chunks. Set aside in another bowl.

Start water for pasta. Heat oil in skillet large enough to hold all ingredients. Add mushrooms. Cook for 2 minutes or until mushrooms begin to brown. Add broccoli, asparagus, sweet pepper and onion to skillet. Cook over high heat for 4 minutes, stirring almost constantly.

Add tomatoes, garlic, basil, pepper flakes, bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Cook 1 to 2 minutes more, stirring. Remove from heat.

Melt butter in small saucepan. Put cooked and drained pasta on a serving platter. Pour melted butter over it. Toss. If necessary, reheat vegetables. Arrange them over pasta. Toss gently. Serve with parmesan on the side.

### CHICKEN, PEPPERS AND PESTO (Serves two or three)

*Pesto* is a pungent sauce made of fresh basil, garlic, parmesan or romano cheese and *pignoli* or walnuts. While it is fairly easily made from scratch, the bottled or frozen products available in stores are usually more than adequate. *Pesto* enhances many fowl, veal and fish dishes and is tasty tossed with pasta. Here, it provides the essential tang for a brightly hued plate in the colors of the Italian flag. It may be necessary to heat the *pesto* slightly first.

- 3 sweet red and/or yellow peppers
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 1 small chicken breast, skinless and boneless
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt, pepper
- ½ lb. green (spinach) fettuccini
- 4 ozs. *pesto*
- Parmesan cheese

Preheat oven to 325°. Wash peppers and pat dry. Cut into quarters lengthwise. Core, seed and remove soft inner ribs. Cut peppers into thin strips.

Select baking pan large enough to hold pepper strips. Add olive oil and peppers, stirring to coat. Place in oven and roast for 20 minutes.

Cut away bits of fat, skin, gristle and membrane clinging to chicken breast. Place chicken in saucepan. Add enough water to cover. Add bay leaf, salt and pepper to taste. Bring to boil, then lower immediately to simmer. Cover and cook until pink is gone from center of thickest part of chicken, about 7 to 10 minutes. In the meantime, start water for pasta.

Drain poached chicken. Discard bay



leaf. Cut chicken into strips; set aside. Remove roasted pepper strips from oven. Toss chicken and *pesto* in pan with pepper strips. Return pan to oven. Turn off oven. When the fettuccini is cooked and drained, put it into serving bowl or on platter. Pour and scrape chicken, peppers and *pesto* over pasta. Serve with parmesan on the side.

TUNA, OLIVES AND TOMATO  
(Serves two or three)

This is a pantry dish, assembled from ingredients that can be kept indefinitely on the shelf or in the fridge. (The garlic and onion are optional.)

- ¼ cup olive oil
- 1 large garlic clove, peeled and minced
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- ½ lb. *fusilli* (long spiral-shaped pasta)
- 2 cups canned crushed tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon dried basil
- Salt, pepper
- 1 7-oz. can chunk white tuna, drained
- 12–16 black and/or green olives, pitted and chopped
- 2 tablespoons capers, drained and chopped

Heat oil in large skillet. If using garlic and onion, add to skillet and stir until soft. Put on water for pasta.

Add tomatoes to skillet. Heat briefly, stirring. Add basil and salt and pepper to taste. Stir. Bring to low boil, then turn down immediately to simmer. Cook about

15 minutes. Flake tuna. Add tuna, olives and capers. Stir. Simmer 5 minutes more. Pour over cooked pasta and serve.

CLAMS IN GREEN SAUCE  
(Serves two)

A heady, mildly astringent sauce complements briny-fresh clams. Serve with salad and bread.

- 18 clams, the smallest available, in their shells
- ¼ lb. linguine
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and minced
- ½ cup bottled clam juice
- ½ cup dry white wine
- ½ cup scallions, trimmed and chopped
- ½ cup parsley, minced
- Pinch of dried hot-pepper flakes
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 1 tablespoon water

Scrub clams under cold running water. Drain. Start water for pasta. Put olive oil and butter into large skillet with lid. Add garlic and cook until soft, not brown.

Add clams, clam juice and wine. Stir thoroughly and cover tightly. Cook over medium-high heat. When clams start to open (after about 5 minutes), add scallions, parsley and pepper flakes.

Blend cornstarch and water in cup. Add to skillet. Stir until blended. Pour over cooked linguine and serve.

MEATBALLS IN CURRIED CREAM SAUCE  
(Serves three or four)

Think of this as spaghetti and meatballs detoured through India. When mixing the meat and rolling it into balls, don't handle it more than absolutely necessary or the meat will get rubbery. The amount of curry indicated is only for flavor and aroma, not hotness.

- ¾ lb. ground pork or veal
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 large garlic clove, peeled and minced
- 1 cup onion, finely chopped
- ¾ cup fine bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon parsley, minced
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 1 tablespoon ground cumin
- Salt, pepper
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 large celery stalk, finely chopped
- ½ lb. spaghetti or egg noodles
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- ½ cup chicken broth
- 1 cup heavy cream

Place ground meat in mixing bowl. Set aside. Melt butter in saucepan. Add garlic and half the chopped onion. Cook until soft, not brown. Add cooked onion and garlic to ground meat. Add bread crumbs, parsley, egg, cumin and salt and pepper to taste. Mix ingredients thoroughly with hands, then shape into meatballs the size of golf balls. There should be about 12.

Heat oil in skillet large enough to hold meatballs in one layer without touching. Cook 6 to 8 minutes, shaking and stirring until browned all over. Sprinkle rest of onion and celery around meatballs. Cook, stirring, until onions and celery are soft. Remove skillet from heat.

Remove meatballs with slotted spoon. Set aside. Start water for pasta.

Sprinkle curry powder over celery and onions. Stir to coat evenly. Add chicken broth and heavy cream. Stir. Return skillet to heat. Bring sauce to boil and cook until reduced by about one third. Add meatballs and lower heat to medium. Cook 5 minutes more, stirring frequently. Pour sauce with meatballs over pasta.

THE RIGHT STUFF

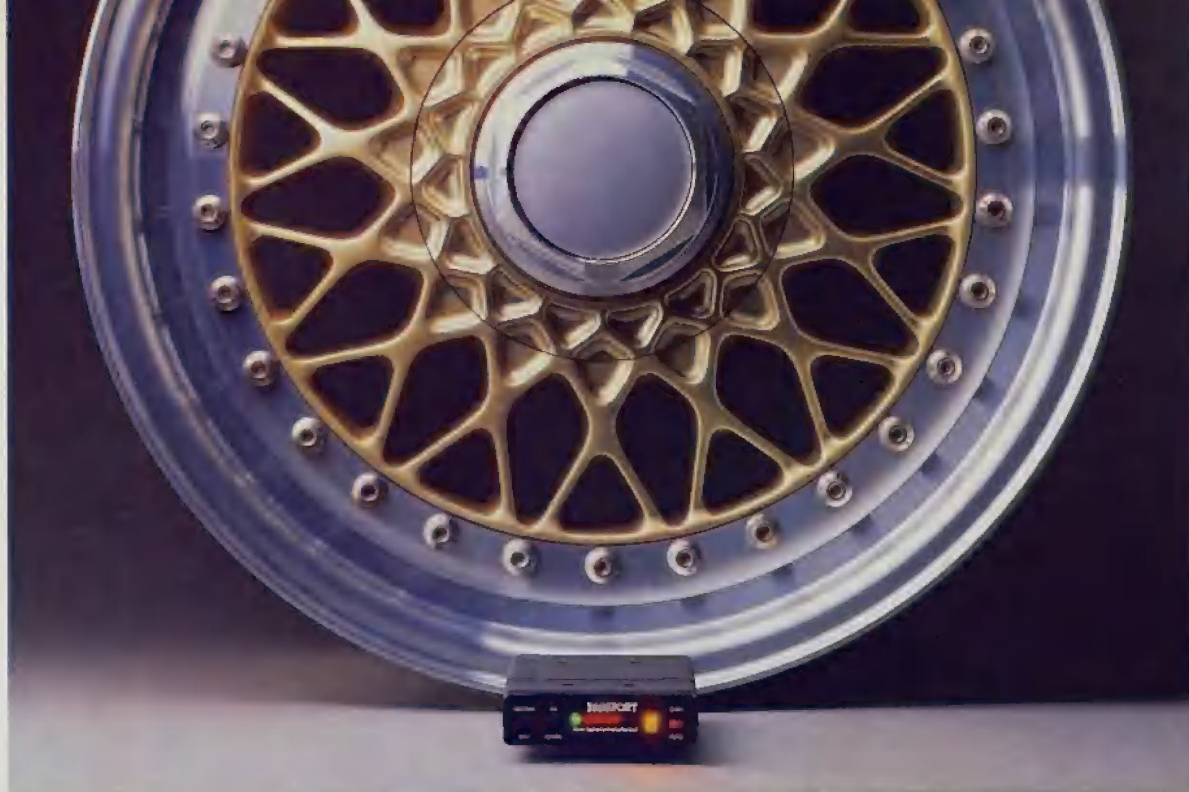
Never doubt the importance of top-of-the-bin and just-off-the-boat ingredients. Credible versions of these recipes can be rendered with standard supermarket products, but they are markedly enhanced by the use of the freshest possible vegetables and seafood and by the top imported grades of canned tomatoes, olives and oils. Have the parmesan freshly grated, grind the pepper at the time of preparation, use unsalted sweet butter.

These recipes are designed for hearty appetites. If, in the middle of the meal, you and your date *have* to do something else, remember: Leftovers can be heated up in a double boiler for the next morning's brunch.



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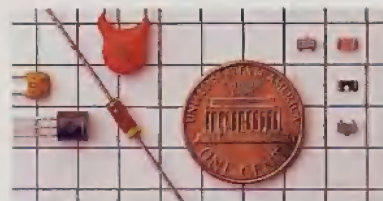
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## JEFFREY MACDONALD (continued from page 72)

*"I always thought the system was a search for the truth. But it's not. It's an adversarial game."*

households in the United States. Don't forget, it appeared at a time when the Manson case was in the forefront of the news. The only remembrance I have of the issue is an article titled "Leda and the Black Swan," or something like that. Ron Harrison, an Army lieutenant and Special Forces Green Beret officer, came over that evening and saw the copy of *Esquire* on the coffee table. He picked it up and asked whether I had read any of the articles. I said, yes, I had read the "Leda" article [chuckles] and we made several male-oriented jokes about the piece. I wasn't aware of the close connection with the Manson article that the prosecutor alleged. They showed it to me at the trial. But it's ludicrous. Why didn't they take the Bible in the house? Why didn't they take my books on philosophy? It just doesn't make sense.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the coincidence of phrases? There was "acid is groovy"—which is not, in fact, the way hippies of the time spoke—"a retinue of four," "stroking her long blonde hair" and the "ritualistic use of candles." The article also referred to a smearing of the word *PIG* in blood on a wall in actress Sharon Tate's home—

**MAC DONALD:** But that was common knowledge. This concerned the vicious slaughter of a well-known actress under bizarre circumstances. I didn't have to read *Esquire* to know the details of the Tate murder. But, again, it is totally irrelevant.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, Judge Dupree asserts that the confessions of Stoeckley and the others are "unbelievable" and have contributed a "factual charade" to the case. Additionally, prosecutor Murtagh said, "If you put everybody in that room who confessed, there would hardly be room in there for Jeffrey MacDonald."

**MAC DONALD:** This comment is typical of Brian Murtagh's lack of attention to detail. If, in fact, a roomful of people have confessed to the crimes, we would very much like to have their names and addresses, because we would like to talk to them. The fact is, Stoeckley was one of the very few people who have confessed to these crimes. Moreover, the CID was very reluctant to take information from those persons who did come forward to give it.

**PLAYBOY:** You contend that Dupree improperly limited testimony by and about Stoeckley. You imply that if she had been allowed to tell what she knew, you'd be free. But the fact is that when she *did* end up testifying, she said that she was not present in your home that night and could not remember many of the things to which she later confessed. Isn't that true?

**MAC DONALD:** In evaluating Stoeckley's

testimony, keep in mind that she was refused immunity. She wanted to testify. She wanted to reveal the names of her co-assailants. But the Government refused to grant her immunity, which it routinely gives to hundreds, if not thousands, of individuals in criminal cases every day in this country. As a result, she withheld her testimony. What her testimony really said, however, was that she could not remember where she was from midnight to 4:30 the next morning. Interestingly, she remembered everything else about her life. The truth is, she was afraid to confess, for fear that she would be prosecuted.

**PLAYBOY:** You've repeatedly said that five persons, including Stoeckley, have confessed to the crimes. However, isn't it true that only two of them—Stoeckley and Cathy Perry [a woman later called a schizophrenic by the appeals court who also made contradictory statements about the murders]—have, in fact, confessed? If you had three additional names, why didn't you produce them at the trial?

**MAC DONALD:** They were produced. Their names are contained in the defense motions and the affidavits. However, they're not *signed* confessions. I don't mean to suggest that. They're admissions of guilt. In other words, we have a signed confession from Stoeckley, in which she names her four co-assailants. She admits her participation, names the other parties and describes what occurred. The others admitted their guilt in off-the-cuff comments to several observers in a park in Fayetteville. And Perry admitted her guilt to the FBI. Now, she didn't use the name MacDonald. She said that she participated in the murders of a physician's family at Fort Bragg. It's obvious that she was referring to the MacDonald murders. However, Perry's confession is a confession—and it's signed. And there are 35 other corroborating witnesses.

**PLAYBOY:** The prosecution dismisses these witnesses as bogus and insists that all those who have "confessed" have contradicted themselves at one point or another. Several are now dead. Can you give us an example of new evidence?

**MAC DONALD:** There was a news carrier in Fayetteville who had observed Stoeckley and her cohorts in their bloody clothing four hours after the commission of the murders. Also, there was Carlos Torres, an ex-MP who stated that he had observed three men running from the wooded area near my home after two A.M. on the morning of the murders. All this new information is *extremely* important: It places people in a vehicle similar to one that had been seen by other witnesses traveling

toward my home prior to the commission of the crimes. It also has them leaving my home hurriedly in the rainy, cold early-morning hours of February 17, 1970. This corresponds perfectly to Stoeckley's version of the split-up of the group. Clearly, this is important evidence.

**PLAYBOY:** [Later] Since you told us about this, we've checked. Torres says this incident occurred at 2:05 A.M. According to your own testimony, you hadn't even gone to bed by then. Second, Torres did not say he had observed anyone running from a wooded area. He said he saw one man at the van and two individuals walking toward the van—that he couldn't tell whether one was a girl. Third, Torres said he could not identify any of the individuals—that it was raining at the time. If he is to be believed, how can his testimony possibly help your case?

**MAC DONALD:** As to his recollection of the time—2:05 A.M.—I don't know what to make of it. [Waves hand] I would question his recollection of time. But what's important is that it fits the general time pattern, because these individuals were seen leaving a fast-food restaurant in downtown Fayetteville at roughly one A.M. and were headed in the direction of my house.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from Torres' statements, what other new evidence do you have?

**MAC DONALD:** Much of it came from being forced to invoke the Freedom of Information Act. We received this material almost four years after our initial application. The information contained therein, as I've noted, proves my innocence. It totally debunks McGinniss' version in *Fatal Vision*. For example, we discovered that Stoeckley's bloody clothing and boots had been in the possession of the CID at some point and were later returned to the persons who had been given them by Stoeckley. This is potentially exculpatory evidence. And it was kept from us at the trial in 1979.

**PLAYBOY:** The prosecution maintains that there never was any bloody clothing—just a pair of boots, a Social Security card and several scraps of paper.

**MAC DONALD:** The woman who came up with Stoeckley's effects, Mrs. Betty Garcia, and her attorney, James Nance, both recalled to us the presence of clothing in the package that was given to the CID. In addition, both Mrs. Garcia and the attorney noted the presence of spots on the boots that appeared to be blood. The prosecutor, Murtagh, has stated on numerous occasions that the boots were examined and were not found to have blood spots. However, he has yet to produce a single laboratory test to prove his contention.

**PLAYBOY:** The Government says one boot had a stain, but it wasn't blood. Do you have any evidence that it was?

**MAC DONALD:** We don't have hard evidence. We have the remembrances of people who saw the boots and the clothing and who stated that they contained dark



spots that appeared to be blood.

**PLAYBOY:** You also stress the importance of a bloody syringe—discovered by an Army investigator—which you say was left behind by one of the drug-crazed killers. But isn't it true that the evidence reveals that someone, with bloody hands, went into the closet, in which there were many syringes, which, in fact, belonged to you? And that it was your blood that was found on the closet?

**MAC DONALD:** [Irritated] I don't know about the latter. That was never testified to at the trial. What was testified to was that a bloodstain of my type was found on the closet door—not inside the closet. It was on the closet door, adjacent to the bathroom that I entered to check my wounds. However, there is no reason to believe that my blood would not be on the closet door. That's perfectly reasonable.

**PLAYBOY:** Earlier, you mentioned the Government's "big-lie technique"; you say that many people have lied through the years. Why would the prosecution have gone to such lengths to conceal, distort, alter and withhold evidence? What would they hope to achieve?

**MAC DONALD:** There are two basic reasons. First is their own vested interest in the case. Their reputations were on the line. They had spent days, weeks, months attempting to convict me of the murders. They were determined to see me found guilty. Second is a truth that becomes clear only after you've been through the system. I always thought the system was a search for the truth. But it's not. It's an adversarial game. And everyone knows it's a game. Whether I walked out of the courtroom in Raleigh, North Carolina, vindicated or convicted did not depend upon the truth. It depended upon the gamesmanship of the respective players.

If his goal was to search for the truth, why would a prosecutor take someone like Pamela Kalin, my baby sitter—knowing there are five sworn statements in which she says one thing—show her photographs of an alleged ice pick, harangue her, even take her to lunch until, suddenly, she has a vision. She remembers an ice pick in my house. The fact is, we didn't have an ice pick. Murtagh won that hand. He showed her photographs of an ice pick until she suddenly remembered one in my house. Well, it's just not true.

**PLAYBOY:** But Alfred Kassab's wife, Mildred, states that she, too, saw an ice pick. She said she recalled using it to chip away some ice in the freezer at your home.

**MAC DONALD:** That's false. In 1979, Mildred Kassab stated that she had used an ice pick. However, my question is: Where was Mildred Kassab in 1970? She was available and her husband testified; neither mentioned an ice pick. Do you mean to imply that the Government's investigators didn't ask her if I had an ice pick in the house in 1970? Do you mean to suggest that they went to Long Island, had lengthy interviews with the Kassabs and never



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asked them whether or not they'd seen an ice pick in the house? It's inconceivable. Actually, it's typical of the CID investigation. But I don't believe it.

**PLAYBOY:** Mrs. Kassab says that's right; she simply wasn't asked about it then. The fact remains, much of what you say you have as new evidence has been dismissed over and over again, starting with the original judge.

**MAC DONALD:** Let's start with the fact that Judge Dupree is involved in a conflict of interest and always has been. His son-in-law, James Proctor, served as one of the key prosecutors. In fact, Proctor spent a good deal of time spearheading the prosecution effort. I believe he shared much of his initial information with Dupree, which served to prejudice my case.

For example, Proctor held a news briefing following Dupree's decision not to excuse himself from the case. In that briefing, he admitted—proudly, I might add—that he was the salient figure involved in my prosecution; that he was the person who had determined that my account of the murders was a fabrication; and that he was the person who had first described Stoeckley as “pathetic”—the same word Judge Dupree used.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds as if everything that

followed came from Proctor's stand against you, as if he alone wanted to prosecute you. But isn't it true that, after the Army first said it wasn't going to prosecute you, almost every attorney in the U.S. Attorney's office in the Eastern District of North Carolina was adamant that if the Army dropped the charges against you, they would ask that you be indicted? In fact, didn't a number of attorneys in the U.S. Attorney's office write a letter to the then U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina, stating that if you were not prosecuted, they'd resign en masse?

**MAC DONALD:** [Hesitates] As far as I know, this is brand-new information. I have never heard it before nor seen such a letter. The point is: Proctor was Dupree's son-in-law. Everyone agrees on that. Even as late as 1982, Proctor still had a relationship with Dupree. We know that because he picked up his mail in Dupree's office.

**PLAYBOY:** Alfred Kassab says the entire Proctor story is a smoke screen. Proctor had divorced Dupree's daughter at the time of the trial. After the divorce, in fact, the two weren't particularly friendly. Don't those facts contradict your claim of collusion?

**MAC DONALD:** No, not at all. You're missing the point. A case is a case from time zero to its conclusion. My case, legally

speaking, began in 1970 and continues to this day. Now, given that, wouldn't it strike you as strange that in 1970, 1971 and 1972, when the marriage was still intact, there wasn't some discussion of the MacDonald case? If such a discussion took place, it was clearly improper.

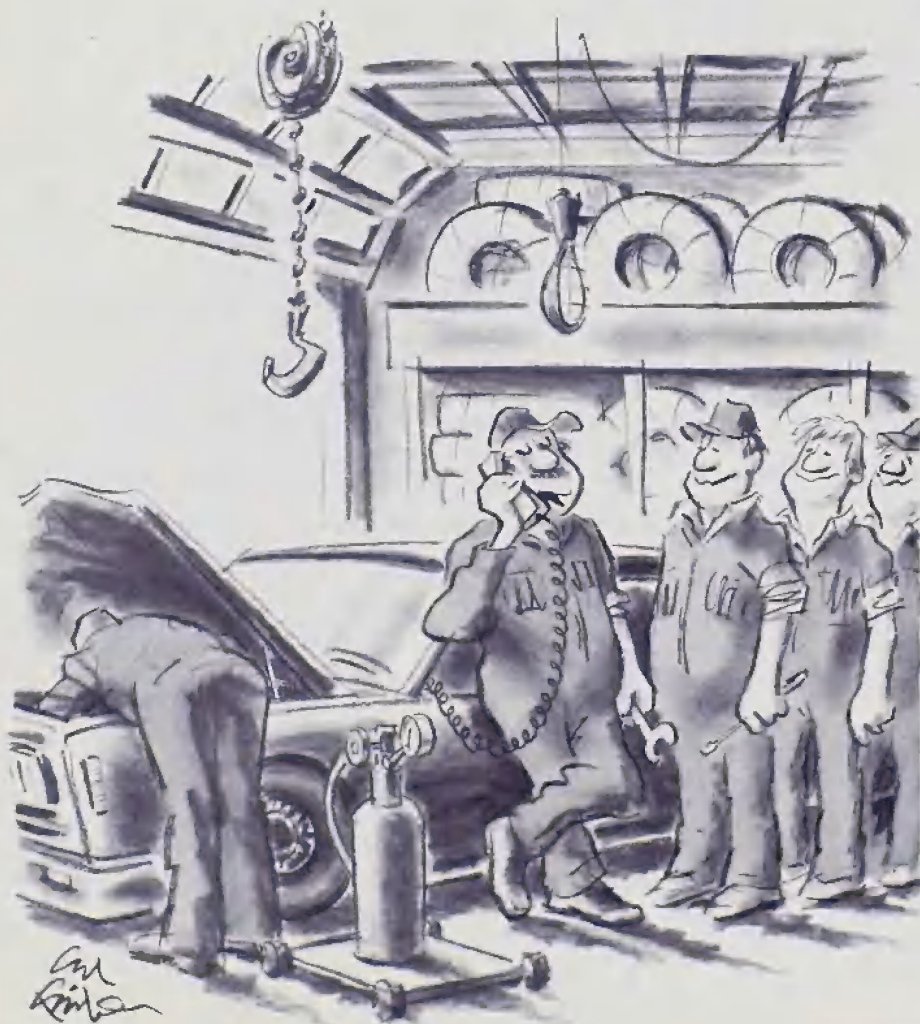
But, more importantly, the judicial canon of ethics is very clear. We do not have to prove that there was ongoing communication between Dupree and Proctor. All we must prove is the appearance of impropriety. And the appearance of impropriety is all too clear.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it true that, although you denied it under oath, you were, in fact, polygraphed in 1970—by a person of your own choice—and that you failed?

**MAC DONALD:** In fact, I took two polygraphs. One was administered by a legitimate polygrapher, who was selected by my defense counsel. The findings proved indeterminate. I was *frantic* with worry and asked my attorney, Bernard Segal, why the results proved indeterminate. He reviewed the questions and concluded that the answer lay in my struggle over my inability to defend my family that night. We then retained a second polygrapher, who began by asking me a series of bizarre questions—for example, about sexual activity—which had nothing to do with the case. They were so bizarre that I stood up, knocked on the window to the adjoining room and motioned to Bernie to come in. I told him about the unusual questioning, and he terminated the session. The polygrapher made a snide comment as he left—unpaid, of course. He was in a huff, because he was being fired. As a result, he did not finish the polygraph. The next day, we attempted to obtain the incomplete polygraph charts. And guess what? The polygrapher said he had lost them. Think about it: He lost the results—this, in a triple-homicide case. It's unbelievable!

**PLAYBOY:** Let's sharpen our focus. What one piece of evidence—if it were available—could prove your innocence?

**MAC DONALD:** I think that evidence was available. And I think it was probably recognized for what it was—which is why it is no longer available. Specifically, I'm referring to a piece of skin found under Colette's fingernail. Two investigators described it as having an oily texture. Unfortunately, while analyzing the skin sample at the CID laboratory, somehow, some way, it was suddenly lost. And the loss of that piece of skin was buried for 13 years. We didn't discover that fact until 1983. The loss of that skin sample proved devastating. For example, what if it had come from a black male? Certainly, that would clear me of the crimes. The question is: Why is it missing? It's inconceivable to me that, once under a microscope in the CID laboratory, under the care of a forensic team, it [mock disbelief] miraculously disappeared. And, of course, that disappearance was hidden from us. Something





is terribly wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** Most experts concede that the item you've referred to was, in all likelihood, a piece of skin, though it was never identified as such. However, the evidence reveals that your lawyers were advised, as early as 1970, that the skin sample had been lost. You didn't object—until now. Why? Is it because, as several witnesses testified that you had what appeared to be scratch marks on your chest, the skin might turn out to be yours, and that suggested a struggle by your wife against you?

**MAC DONALD:** That's false. *[Begins to cry]* Everything you've just said is false. First, my chest. The evidence is very clear. The investigating physician described the wounds on my left chest very specifically. They were not linear—they were circular, small, ice-pick wounds. There's no evidence that they were scratches. That fact has been distorted over the years.

As for the skin, we did not know about its existence, and its subsequent loss, until 1983—13 years after the crimes and four years following my conviction. It was revealed that two, not one, laboratory personnel had studied the skin sample under the microscope. CID investigator William Ivory, the last person to see it, stated in his notes that he had observed a piece of oily skin under the microscope. Then, suddenly, it disappeared!

**PLAYBOY:** How do you account for the fact that none of the murder weapons—for example, the ice pick and the club—had any fingerprints on them, even the knife you said you'd handled?

**MAC DONALD:** That's a complicated question. I don't know, for example, if rain can destroy fingerprints on a weapon found outside on a wet morning. Moreover, I don't know how those weapons were handled. Our impression is—given all the evidence—that the crime scene was handled very sloppily. For instance, we know that various items were dumped into plastic bags. If the ice pick were dumped into a plastic bag, for example, it's quite conceivable to me that the fingerprints could have been smudged and found to be nontypable, and thus discarded. That's a very common finding.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that rubber surgical gloves—of the kind you stockpiled in your closet—were found at the crime scene and that they bore traces of blood?

**MAC DONALD:** I don't know if they bore traces of blood. There were fragments of rubber gloves found in my home. There were also, as you suggest, rubber gloves readily accessible in my home. For instance, there were rubber gloves, ones Colette used while cleaning, in the back utility room on the drier. There was also a set or two on the kitchen sink. So there were numerous pairs of gloves—any of which the assailants could have worn.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from under the kitchen sink, the only place the investigators found any of your blood was in the sink in the

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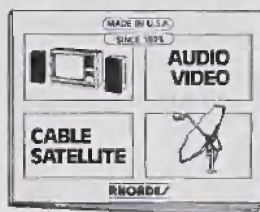


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hall bathroom. Testimony was that that blood had spurted from its source, as though you had injured yourself there. This testimony, many believe, reinforces the belief that your wounds were self-inflicted. Can you explain the blood pattern? **MAC DONALD:** The source of the blood has been crystal-clear from day one. I went into the bathroom, looked at the mirror, which was over the sink, and observed blood around my mouth—the result of having administered mouth-to-mouth resuscitation—and a bruise on my forehead. At no time did I ever self-administer wounds, and certainly the presence of my blood on the sink does not indicate that. There was no testimony as to spatter pattern or any mention of spurring.

**PLAYBOY:** And yet no trace of your blood was discovered in the living room or in the hallway—where you lay—or in the master bedroom. Why?

**MAC DONALD:** But it was. It's part of the record. It's contained in the CID laboratory report. As a matter of fact, it was reported on CNN by Joe Trento, who showed McGinniss the report. The fact is, my blood was found in the hallway where I lay. As was typical, that information was omitted from the prosecution summary charts, which were read to the jury at the close of the trial in 1979.

**PLAYBOY:** During the trial, Dillard Browning, a forensic chemist, testified that fibers and threads matching your blue pajama top were found beneath your wife's body and in the bedrooms of your two children. And yet witnesses testified that few, if any, blue fibers were found by investigators in the living room and hallway, where you said you had been attacked. Can you explain that discrepancy?

**MAC DONALD:** First, blue fibers were found in the living room, at the end of the hallway, where I awoke following the struggle. In fact, Ivory saw them as well. Second, Browning failed to note—and this fact was obscured at the trial—that I was wearing my pajama bottoms when I tried to resuscitate Colette, Kimberly and Kristen. Later, we discovered that my pajama bottoms were discarded by the hospital, upon my arrival. Yet it was known to the CID that my pajama bottoms were torn from knee to knee, through the crotch. This means that, when I was on my knees, administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and when I went into Kimberly's and Kristen's bedrooms, I was wearing a pair of blue pajama bottoms identical in composition to the pajama top that was torn and tattered and that was trailing fibers throughout the house. That's the obvious source of the fibers. Additionally, what the prosecution fails to admit is that upon finding Colette, I moved her body in order to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The doctor, who was called in to pronounce death, also moved Colette. He sat her upright and listened to her lungs from behind. He then laid her back down. It's



obvious that at least some of the fibers must have gotten under her back.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, more than 80 fibers and threads were found in the bedroom, many of them under Colette's body. And fibers and threads were found beneath Kimberly's bedclothing, and one was even found underneath her pillow. They were also found in the master bedroom under the headboard, where the word *FIG* was scrawled. How did they get there?

**MAC DONALD:** [*Wearily*] When I awakened at the end of the hallway, my hands were still bound up in the pajama top, under me, wrapped tightly. When I entered the master bedroom, I somehow took the pajama top off. I don't know whether I ripped it off or took it off or where I threw it. I then knelt down and straightened up Colette's body, which the prosecution also fails to mention. She was leaning against the green chair. As a matter of fact, I think there's a streak of blood on the chair that verifies that. I pulled her flat onto the floor and began administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, kneeling right there. This is a very logical explanation for the location of the fibers. I think the prosecution made a mountain out of a molehill. There were so many people in the master bedroom—there were at least six or eight MPs alone, not counting the rescue people—who walked through that area wearing wet boots that they could have picked up any number of fibers. Therefore, the location of fibers from that point on becomes meaningless. I don't think it's at all important.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said repeatedly that every professional who has examined you has said you were incapable of murder. Although your own psychiatrist at the Army hearing, Dr. Robert Sadoff, testified that you did not possess a "personality or emotional configuration" that was capable of committing such a murderous assault on your wife and children, isn't it true that no Army psychiatrist, or any other psychiatrist, ever said that—

**MAC DONALD:** No!

**PLAYBOY:** But they *did* say that they were incapable of answering such a question?

**MAC DONALD:** No. I had a total of four psychological evaluations, as well as three psychiatric evaluations, all of which were favorable, all of which concluded that I am a normal, decent, rational human being—with the normal range of human emotions and feelings. All of them concluded that I had no pathology of any type—certainly that I wasn't psychotic and had no obvious sociopathic tendencies. None of them cited what McGinniss refers to as "pathological narcissism."

**PLAYBOY:** Well, Dr. James Brussel, who examined you in 1979, concluded that you possessed an "Achilles' heel," and that if it were hit, you were, indeed, capable of murder. His evaluation proved to be extremely damaging, on this and other points.

**MAC DONALD:** [*Leans forward, smiles*] Let

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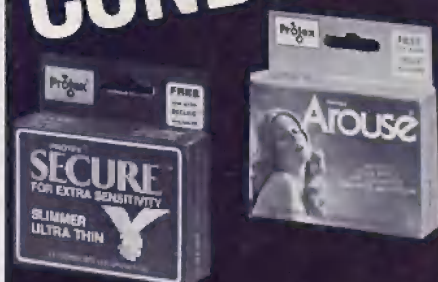
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me tell you about Dr. Brussel. The evaluation took place at night, in the office of my attorney. When I arrived, I was greeted by Dr. Brussel, who was 80 years old. He was accompanied by his partner, Dr. Hirsch Silverman. I asked to have my lawyers present. This request was denied. For the first two hours, I submitted to a series of psychological tests. Dr. Brussel then began what I thought would be a lengthy psychiatric evaluation. I was shocked by what ensued. As I stated, Dr. Brussel was 80 years old; he had recently suffered a stroke, which he freely admitted. He appeared to be drooling from the corner of his mouth and seemed totally disoriented. In fact, he thought he was in Maryland. I asked Dr. Silverman to be my witness, as I was denied the right to have my attorneys present. I asked Dr. Brussel where he was. He said he was in Baltimore, Maryland. I said, "No, you're in Raleigh, North Carolina." And he said, "Well, it doesn't matter." Dr. Silverman comforted me somewhat and said not to worry, that he would straighten things out. Dr. Brussel then proceeded to take out from his pocket a list of typewritten questions. He began by asking me such questions as, "Who wiped the phones?" "Who did the drawings on the walls?" "Why weren't there any footprints outside the windows?" Several of the questions didn't seem to make sense. I then asked him several questions, among them, "Where did you get those

questions?" He said they had been prepared by the prosecutor. And I looked at Dr. Silverman and said, a second time, "I want you to be my witness." I told him that Dr. Brussel's conduct was outrageous. How dare he read from a list of questions prepared by the prosecution? I told him that I thought the evaluation was a sham. He then accused me of being paranoid. He said, "Aha, I see by these questions you're paranoid." I said, "I'm not paranoid. I'm just wondering what you're doing." And he said, "They told me you were paranoid." This went on for 20 or 25 minutes, at which time I terminated the interview. I stood up, said that this was outrageous and told him that I was leaving. When I opened the door, my lawyers were standing outside. They were witness to this. They saw Dr. Brussel. They saw, for instance, that he couldn't find his hat or coat, which were on the rack next to him.

The entire evaluation was a fraud! And although he never testified at the trial—no psychiatric testimony was permitted by Judge Dupree—this is the psychiatrist McGinniss quotes at length in his book.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot has been written about your relationship with Colette. How do you characterize your marriage?

**MAC DONALD:** At the time of the murders, our relationship was the best it had ever been. [A wistful, fond look] It was a very good time for us. It was a period of unwinding, following a very traumatic

surgical internship in New York. We had more income than we had had in years. In fact, for the first time, we had sufficient income to live comfortably, with few, if any, financial worries. My relationship with Colette was excellent; it was loving, it was kind, it was warm. There was no mental or physical abuse. Colette was happy and she expressed her happiness to me, her family and her friends. Her letters to her parents and others attest to that fact.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet today Mrs. Kassab says, "Colette's personality slipped from that of a bouncy extrovert into subdued depression in the months immediately prior to the murders." Do you deny this?

**MAC DONALD:** Yes! The only conceivable worry on the horizon was her pregnancy, which was a legitimate worry, because she had had two difficult Caesarean sections. Apart from that, Colette failed to express or display anxiety, depression, loneliness—any of those things Mildred Kassab has alleged. In fact, Mrs. Kassab's statements in 1970 differ markedly from her later statements. It's difficult to believe she has since experienced a 180-degree change of heart. It's very suspect.

**PLAYBOY:** This brings us to the subject of women. The prosecution charged that you had several extramarital affairs—McGinniss says more than several—which you denied in order to paint a perfect picture of your marriage. Did these affairs exist?

**MAC DONALD:** Yes, I had extramarital affairs. And I admitted that fact when asked. I never lied about it. I'm not proud of those liaisons. But they happened. If I had to do it over again, I would not go out with another woman while I was married. But these liaisons were meaningless. Remember, it was 1969, and I was away at an Army post. I went to several parties and I had a date with a girl. That's all. And I admitted it.

**PLAYBOY:** But did Colette know of your extramarital activities?

**MAC DONALD:** No, she didn't. These liaisons were not long-lasting love affairs. They had no emotional content. I met a girl at a party and we spent the night together. That's it. No more, no less.

**PLAYBOY:** McGinniss makes the point that it was considerably more, that your version of your sex life doesn't hold up. Didn't you give a red-and-black negligee to Penny Wells, your high school girlfriend, the night before your wedding to Colette?

**MAC DONALD:** That's totally false. I never met Penny the night before my wedding. I was at a bachelor party in New York. I did give her a gift, but it was much earlier.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it also true that you had sex with another woman shortly after the murders while under arrest at Fort Bragg?

**MAC DONALD:** This occurred approximately six months later and at a time of intense depression, anxiety and grieving. But not while I was in custody. Anyway, it has no importance.

**PLAYBOY:** In *Fatal Vision*, McGinniss



"Is this some kind of a put-on or what?"



advances a theory that your sexuality was a key to understanding your motives. He quotes psychological testimony that suggests that you possess a possible repressed homosexuality. And later, he cites texts that describe a pathological narcissism that he believes could also be applicable to your psychological make-up. How do you feel about that?

**MAC DONALD:** Every male possesses, to some extent, an aggression quotient. The same holds true for women. Where one stands on that scale must be measured in terms of its relationship to other feelings. The same can be said for sexuality. It strikes me as Psych 101 to suggest that because someone jumps out of airplanes, or perhaps joins the Green Berets, he must have latent homosexual fears. [Makes derisive gesture] Joe implies that I'm somehow afraid of my own masculinity—that these *macho* activities are rooted in a desire to prove my manhood. That's ridiculous! Similar suggestions of latent homosexuality have been raised concerning policemen, surgeons, sports figures. It may or may not be true in some cases. But it doesn't make them abnormal. What's abnormal is McGinniss' exploitation of normal findings.

[Strongly] I'm a normal male, with normal sexual urges. I've had normal, stable, friendly, nonviolent relationships with all the major figures in my life. Joe takes information out of context, frames it in innuendo and misperception, and then implies that it's rooted in the truth. It's ridiculous! I know it and he knows it.

**PLAYBOY:** The central point of McGinniss' book—of its title—is that you murdered your wife and children, owing to a deep-seated hatred of women—a fatal vision of the female sex and of your own manhood.

**MAC DONALD:** First, I didn't murder my family. Second, there's no evidence to suggest that I did. Third, the psychological profiles of me are very well known. Few people in this world have been studied as extensively as have I. The psychologists and psychiatrists who've examined me would dispute Joe's contention. They say I'm normal. And I agree. So do my friends. All concerned say that my relationships have been healthy, especially my relationship with Colette. I don't possess streaks of rage boiling just below the surface. And I have no streaks of latent homosexuality. I have no pent-up rage toward women. Despite what Joe says, I have no such feelings.

**PLAYBOY:** But at the trial, the prosecution attempted to paint a picture of you as a man with an uncontrollable temper—one that could, if provoked, explode in an act of maniacal violence. Isn't it true that you have, in fact, a bad temper?

**MAC DONALD:** Like everyone else, I have a temper. That's part of being human. But I'm not violent. I never have been. I try to cope with anger by attempting to solve the problem that produced it. Clearly, I'm not a passive person. Quite the contrary,

I'm reasonably aggressive. I possess a surgeon-type personality. But I do not react to problems with rage or violence or instability. The examples cited by McGinniss in *Fatal Vision* are totally specious. They were contradicted by all of the witnesses who testified. He can't prove one example of violent behavior.

**PLAYBOY:** He writes that upon release from the Army, you physically abused and threatened a ten-year-old boy with whose mother you were having an affair. The boy, Danny, went on to attend an Ivy League school and confided years later to McGinniss that you turned on him ferociously and made him afraid for his life.

**MAC DONALD:** That's absolute hogwash! First, the episode you're referring to allegedly occurred at my home in California, following my move there in 1971. Present were Danny, his mother and myself. We have statements that directly contradict Joe's version. In addition, Danny and I had a good relationship, predicated upon the normal interaction that one would expect between an adult male and a ten-year-old boy. There was a lot of horseplay. We would run together, play soccer, swim. We would dive off my boat. I would push him off, and he would push me off. I was never abusive or threatening to Danny. His mother did tell me about one episode in which he became frightened by the horseplay. I was unaware of it at the time. Danny never mentioned it to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Following your discharge from the Army, why did you move to California, as opposed to remaining in the area to track down the assailants?

**MAC DONALD:** Basically, I moved to preserve my own mental health. I was extremely depressed at the time. And I just wasn't functioning well. I came to the conclusion that I didn't want to spend the rest of my life searching for the culprits. It seemed like a negative and destructive act on my part. I felt I had to move on.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true, as one reporter wrote, that when you informed the Kassabs of your decision to move to California, Mildred stated, "If you leave, I will make you live to regret it"? If so, do you view your decision to move as the catalyst in their change of position?

**MAC DONALD:** I don't think that decision precipitated their fanatical change of attitude. I thought so at first, but not now. The fact is, Freddy Kassab is a fanatic by nature. He was fanatical in my defense. Once he saw a chink in my armor, so to speak, he switched sides and was equally fanatical. I don't think anything would have changed Freddy. Nothing will change him now. Even if we produced video tapes of the actual commission of the crimes by the assailants, Freddy would not believe them. That's how he is. Freddy has to have someone to blame. And, unfortunately, that someone is me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you tell Kassab, as you now admit, that you found out where one



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of the so-called hippies hung out, stalked him and killed him?

**MAC DONALD:** [*Looks regretful, embarrassed*] I didn't preplan that statement. I've asked myself the same question a thousand times. I think it reflected my inability to cope—the fact that I proved unable to defend my family. It was my way of saying to Freddy, “Look, I did the best I could. I tried to save Colette and the kids and couldn't. But I did track down and kill one of them.” I suppose I wanted to inflate my own image or whatever. But the initial stimulus stemmed from the fact that Mildred and Freddy were so bent on “an eye for an eye.” And I thought that my assuaging their need for vengeance would enable them to find some satisfaction and get on with their lives. In retrospect, it was a terrible decision on my part. But I don't think it was done maliciously. It was done to try to help the Kassabs, as well as to increase my own self-worth.

**PLAYBOY:** You've maintained that you were convicted because you represented a sort of life-in-the-fast-lane, California personality to a North Carolina judge and jury.

**MAC DONALD:** Yes. I firmly believe that the fact that I was a physician, that I was Princeton-educated and that I lived in California bore tremendous fruit for the Government and helped seal my conviction. The attitude in the courtroom was, “We'll show you.” The attitude common among the local press was, “We'll show the MacDonald defense team how things work in North Carolina.” And the judge, in his rulings and his body language, sent a similar message to the jury—that this was a highfalutin defense team brought in to harass good local people.

**PLAYBOY:** Specifically, what may have worked against you with these people?

**MAC DONALD:** The fact that the defense team was fairly large, that I was well dressed, that I had girlfriends, that Bernie Segal is Jewish. The judge, the jury and the press were told that I had a California condominium on the water, that I drove a fancy car, that I had a beautiful girlfriend. From these, they assume that I'm a superficial person whose life is dominated by hedonism. They portrayed me as a “jet setter.” In truth, I'm a middle-class physician who lived in a middle-class neighborhood, who enjoyed middle-class pleasures but had the income to experience some of the nicer aspects of life. But, thanks to McGinniss, the public views me as the consummate pleasure seeker. That's not my main goal in life. My main goal is to be a competent doctor—a contributing member of society.

**PLAYBOY:** That's not the portrait most people who read the book or saw the movie have. What about another of McGinniss' conclusions—about that aspect of your personality—that you repress emotion?

**MAC DONALD:** Today, I'm 42—and a very different person than I was at 25 or 30. In my 20s and 30s, I did find it difficult to express emotion. [*Seemingly reluctant*] For

example, until relatively recently, I've found it difficult to express my love for a woman. It was not easy for me to say “I love you” to Colette. On the other hand, I said it. And I hope I said it enough. I think she understood how much I loved her, even though I would not come home every night, throw my arms around her and say, “I love you more than anything in the world.” I just wasn't that kind of man. And I'm probably still not. I'm one of those men who created the need for an Alan Alda. That doesn't mean I'm pathological. [*Pauses*] It simply means that I'm fairly typical of many men.

**PLAYBOY:** You used the word pathological; if you claim not to be the monster you've been made out to be, who are you?

**MAC DONALD:** [*Instantly*] I'm active, energetic, hard-working, empathetic. I'm very demanding of people around me. I also think I'm intelligent. Hopefully, I'm less arrogant than I come across, because I certainly come across as arrogant. I'm much more accepting of people today—warts and all—than I was earlier in life. I'm also a fairly compulsive person. I'm a list maker, for instance. I tend to finish chores rapidly and to have many irons in the fire. I'm certainly not the archetypal placid Libran. I have considerable fire and drive. I'm also very competitive. I always have been—in school, at work, at play. I suspect I always will be.

**PLAYBOY:** You were sentenced to three consecutive life terms and you've now been incarcerated for more than four years. Besides fighting to maintain your innocence, how do you cope with prison life?

**MAC DONALD:** At first, I thought simply in terms of survival and fighting off massive depression. After a time, I became more accustomed to prison life and less fearful of physical assault. You can view prison in one of two ways. You can become totally absorbed in prison life—and shut out the rest of the world—or you can pretend you're not incarcerated, which is what I do. For example, I use the telephone whenever possible to maintain contact with my lawyers, my secretary, former business associates and fellow physicians in Long Beach. A newsletter is circulated about developments in my case. In short, most of my time is spent on my case and on fostering close relationships with people who are important in my life.

As for life inside here, common sense tells you that it's hazardous to your health to develop close friendships in prison. As a result, most people tend to fend for themselves. I have a small circle of friends with whom I spend time, but they're not the type of friendships that you would develop on the outside. Most inmates are fairly secretive, fearful that their secrets could get into the wrong hands.

**PLAYBOY:** Here you are, awaiting one last appeal, hoping you'll be believed. You have often begun your recital of your case by stating that the Army initially dropped charges against you because they were

untrue. But, in fact, didn't the Army's press release say the charges were dropped due to insufficient evidence?

**MAC DONALD:** [*Eyes glaze; pauses; tears flow*] You're referring to a statement issued by Lieutenant General John Tolson from headquarters at Fort Bragg. That was a requirement of the Army. That was not, and I repeat, that was not the statement of Colonel Warren Rock, who was the presiding officer at the Article 32 hearing. His report is very clear. It states, in unmistakable language, the following: First, that the charges against Captain MacDonald were not true and, second, that, in his view, Army authorities should investigate a civilian, Helena Stoeckley, or ask the Justice Department to do so, as to her whereabouts on February 17, 1970. That is all he said. There exists no other statement in the 90-page report concerning the Army's findings. That's it, period.

**PLAYBOY:** If you should be exonerated, do you think you could resume a normal life?

**MAC DONALD:** No. I do think, however, that time brings with it a normal healing process. I believe I'll be able to function well—that I can return to being a productive member of society. I hope to have a healthy relationship with a woman—and, hopefully, a family.

[*Sadly*] But yet I know, deep down, that the loss of Colette and my two children will always remain with me. That's inevitable. It's impossible to wipe away the shame, the humiliation, the anger and the frustration that have accompanied this nightmare.

[*On December 17, 1985—shortly after the conclusion of this interview—the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals denied MacDonald's motion, saying it saw “no basis” upon which to overturn the verdict.*]

**PLAYBOY:** Moments ago, the court of appeals denied your motion. Is that a fatal blow to your hopes?

**MAC DONALD:** It's a devastating blow. There's no way around it. It's beyond comprehension. We expected to win this time. Our appeal was solid. We felt that the court would understand the implications of our new evidence, of our 35 new corroborating witnesses. Either they failed to understand the evidence or they didn't read it or didn't care. Obviously, the decision is certain to change the next several years of my life.

**PLAYBOY:** And the optimism that you say you felt when we began talking? What do you say to people who still believe in you?

**MAC DONALD:** We will persevere. Our job has been made more difficult by this decision, but I cannot and will not roll over and play dead! The truth is on our side. We must keep fighting until we prevail.

[*One day after this interview was concluded, MacDonald was placed in handcuffs and chains and taken from Bastrop for “permanent” incarceration at the Federal Correctional Institution in Phoenix, Arizona.*]





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# STALLONE VS. SPRINGSTEEN

(continued from page 117)

*"Like John Wayne, Stallone became a celluloid hero with the help of stunt men."*

pays a price in body bags or pain or blood or doubt or remorse or fear. The enemy is stereotyped and therefore dehumanized. The emotions Stallone liberates are hostility and aggression: Audiences come out of the theater wanting to kick some Commie ass in Nicaragua.

By contrast, the essential human feeling Springsteen liberates is empathy—compassion for the common man trapped in the dead-end world of the hourly wage. The realistic words of Springsteen's best songs are about the hurt of unemployed workers; about reconciliation with estranged parents through understanding their lives; about staying hopeful even though experience falls short of the American dream.

In *Rambo*, Stallone depicts the Vietnam veteran as a killing machine, a deranged, rampaging executioner. In *Born in the U.S.A.*, Springsteen depicts the Vietnam veteran as neglected—wanting to be reintegrated into society as a normal person but getting the brush-off from a bureaucrat at the Veterans Administration. Recall the misunderstood and misheard words of the Springsteen anthem:

*Got in a little hometown jam,  
So they put a rifle in my hand.  
Sent me off to a foreign land  
To go and kill the yellow man. . . .  
Come back home to the refinery.  
Hiring man says, "Son, if it was up to  
me. . . ."  
Went down to see my VA man;  
He said, "Son, don't you understand  
now?"  
I had a brother at Khế Sanh  
Fighting off the Viet Cong.  
They're still there; he's all gone.  
He had a woman he loved in Saigon—  
I got a picture of him in her arms now. . . .*

The difference between Stallone and Springsteen is perhaps best illuminated by reading an essay George Orwell wrote in 1945, before either Stallone or Springsteen was born. In the essay, *Notes on Nationalism*, Orwell makes a distinction between nationalism and patriotism and then suggests that they are, in fact, opposites:

By "nationalism," I mean first of all the habit of assuming that human beings can be classified like insects and that whole blocks of millions or tens of millions of people can confidently be labeled "good" or "bad." But secondly—and this is much more important—I mean the habit of identifying oneself with a single nation or other unit, placing it beyond good and evil and recognizing no other

duty than that of advancing its interests. Nationalism is not to be confused with patriotism . . . since two different and even opposing ideas are involved. By "patriotism" I mean a devotion to a particular place and a particular way of life, which one believes to be the best in the world but has no wish to force upon other people. Patriotism is of its nature defensive, both militarily and culturally. Nationalism, on the other hand, is inseparable from the desire for power. . . .

It can plausibly be argued, for instance—it is even probably true—that patriotism is an inoculation against nationalism.

Stallone as Rambo snarls, "Damn Russian bastards" and kills a few more. Springsteen introduces *This Land Is Your Land*, the first encore at all his concerts, as "the greatest song ever written about America," and then reminds his fans, "Remember, nobody wins unless everybody wins." That's one difference between nationalism and patriotism.

Stallone manipulates Americans' feelings of frustration over the lost Vietnam war and helps create a jingoistic climate of emotion in which a future war might be welcomed. Springsteen asks us to honor the neglected and rejected Vietnam veterans, so that we won't glide gleefully into the next war without remembering the real cost of the last one. That's a second difference between nationalism and patriotism.

"It's a right-wing fantasy," said Stallone, talking to *Time* about last summer's big hit. "What Rambo is saying is that if they could fight again, it would be different." He added that he was looking for another "open wound" as a site for a sequel, possibly Iran or Afghanistan.

Ron Kovic is a paraplegic author and Vietnam veteran. As an honored guest at Springsteen's opening-night concert last August at the Giants' stadium in New Jersey, Kovic told reporters, "I've been sitting in this wheelchair for the past 18 years. And I can only thank Bruce Springsteen for all he has done for Vietnam veterans. *Born in the U.S.A.* is a beautiful song that helped me personally to heal." The difference between looking for another open wound as a movie backdrop and creating music that is healing—that's a third distinction between nationalism and patriotism.

•  
Congressman Lane Evans of Illinois is an ex-Marine. "*Rambo*," he says, "is dan-

gerous because it is dishonest about reality. It creates the myth of a superhuman, invincible *macho* man as the quick-fix solution to all our international problems. Stallone is saying to people that the answer is always to send in a rescue mission of former Green Berets and commandos. That is certainly *not* the remedy for complex situations like Nicaragua."

But what Stallone did with *Rambo* was brilliant in an opportunistic way. He replayed the war to give it a happy ending. In doing that, he raised false hopes among tormented M.I.A. and POW families that are destined to be crushed by real life.

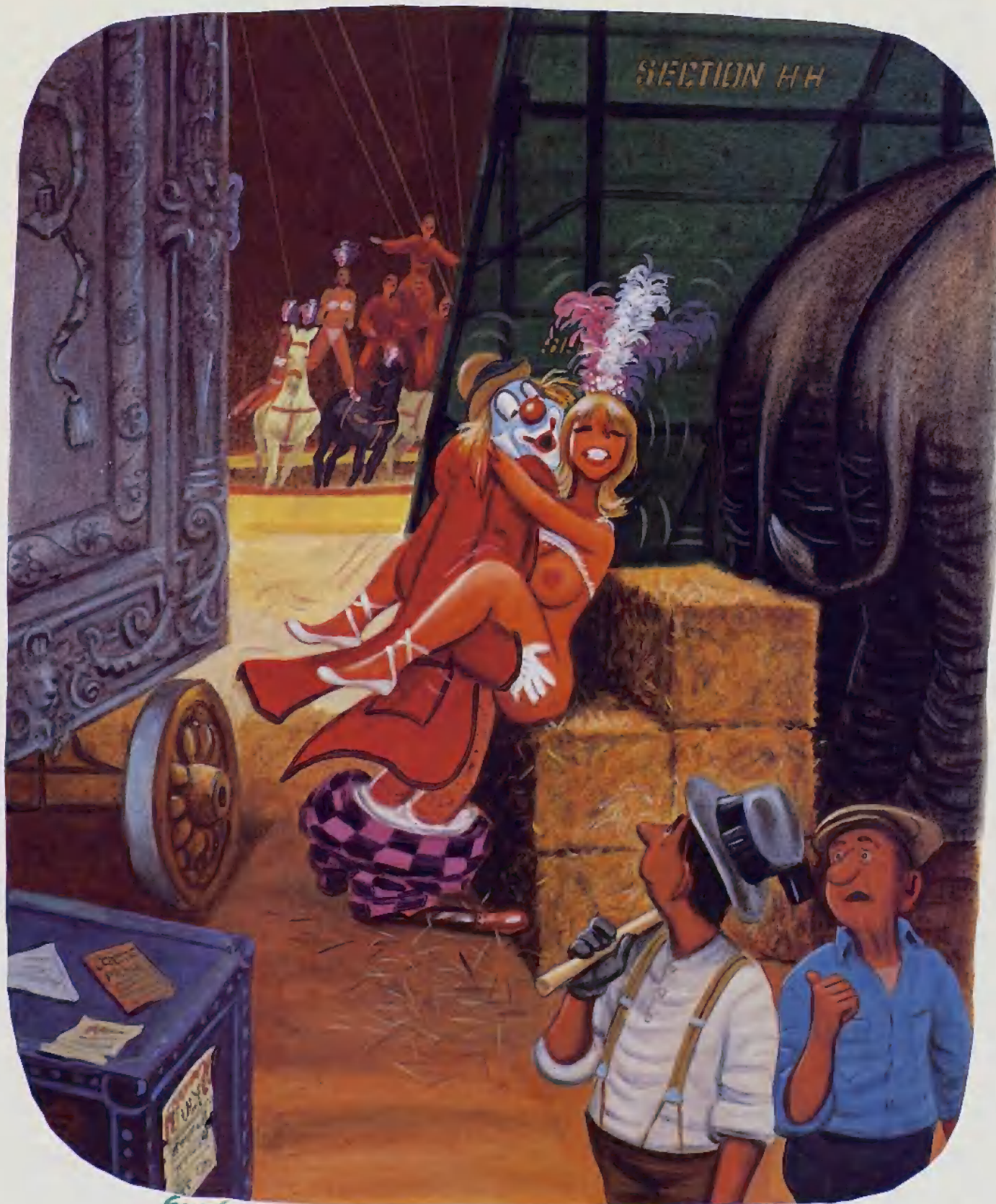
"I came out of the movie angry," says Dr. Charlie Clements, an activist for Vietnam-veteran causes. "I came out of the movie feeling exploited as a veteran. I came out thinking that this movie exploits America."

Stallone himself escaped military service, though he was eligible for the draft during the bloodiest years of the Vietnam war. (Springsteen did not serve, either. He was 4-F because of a concussion caused by a motorcycle accident. But the issue is not the courage to serve; it is the hypocrisy of not serving but promoting wars for others to fight.) Like John Wayne, Stallone became a celluloid hero with the help of stunt men and special-effects experts. The undisputed facts are these: Stallone was a girls' athletic coach at an elite private school in Switzerland from 1965 to 1967. From 1967 to 1969, he was a student in the drama department of the University of Miami. While America was losing the Vietnam war during the early Seventies, Stallone was making the soft-core flick *A Party at Kitty and Studs*.

In the November 8, 1976, issue of *The Village Voice*, Pete Hamill published a favorable profile of Stallone. The piece contained several revealing quotes from "America's Hero" about his ethics and lifestyle during the years when 58,000 of his countrymen were dying in Vietnam. Of his tenure as an acting student, Stallone said, "I learned it is actually possible to function without brain waves for two years." Of his tour of duty at the school in Switzerland, he confided, "I didn't want to ski. I just wanted to get loaded and play pinball machines. Essentially, I was the imported American sheep dog for these little lambs, these girls. . . ."

Congressman Andrew Jacobs of Indiana was disabled as a Marine during the Korean War. When I asked him for his thoughts on *Rambo*, he deliberated for a moment and said, "The issue is hypocrisy, nothing else. I doubt if there are 20 of us in Congress who have ever faced a man with a rifle who was actually trying to kill you. Few of them here even have the slightest notion of the bone-chilling terror of war. It all reminds me of something the Twenties columnist 'Kin' Hubbard wrote: 'There is too much said about the glory of dying





Buck Brown

"You ever notice? People just can't resist a clown!"



for your country by those who never tried it.”

Nationalism, as defined by Orwell, is an intoxicating but essentially negative emotion, because it is, by its very nature, intolerant. It does not respect the rights of minorities or the dignity of neighbors. It is a will to power that negates complexity. Its most extreme avatars are monstrous lunatics such as Khomeini, Qaddafi, Botha, Farrakhan and Kahane.

The milder form of nationalism, as represented by Stallone, is less harmful. Stallone doesn't have Governmental power, and he doesn't push the issue; he usually retreats behind his movie character and tells most interviewers he is nonpolitical.

But the messages his images communicate to masses of impressionable young people sometimes do have damaging consequences. For example, the week *Rambo*, with its negative stereotypes of Asians, opened in Boston last spring, there were two incidents in which Southeast Asian refugees were badly beaten up by gangs of white youths.

In the more recent *Rocky IV*—which Stallone wrote, directed and starred in—the villainous foe is a Russian who fights dirty, takes illegal steroid injections and wears a black mouthpiece. Cleverly named Ivan Drago, he is depicted as a robotlike extension of the Evil Empire. Critics have written that it is the most simplistic and

one-dimensional of all the *Rocky* movies. It lacks the interesting subplots and realistic blue-collar atmosphere of the original *Rocky*, with its loan shark and neighborhood gym; this time, Stallone literally and figuratively wraps himself in the American flag—proving that sequels are the last refuge of nationalists.

The worst features of Stallone's nationalism are the values it enshrines and reinforces: racism, violence, militarism and—possibly most subversive of all—simplicity. The convergence of these emotions can make war and foreign intervention seem like a sporting event. Or a movie.

Bruce Springsteen's patriotism is rooted in a different set of values, apparent in his songs: the old-fashioned virtues of work, family, community, loyalty, dignity, perseverance, love of country. His fundamental theme is the gap between America's promise and performance and his resilient faith in the eventual redemption of that promise. He sees America as it is, with all its jobless veterans, homeless people and urban ghettos. And he retains his idealism *in spite of everything*, because his patriotism has room for paradox. At a Springsteen concert, one song makes you want to cheer for America, the next makes you want to cry for America—and then change it.

Springsteen conveys compassion for the

casualty, for the ordinary person who may not be articulate. His empathy is for men with “debts no honest man can pay.” From his immense pride in his home town comes a homage to closed textile mills and “Main Street's whitewashed windows and vacant stores.” Out of his populist patriotism comes his affection for people who feel “like a dog that's been beat too much” and his reconciling respect for his working-class father:

*Daddy worked his whole life for nothing  
but the pain.*

*Now he walks these empty rooms, looking  
for something to blame.*

These songs are social, not political. They don't offer platforms, slogans or rhetoric. They don't imply easy remedies and they don't endorse politicians. Springsteen himself says he has not voted since 1972, and he is enrolled in no political party.

But despite his stance of electoral alienation, Springsteen writes songs that make you want to be a better citizen, if you borrow your sense of citizenship from the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the Bill of Rights. And he lives those values. He sings, “And for my nineteenth birthday I got a union card”; he has also donated \$20,000 to a Pittsburgh soup kitchen and food bank run by Local 1397 of the steelworkers' union. And he contributed \$15,000 to a health clinic outside Tucson



A chance to get away. Americans look forward to those moments. Moments to unwind. Moments to enjoy the things you appreciate in life.



because it was giving free care to striking Phelps-Dodge mineworkers after the company cut off their medical benefits. During 1985, Springsteen made donations of more than \$1,000,000 to populist groups. The man has an instinctive purity.

Nor is his bonding with Vietnam veterans a calculated commercial alliance. In 1980, at a time when the vets were still shunned rejects from a war everyone wanted to forget, Springsteen began, without any publicity, to donate funds to Vietnam Veterans of America. In 1981, he gave a benefit concert that raised \$100,000 and kept the organization alive. That August night, the stage was lined with vets in wheelchairs, and Springsteen talked to his audience more intimately than he had ever done before. And he sang unforgettable renditions of *Who'll Stop the Rain* and *Bye, Bye, Johnny* that had vets weeping and cheering at the same time.

"We would not exist if it were not for Bruce Springsteen," says Robert Muller, the president of Vietnam Veterans of America. "My hope is that ten years down the road, he'll run for President."

There are disturbing racial images in *Rambo*—and perhaps in the most recent *Rocky* sequels—but Springsteen's bands have always been integrated. And in an interview published in the December 6, 1984, issue of *Rolling Stone*, Springsteen spoke with intelligent candor about his own racial attitudes:

I think it's *difficult*, because we were all brought up with sexist attitudes and racist attitudes. But hopefully, as you grow older, you get some sort of insight into that and—I know it's corny—try to treat other people the way you would want them to treat you. . . .

What unites people very often is their fear. What unites white people in some places is their fear of black people. What unites guys is maybe a denigrating attitude toward women—or sometimes maybe women have an attitude toward men. And these things are then in turn exploited by politicians, which turns into fear—knee-jerk fear of the Russians or of whatever *ism* is out there. . . .

Like, some of our economic policies are a real indirect kind of racism, in which the people that get affected most are black people who are at the lower end of the economic spectrum. And I think somewhere inside, people know this—I really do. They don't fess up to it, but somewhere inside there is a real meanness in using things this way.

Springsteen and Stallone, two messiahs of American mass culture, two muscular men—tugging this country's flag in different directions.

Sylvester Stallone, at bottom, is a faker, feeding us fantasies as therapy for our

national neuroses. He is appealing to the dark side that exists in all of us, the part of us that wants to get even with everyone who has ever gotten the better of us, the part that finds it easier to understand a stereotype than an individual, the part that dreams of vengeance that never fails and never leaves an aftertaste of guilt.

Bruce Springsteen appeals to the best in all of us. His songs ask us to forgive the sinner but to remember the sin; to respect one another but to question authority; to refuse to compromise our ideals ("no retreat, no surrender"); to keep growing but to continue to love our parents and our home towns; to feel a responsibility for sharing with our countrymen who have less property and less power.

"I think what's happening now," Springsteen told one interviewer, "is people want to forget. There was Vietnam, there was Watergate, there was Iran—we were beaten, we were hustled and then we were humiliated. And I think people got a need to feel good about the country they live in. But what's happening, I think, is that need—which is a good thing—is gettin' manipulated and exploited. . . .

"One of the things that was always on my mind was to maintain connections with the people I'd grown up with and the sense of community where I came from. That's why I stayed in New Jersey. The danger of fame is in *forgetting*."



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## MIAMI NICE

(continued from page 108)

It's not so exciting. I've lived all over the world by myself." Teri's home base is in the Miami area, but she talks of eating grapes in Italy, sauerkraut in Munich. She talks of watching couples in gondolas in Venice. She talks about playing golf in Osaka, dancing in the high-tech clubs in Tokyo. She spends a lot of time reflecting on her life. "I had an incredibly happy childhood," she says. "My grandfather was a successful butcher. He bought a whole block in Pompano Beach. All of his children and their children lived on the same street. I grew up with 17 cousins. There was always something happening. I remember doing the craziest things to get attention. I would put the plastic fruit from the dining-room table under my T-shirt and parade around for laughs. We had a strict Catholic upbringing. When we were kids, we'd take the piano bench and some pieces of bread and perform mock Masses in the living room. This may sound boring, but none of the grandchildren drinks or takes drugs. We are a proud family." How did her folks react to her appearing in PLAYBOY? "My mom is very conservative. For a while, she wouldn't go shopping with me because I wore G-string underwear. But they taught us to be independent. I took home a couple of issues of

PLAYBOY and said, 'Look, Mom, this is art.' I took home a couple of issues of *Penthouse* and said, 'This is filth.' She's come around to seeing why I'm doing it. My grandmother found out I was doing PLAYBOY and can't wait." Teri's plans for the future? She's studying to be an actress. "I love emotions the way some people like food," she says. "When I was in Paris, I would go to the Louvre. I spent hours looking at the old paintings. Every eye, every lip, every hand had an emotion. The more contemporary paintings left me cold. There was no feeling, no gesture I could identify with. Acting lets me recapture intense, almost ancient emotions." Music provides the same release: "I like James Taylor, Kenny Loggins, people who know how to use words. You can dance to a beat, but words move you. I listen to a song because there's a certain feeling that comes from the words. When we shot the November 1985 cover for PLAYBOY, I listened to Sade's *Smooth Operator* for ten hours without getting tired of it. At the end of the session, the assistants burned the tape. I live with a musician, and I've considered trying to sing. The problem is, I am still shy about my singing. I can scream in the car, but the minute someone is around, my voice drops to a whisper. I've got to learn to let what's inside come out." Will she make it? Does the sun shine in Florida?



## AND SO IT GOES

(continued from page 76)

there was a space shot. The A.P. had invited people from member newspapers and radio and television stations to come to NASA, in Houston, so they could see how well the new word processors worked.

They saw. Something in the computer keyed my letter, which immediately was sent out over the A.P. wire in four states. I was fired only because the A.P.'s legal department said it absolutely was against the law to shoot me, no matter how good an idea it might be. Once again, I had no money, no job and two children to support, and this time, everybody was laughing but me and the Associated Press.

I got lucky. What was an embarrassment to me was funny to many other people, and some of them had jobs to offer. One ran a newspaper, one of the newspapers I had mocked in the letter. Another ran a radio station. Even U.P.I. called to talk; but the call that mattered, eventually, was the call from Dick John, news director at KHOU-TV, the CBS affiliate in Houston. He said I wrote funny. He asked if I'd ever considered working in television news. I had rarely considered watching television news, I told him. I didn't own a television. What's more, I'd recently moved to Texas from Alaska, a state that, in a way, didn't own a television. When I lived in Alaska, television news was accomplished this way: Every day, when the Northwest over-the-pole flight stopped in Anchorage to refuel, it dropped off a cassette of the *CBS Evening News*. The cassette was picked up, taken to the television station and broadcast that night, one day late—probably the best way to watch the stuff.

The television reporters I'd seen on the street since my return were always asking some poor soul how he *felt* about something. No, thank you, I was neither interested nor qualified to work for television. After all, I'd seen it. Dick John said the pay was twice what the A.P. paid; I said I believed I could learn television. Just before we hung up, he asked me was I three feet tall, with warts, and if so, how big were the warts? I told him I had had the warts burned off, but I had a face like a Moon Pie, and was that OK? He said it was, he guessed, what with lighting and all. I went to work in television news. Do they do these things on the phone anymore?

What is the lesson here? Why should a woman fired for plain stupidity be rewarded for being stupid with years and years of being well (if not over-) paid to perform interesting work? If it helps, remember, Lizzie Borden was acquitted.

Local television news is where you ride the elephant. I mean that. When the circus comes to town, any town, the elephants must be walked from the train to wherever the circus will perform. It's called, unoriginally but accurately, the elephant



Kendall McKee

"Well, Murphy, if April isn't the cruelest month, it's not because we didn't try."



walk, and it is always scheduled early in the morning—often early on Sunday morning, so it doesn't interfere with traffic, but usually late enough in the day that the sun is up. There is a reason for this. Television needs light. Circuses know that television will cover the elephant walk every year, and every year some idiot television reporter will ride the elephant for his story—usually only once, but ride it he will, one day, because local television news is the place where you invariably wind up doing something you just know you're going to regret later, and you do regret it. After you've done it. I have ridden the elephant. Between January 1973 and November 1975, I worked as a local television-news reporter, first for KHOU and then for WCBS, the CBS-owned station in New York City.

It seemed the Associated Press had fired me at just the right time—actually, a day sooner would have been just the right time as far as the A.P. was concerned—but I'm talking about time as far as it concerned me. KHOU had hired its first woman reporter in 1971; she'd done so well she'd left Houston for a better job. KHOU thought maybe it would hire another woman.

The woman I replaced was Jessica Savitch. Blonde, beautiful and poised, Jessica had become sort of beloved in Houston. In fact, she had been one big hit and, as you would expect, one hard act to follow. I would go out on stories, fumbling tape recorders, microphone cords and light stands, muttering to myself, trying to keep in mind what little television "stuff" I knew, trying not to get in the cameraman's way, and I would approach some member of the city council to ask him what he thought about gun control (in Houston, never very much), only to be asked by the councilman, "Whar's Jessica? Whar's that cute little thang? And who're you, gal?" It was enough to depress a less dedicated journalist with fewer mouths to feed.

When I tell that story, I'm not making fun of how Texans talk, even though we talk funny. These days, people *practice* talking Texan, even Texans—if they want to get along in Texas.

However, what is useful in Texas is not always useful in television, as I found out years later when NBC News sent me back there for a few weeks to cover some stories. When I returned, I was asked to re-record all my narration for the stories, because on the tapes, I sounded like a Texan. I didn't know, right then, that they meant I was afflicted. It turned out it was OK with them that I was Texan, what with the card I carried that said I could read and all. What wasn't OK was *sounding* like a Texan. I explained to them that Iowa corn and Louisiana crayfish cause people to speak differently. A man from Boston is not to be confused with a man from North Carolina. Why, in North Carolina, you have to listen very carefully to understand *anything* anyone is saying to you, and still it is chancy. It's how we are, though, and



# 20 MILE-A-DAY COMFORT

(Do you know how far you walk on your job?)

Average  
Daily  
Mileage

Real estate agents	5.0
Nurses	5.4
Food servers	6.3
Mail carriers	6.5
Retail store clerks	6.6
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My bosses said that was nice, but it didn't have anything to do with television, though one of them confessed to having heard of Iowa. My bosses said we should all sound alike. They said we should all sound as if we'd grown up in the same place. I asked them what place that was. One executive thought his office would be appropriate, and the others soon agreed, since they hadn't been to Iowa or North Carolina, but they'd all been to his office. It became clear: People on television were meant to sound like they'd grown up in a network vice-president's office. In some cases, it may be true. If you're on television, you can't be from Texas, or Brooklyn, Oregon, Nebraska or New Jersey. Especially New Jersey. You can't be from anyplace, because the people who run television news aren't. After I understood, I practiced sounding as if I were from nowhere. Now they say I can go home again. As long as I don't talk to anybody.

Luckily, none of this mattered in Houston in 1973. Everybody else talked like me, so I didn't have to worry about my accent. That made one thing I didn't have to worry about, and just about the only one. Television was hard work. Who figured it would be such hard work? Somebody handed me a microphone, pointed a camera at me and said, "You're in television, kid. Do something." Do what? I knew nothing about television news, nothing about how it should be put together, and there is no training program for that, not at a local station and not at a network.

I learned that in television, you had to do what a print reporter did, and then you had to do things a print reporter didn't. The print reporter didn't have to read his stories out loud. He didn't have to care about light or the absence of it. He didn't worry about the planes flying overhead, tools breaking—or *getting the shot*. You are supposed to be *there*, and not somewhere else, when whatever is going to happen happens, because they can *say* it over for you, but they can't *do* it over for you—at least, they're not supposed to and you're not supposed to let them. That is called staging the news. It is another word for cheating. The print reporter doesn't have to mess with trying to match words with pictures, trying not to speak of oranges when the picture is of apples, trying to choose the best pictures, regretting the picture he forgot to make, discarding the picture not needed—all the print reporter has to worry about are the damn facts and the damn words.

I did the only thing possible, under the circumstances. I threw myself upon the mercy of the cameramen, who were also the editors of the film. They taught me, bit by bit, and I had to overcome, in addition to my ignorance, all the prejudice of a print reporter where television was concerned. Print reporters like to look down on TV and TV reporters, at least until they are offered jobs in TV. I'm not sure

why this is; after all, in 1983, the year that TV gave the country *Vietnam: A Television History*, a 13-part series on public television and an outstanding piece of journalism, print gave the country *USA Today*, a newspaper for people who find television news too complex.

Local television news is often accused of going for the showy over the serious. Network reporters and producers like to think they are much better than local-television reporters and producers. At the network, we are sure we are the keepers of the flame and those people in local news are the bozos. We like to hint that what they lack in substance, they make up for in shallow. Consider the questions they ask. It is said that in journalism, there is no such thing as a dumb question, only dumb answers. That is wrong. I worked for local news. There are dumb questions.

Once, on assignment in Alabama, I watched a reporter for local news cover a story about a trampoline tournament. The winner was a college student who had only one leg. He'd lost his other leg a year before in an automobile accident. Came the interview. The camera stayed on the face of the student as the reporter asked the following: "Gee, fellow, you won that contest good, but I heard you *used to* play football and run track. Does it ever, ever bother you that you'll *never* be able to do any of those things again?"

That is what you call your dumb question, one more variation of the all-time dumb television-news question: "How do you feel about . . . ?" Fill in the blank. How do you feel, Mr. Arevir, about eight of your nine children dying in that fire? How does it feel, Cindy Lou, to be the only little blind girl pitching in the major leagues? How do you feel, Mr. President, about peace?

In Chicago, a television reporter once asked a bystander how she'd felt when she saw the scaffolding start to fall. The scaffolding had had three men on it; they were working on a building under construction. All three were killed.

"I didn't feel anything," said the woman. "I didn't see the scaffolding fall."

"Well," said the reporter, "how would you have felt if you *had* seen it?"

In defense of us all, that reporter was fired.

A stupid question almost always means the reporter does not understand enough to ask any other kind of question. In Alaska, following the crash of an airplane in which 111 people had died, the medical examiner held a news conference. One reporter, not content with facts, wanting something "grabbing," kept at the medical examiner, demanding to know precisely what had killed the 111 people. Finally, the medical examiner, fed up with the reporter's nonsense, said, "Son, let me put it this way. The plane stopped and the people didn't."

In local television news, it's important

to have a question—*any* question—because in local television news, questions are used on the air, right along with the answers. Print reporters don't do that, but most television reporters are constantly auditioning to be television reporters someplace else, and for that, they need—or think they need—to be seen and heard frequently in their news reports. So even if they ask stupid questions, they use the stupid questions on the air. In television, local or network, there are exceptions; there are reporters who need never be ashamed of their questions, reporters like Ted Koppel, who happens to be the best interviewer on television. Most of us are not Ted Koppel, however. Most of our questions do not deserve to be heard. Sometimes this is true of the answers, too, but we're talking about questions here.

So you see, the dumb question does exist in journalism. The old rule is wrong. Or is it? When Betty Ford was First Lady, she held a news conference. What needed to be asked was asked and answered. No news was made. Everyone was ready for the thing to end—but there was one reporter who kept asking useless questions, the final useless question being "Mrs. Ford, have your children used marijuana?"

Jeez, what a dumb, dumb question. You could hear the murmurs all over the room. Everybody exchanged looks. They were right. It would have been a dumb question—if the President's wife had not answered, "Yes."

I don't remember, but I like to think that question was asked by a reporter from some local television station, God bless 'em all.

A couple of years back, I read in the New York City newspapers that a local television station was about to have a "major house cleaning." I only wish that meant somebody was going to sweep the newsroom and dust the TelePrompTer. It meant, naturally, that people were going to be fired. According to the newspapers, however, they weren't going to be fired without reason. No, sir. The station had a good reason for firing some of its on-the-air reporters: They were getting old. In the papers, somebody from the station management explained it. He said reporters who were over 35 were over the hill as far as television news was concerned.

I understood that. After 35, too many facts rattling around inside a brain will turn any mind to mush. I'm sure it can be scientifically demonstrated that nights spent in the streets, years spent at typewriters and in edit rooms, time spent haggling with politicians—and city editors—will surely cause wrinkles. The face sags. The cheerleader smile atrophies. It gets increasingly harder to lift the corners of one's mouth when reporting what the citizens of your fine city have done to one another on a given day. However, one is supposed to smile; this is written somewhere inside the head of too many station managers and news directors, and they are *sure* it is easier to smile if you don't know anything. (They are right.)



They know this because they paid money to consultants who told them so. I cannot prove it, but I suspect that consultants pay other consultants to tell them. I know that's why you seldom see station managers and news directors on the air: They are old and dried up from the work of handing over money to television-news consultants.

This particular station didn't say whether consultants had told them to clean house. The station merely said it was firing these people in order to improve its coverage of New York City, and to further that goal, it had hired new talent from Des Moines, Oklahoma City and Green Bay. That made perfect sense. The only thing better than being under 35 is being under 35 and from out of town.

No wonder so many people who work for local television stations think they would rather work for a network. I was one of them. A network seemed saner. I didn't know any better then. Besides, going to the network was considered a step up. Network news was more serious than local news; that was understood.

Ellen Fleysher and I talked about that very thing one night about three months after I had left WCBS in New York to go to work for NBC News in Washington, D.C. At the time, we were sitting at the bar of the Park Lane Hotel on Central Park South, a well-mannered place to have a drink. Ellen had come to work at WCBS sometime during the two years that I had worked there; she still worked there as a local reporter. I, on the other hand, had "gone network." We talked about my new job, my future, the important stories I would cover, the people I would meet, the places I would see. No more five-alarm fires in the South Bronx for me. This was the real thing. The big enchilada. Network television news. I may have smirked a bit.

The bartender came over. We ordered. He paused.

"Excuse me, but aren't you Ellen Fleysher from channel two?" She said she was. He looked at me, the network journalist.

"Hey—didn't you used to be on television, too?"

Spring 1979. Neither Lloyd Dobyns nor I wanted to go to Palm Springs. That's why Reuven Frank sent both of us. Lloyd and I anchored *Weekend*, but Reuven was executive producer. As for Palm Springs—a few years earlier, NBC News had bought the rights to an interview with former President Gerald Ford, to be conducted on the eve of the publication of his memoirs. At the time the arrangement was announced, some of us in the news division felt it was wrong to put a politician—or even that contradiction in terms, a retired politician—on the payroll. The deal was made; Ford took the money; then we sort of forgot about it. Maybe we thought he would never finish the book, but he did, and in April 1979, Gerald Ford, in Palm Springs, was ready to publish and, per

agreement, was ready to tell all on national television, on my network, on our show and, apparently, to Lloyd and me. Reuven explained it this way: "It's going to be dull, because Ford is not going to tell all: He's going to tell only the all he chooses to tell, but no other program at NBC wants the interview, so we've been told we want it. I haven't the heart to send either of you; that's why I'm sending both of you. Goodbye. Pack. Go. Have a nice day." Something like that.

The plane to Palm Springs was late. It was midnight when we got to our hotel, and the restaurants were closed, so we went to the hotel bar. If the restaurants had been open, we still would have gone to the bar—that's how joyful we were about our assignment. We'd been in the bar about an hour when Lloyd was called to the telephone. It was Nigel Ryan, a vice-president at NBC News, a British fellow with, as it turned out, a proper dose of good manners. Ryan told Lloyd that the president of NBC News had taken a plane to China. We knew that already. Ryan told Lloyd that what we didn't know was that, just before leaving, the president of NBC News had announced the cancellation of *Weekend*. He'd told the press. He just hadn't told us. (This was the same president of NBC News who once said to someone on the telephone, "Yes, I know we're in the business of communicating, but not with each other.")

Ryan was on vacation in Los Angeles. He said he'd been driving on the freeway when it occurred to him that no one had told Lloyd and me our show had been axed, that we were likely to get up and read it in the newspaper. Ryan thought that was one bloody poor way to find out,

so he'd taken the first exit ramp and gone in search of a telephone, any telephone—which was why, he explained, it was so noisy on his end of the line. He was calling from the toilet of a Beverly Hills restaurant. Seemed right to us.

If ever there is a Trivial Pursuit game about television news, it's likely that one of the questions will be "Can you name all 12 television news magazines NBC has put on and taken off the air?" It broadcast its first one four months after CBS first broadcast *60 Minutes*. Should it have escaped your notice, *60 Minutes* is still on the air. There's a reason. News programs, like other programs, need ratings to survive, but no news program ever got good ratings when it first went on the air, with the possible exception of ABC News' *Nightline*, which began as a nightly update on the story of American hostages in Iran—and had the added advantage of being anchored by Ted Koppel. Usually, news programs need time to build an audience. *60 Minutes* was on the air for more than seven years before it became a hit and the most profitable program on television. (The most expensive news program is cheaper to produce than the least expensive sitcom.) For CBS, patience paid off and not in pennies. Staying with *60 Minutes* was good business. NBC, lacking that patience but wanting the rewards it had brought CBS, put magazine shows on the air, sat back and waited for the profits to start rolling in immediately and, when they didn't, canceled the shows, all of which were pretty good and none of which ever got ratings better than the low end of "Not bad." Some didn't do *that* well, but none ever was given time on the air to change that. *Weekend* was NBC's fourth



"I don't trust him. He never looked me straight in the eye."



try at a news magazine and my first.

I was in Washington, covering the House for NBC News, when it was decided that *Weekend* would stop being a monthly program and become weekly. That was in December 1977. *Weekend* had aired once a month, at 11:30 on Saturday night, since 1974. During the rest of the month, *Saturday Night Live* occupied that time slot. Now *Weekend* was moving to prime time, moving to once a week and seeking a second anchor. Lloyd Dobyns had anchored it alone, but now he would need help. I thought I ought to be that help. It was the first time I'd said to myself, "Now, *there's* a job I really want." Could I write well enough for *Weekend*, with its reputation for using the right words, not too many of them and in the right order, something Lillian Hellman said most people don't do—something almost no television program did?

I thought so and hoped my bosses would think so, too, which—to make a long story short—they eventually did.

For me, *Weekend* was a classroom. The program, never to be confused with *60 Minutes*, had a reputation for "lighter" or "softer" stories, but, said Reuven Frank, when done right, those stories were "heavier" or "harder," because they spoke to human behavior, making their points by implication rather than direct statement. They let the viewer think, decide. What an unusual idea, I remember thinking. Reuven believed that television was a narrative medium and that understanding, if any, came out of the story, not from describing the story—or explaining the story. We were to tell the story, that's all. Reuven said that on *Weekend*, almost all our stories would be about people. The

others would be told through people.

I had first met Reuven when he came to Washington, not long before I joined the show, and asked me to dinner—a consolation dinner, I figured, since at the time it seemed the *Weekend* job would go to Jessica Savitch, not to me. And since I didn't want to be consoled or patted on my head or told what a great trouper I was, I opened the dinner-table chitchat by asking him how he'd managed to keep a job at NBC News after he'd been fired from his job as president of NBC News. By the time Reuven finished answering my question—and correcting my facts (he had not been fired)—the pasta was gone, along with my resolve to spend the entire evening being openly and perfectly shitty. This white-haired fellow with a face like a Jewish sphinx, Dennis the Menace eyes, a shirt that didn't go with his suit and a tie that went with neither was the smartest person I'd ever met, and the funniest. He still is.

Pictures, I came to learn, not in small part from Reuven, were different from words; as different, he pointed out, as smells are from sounds. Words, he said, go mostly to the intelligence; pictures go more to the feelings and responses. Reuven once used the example of a plane crash to explain. What are the best pictures from a plane crash? (I know. There's nothing "best" about a plane crash, but mine is a business that is supposed to inform you of the crash, anyway.) According to Reuven, a stocking hanging from a tree, a doll with a broken face—these, in their way, tell you more than words do, more even than pictures of body bags being carried down the hill. Beyond that, good writing meant good thinking, and no combination of words and pictures could save the reporter

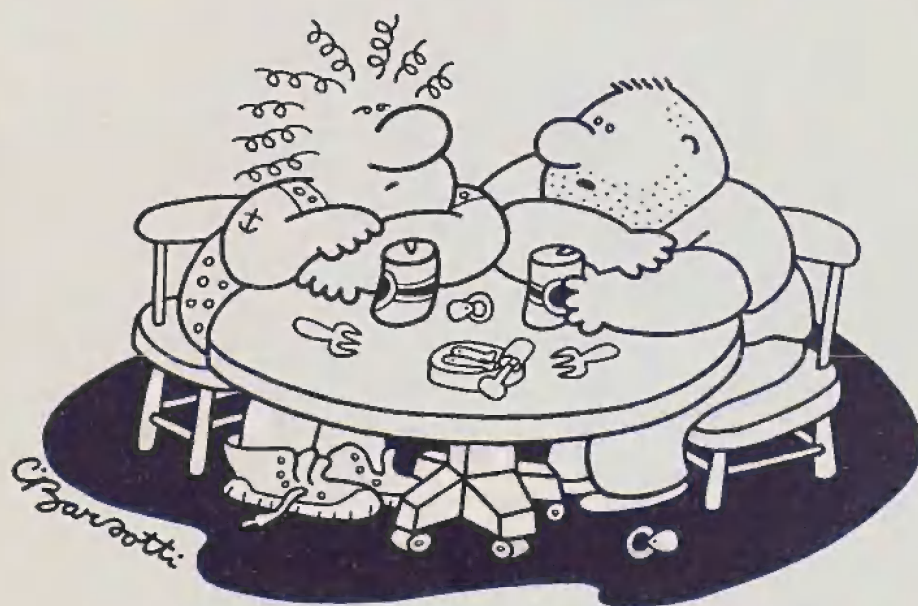
who rushed to the scene, found the mother of the doll's owner, told the cameraman to shoot her face close up, then stuck his microphone into her face and asked her anything, anything at all. It's the act of a moral dwarf, and an example of a complete bankruptcy of ideas.

"Another thing," said Reuven, "almost nobody writes silence anymore." Well, I tried to write silence; on my first story, with a score of 34 seconds out of 15 minutes, I figured I had a chance of learning how to write nothing—nothing with words, that is. With practice, I found I liked the idea and wanted very much to learn how to write with pictures, the words of the people in the story, sounds—and the lack of sounds.

The first people I was going to tell a story through were all in Alabama, selling or about to sell Bibles. They were students who had been recruited by a publishing company, hired to spend the summer going door to door, giving their all and collecting their commissions. In training them, the company liked to get the students so hyped up, so zealous with the desire to sell and, therefore, *win*, that they might not notice that both the \$30 down payment they took in cash and the signature on the contract came from a woman who had three kids, tar paper on her walls and no milk in her refrigerator. Students who did notice and were bothered by that sort of thing rarely lasted the summer, or if they did, they were changed by it and not for the good. Some students thrived on the competition of the "game." Some complained that the company sucked them into ordering more than they could sell, then forced the student to pay the difference. It was a story with layers, and it deserved the 15 minutes needed to tell it on the air. It was also a story that left something for the audience to do; it would be seen differently by different people.

What it didn't leave was much for me to do. The story was produced by Craig Leake, who has the kind of cherubic face and manner that cause people to tell him anything he wants to know. They just open up and talk, seeming to forget about the camera. In Alabama, they opened up and talked so much and so well that almost all the story was told through their words, combined with pictures that told the rest. There really wasn't anything left for me to say, but Craig was graceful about it; in editing the story, he managed to create a few gaps where my voice would be needed. I'm sure he did it just to be kind; it was my first magazine story and, well, it would be nice if I said something in it. So I did. In a 15-minute story, I spoke for 34 seconds. Welcome to the TV news magazine. Well, at least I wrote the 34 seconds.

If the story really didn't need me, it did need Craig Leake. On *Weekend* (as on *60 Minutes*), the real reporter is the producer. Most of the time, TV magazine reporters don't like to dwell on that, but it's the truth. *Weekend* had two reporters—Lloyd



*"Right, that's another thing we should give thanks for—the vicarious pleasure we get out of Hugh Hefner's lifestyle."*



and myself—but it had 30 field producers, each of whom was a journalist and in some stage of preproduction, production or postproduction at all times. Long stories take longer to do, because, usually, they are more complicated in subject matter. The producer goes out with the crew and they shoot the story, or most of it, then call in the reporter for a few days. The reporter does the major interviews, films his stand-uppers and catches a plane to the next story. He won't hook up again with the first story until after the producer has brought back his film, screened it and made a rough cut. By then, the reporter may have been out on five other stories.

Well, if that's all I did on *Weekend*, why wasn't I a Twinkie? Was I a Twinkie? I looked like one. My hair was slicked back and pinned on top of my head, my blouses were silk and frilly, my hems were even and were attached to skirts, not pants—and my shoes often matched my eye shadow or lip gloss. I did not wear glasses. I wore pearls. How was this happening? Easy. It was how Reuven Frank wanted it; it's how his bosses wanted it. They must have wanted it a lot; for years, anchor people at NBC had tried, unsuccessfully, to get the company to buy their clothes, but NBC bought our clothes, Lloyd's and mine—and we didn't ask for that or want it, particularly. We were perfectly willing to wear what we wore all the time—which was the trouble, according to NBC. Figuring, correctly, that Lloyd would wear safari jackets and tacky leisure suits while I would show up in jeans, tacky T-shirts and sneakers, NBC insisted on buying our clothes and paid somebody else to pick them out. As further evidence of trust in our sartorial sensibilities, NBC kept the clothes at NBC, thus avoiding a more-than-slight chance that we would show up to tape the program wearing parts of two or three of our new outfits at once. They were fine clothes, all right. You could do almost anything in them, except work. On that, Lloyd and I agreed.

Which brings me to the subject of Lloyd Dobyns. He was my partner on *Weekend*, later my partner on *Overnight*, and in between we shared offices, same opinions and reputations for having no team spirit. After so many years, I can say with absolute certainty that his reputation is deserved: Lloyd has no team spirit, none at all. It's one of his best qualities. He is Welsh, American Indian and God knows what. He has a feel for words—or a taste for lying. He neither suffers fools gladly nor sees anything worth while in abstinence. He is a faithful husband who, nevertheless, loves and covets all women, all ages, indiscriminately; and although he is from Virginia, he is no gentleman. That, too, is part of his act.

We know too much about each other for me to write comfortably about him, and we keep each other's secrets. Things get fogged: I've watched Lloyd's hair go from

mostly brown to mostly gray and helped the process along when I could. I remember when he didn't have to wear glasses to read a TelePrompTer or to keep from falling over things. I've watched him go from leisure suits to custom-made vests, from up to down and back again, from sad to almost happy, which is as close as he can come. I've watched Lloyd cry and watched Lloyd work. He liked it when a critic described him as "ham on wry." I forgave him for telling the same critic that I was a "walking disaster." When the critic called me "brass" and him "steel," we fought about which was worse. Lloyd and I liked to fight with each other, and we were good at it; sometimes it was the way we talked to each other best. I suppose Lloyd is the least sexist man I know, since he shows no mercy to anyone, female or male. When it comes to polite conversation, Lloyd believes in shooting the wounded. However, he does know how to spell Buffalo, how to get bail in Tel Aviv, the capital of Abu Dhabi, the proper way to eat an ortolan—and he can call by first name at least two vice cops in each of the ten biggest cities in America. Best of all, in my presence, he always tells stories about me in such a way as to make me look good. How he tells them when I'm not around is not something I need to worry about or want to know—not that I really want to know how to eat an ortolan, either.

It was not love at first sight. The first time I met Lloyd Dobyns was on the set of the *Today* show in July 1976. During a commercial break on my first day doing the *Today* show, he suggested that when it came time in the program to indulge in what television refers to as "cross-talk"—and the real world calls conversation—we talk about me. I'd been at the network less than a year; Lloyd thought it reasonable for the audience to get to know me a little bit. For example, was I married? I said I was and told him my husband's name.

"That son of a bitch?" said Lloyd. "I fired him once and I'd do it again."

We went back on the air right after that. For cross-talk, we chatted about the Federal budget.

The next time we met was when Reuven, knowing nothing of the *Today* episode, suggested to Lloyd that it would be smart if the two of us went out to dinner and got to know each other, since we were going to work together on *Weekend*.

We did what he told us to do and suspect we had a grand time, but we can't be sure, because the only record is a handful of receipts, which suggest we got along just fine. The most either of us can remember is a rambling conversation having to do with why we *should* get along—a conversation that rambled, apparently, over a large part of Manhattan and through a sizable number of its saloons.

Later, some people said we were alike. Other people said we were too much alike and that was a damn shame, they thought. We assumed it was a joke until the letter

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about the pigeons. It arrived a few days after I had reported a story about people who lived in Brooklyn and raised racing pigeons on their roofs. As I said, I reported the story, I wrote the story, I narrated and I appeared in it on several occasions. The letter began, "Dear Lloyd." It went on to tell Lloyd that *his* piece on racing pigeons was wonderful, "possibly the single best feature I've ever seen on television." The letter was from Charles Kuralt. I wrote him back: "Dear Lesley. . ."

The truth is, Lloyd and I are more different than we are alike, except for the fact that at different times and for different reasons, we both fired the same man.

Lloyd knew more than I did about writing words to pictures when I joined *Weekend*, but I was learning, and I choose to believe that that was what saved me from Twinkiedom. A radical concept—writing *with* television.

In putting together a television-news story, the usual practice is to write the words, record them, then go into the editing room and match pictures to them. The pictures are supposed to fit your words. Words first, pictures second. At *Weekend*, the pictures came first. That is, the film was shot, the producer arranged the pieces he chose in the order he chose to use them, the film editor assembled the pieces, then the reporter wrote and recorded the narration that would complete the story. It is a better way. Changing the words to fit the pictures makes more sense, because once the film (or tape) is in the house, you cannot change it. But it's tougher for a reporter; it makes you work harder and think more. It makes you write *to* the pictures and *with* the pictures, letting the pictures tell the story.

To explain, let me suggest an experi-

ment. Turn on the newscast and go into the next room. Now listen to any story from beginning to end. If the story is perfectly clear to you at all times, it is a normal newscast. There is a name for this manner of telling a story. It's called radio. If it's television, you will be unable to stay in the other room and still get it all. If it's television, it will compel you to watch. At least, it should; if it doesn't, throw out your television set and get a better radio. Be sure your neighbors are watching; show them once and for all that you don't *need* television. Why not? It may be true. We keep trying to make it true.

Don't misunderstand. This technique works only when the pictures *do* tell the story. One of the most pointless pieces ever seen on television was a little something we aired on *Weekend* in which the reporter strolled around the Taj Mahal and the city of Agra while Bing Crosby sang *Far-Away Places* in the background. The reporter looked unhappy about being there—and it is proof there *is* such a thing as luck in this world that the reporter was Lloyd and not me. He still leaves the room if I say "Taj Mahal" a certain way.

Television can—and does—change people at both ends of the camera. I remember a night in San Francisco when a producer named Merle Rubine and I, working for a program called *Summer Sunday, U.S.A.*, spent hours waiting for a keyed-up and thoroughly obnoxious Hunter S. Thompson to stop his prancing performance and sit down for the interview he'd agreed to do. Thompson was enjoying his coyness, perhaps believing it was the first time we'd ever encountered an asshole and, therefore, we would be impressed. Merle, looking up from the floor,

bored and, like me, wondering why we were there, told the cameraman to turn on his camera, then go sit down. She told Hunter that the camera was rolling, it was over there, he could walk over, pick up that microphone, face that camera and talk if he wanted to, or he could take the microphone and stuff it, for all she cared; but in ten minutes, she was going to tell the cameraman to turn off his machine and we were going back across town to the Democratic Convention, which was looking, right then, like an oasis of sanity. And, she wanted to know, was there any word in what she'd said that gave him trouble?

That was one of those times it worked. Hunter Thompson, like other people who thought they didn't want to talk about something, ended up wanting to be on television more than he wanted to play his game.

And consider what happened with the parents of Karen Ann Quinlan and the media. Peter Poor produced the story for *Weekend*. It was called *Karen Ann Turns 25*. Karen, you will recall, had been in an irreversible coma since April 1975. Her parents had gone to court to obtain the right to take her off her life-supporting respirator after doctors had determined that her brain was damaged beyond recovery. In a milestone court decision, they had won that right. The respirator was turned off. But Karen lived (in a nursing home in New Jersey, in a coma, until June 1985, when she died). Peter Poor filmed the party at the Quinlans' house: Karen Ann's 25th birthday, shared by her family, close friends—and the media. What had happened was curious. From the beginning of their story, the Quinlans had been swamped with coverage, especially from local television stations in New York City. They had made a decision to cooperate with the media, in hopes that they could make people understand the choice they'd made about their daughter, make people face the problem and think about it. As time passed, the parents adjusted to the magnifying glass that wouldn't go away. In Peter's story, you saw a family who knew by first name all the local television reporters who for four years had covered the story; in many cases, they knew the reporter's wife's or husband's name—and would ask about them. It was one of those times when people in a story came to see reporters as humans—and *the other way around*. In fact, when *Weekend* did its story, the only slightly detached person, as best I could determine, was me.

That was because I had never covered the story and had never met the Quinlans before. Besides, reporters aren't supposed to have emotions, remember? We're supposed to be objective and to choose cynicism over involvement. Of course, there is no such thing as objectivity, which is where the trouble starts. Some reporters merely reject the notion of objectivity as old-fashioned and leap into the fray, choosing sides; but a reporter who sets himself up as an avenging angel, a righter



"I move that if, by a majority vote, the group does not agree to end each session with a group hug, then no such hug shall occur."



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of wrongs, is just one step short of running for office. We're not supposed to change things, we're supposed to report them. On the other hand, any reporter who tells you he's objective is lying to you. "Objective" is impossible; there is no such thing as a random number and there is no such thing as a reporter who comes to a story able to forget everything he's ever heard, seen or had happen to him.

Or *her*. That was the problem with the abortion documentary. Technically, it wasn't a documentary; it was a special edition of *Weekend*, in which the entire hour was given over to one subject—the anti-abortion movement and its growing political power. It was a *news* story. The movement had been underestimated; it had become a force of sorts in American politics—a single-issue force. This was in January 1979. Two months before, in Congressional elections, Thomas McIntyre had not been re-elected in New Hampshire, Floyd Haskell had lost the Senate race in Colorado and Dick Clark, a popular Senator, had lost in Iowa. In each case, a pro-choice stand had contributed to the defeat. In all three states, there had been a concentrated and professional lobbying effort that extended to lobbying people in churches and passing out pamphlets that said, CHANGE YOUR PARTY TO SAVE A BABY'S LIFE.

It was a story about single-issue politics, and not a story about abortion or about whether abortion ought to be Federally funded, legal or performed under any circumstance. But there was one big obstacle. Reuven had assigned me and not Lloyd to report and write the one-hour special. I knew it was a bad choice, because Lloyd Dobyns had never had an abortion. I had.

Years earlier, before the 1973 Supreme Court decision made abortion legal, I'd been one of those women, young and unmarried, who had gotten pregnant, then had gotten the name of someone through a friend of a friend, along with \$600 cash, and had waited, terrified, at my apartment until midnight, when a pimply faced man showed up, exchanged code words with me and came in, bringing cutting tools, bandages and sodium pentothal—but no medical license I could see. I was lucky. I did not bleed to death. I recovered. I was no longer pregnant. But I wasn't the same, either. No woman is. Ever. I'd felt it was my decision. I believed then and believe now that a woman has a right to choose. I'd been prepared for the consequences to my heart and to my opinion of myself, but not for the abject shame I apparently was supposed to feel. Not having \$600 cash, I had gone to my boss and asked to borrow it. Unable to come up with a plausible lie—feeling, somehow, that the truth was called for—I'd told him why I needed the money. He had given it to me, but not until he'd had an hour of mocking me, ridiculing me for "being a dumb broad to believe some man when he said he was 'protected'"; didn't I know any better? He'd said it proved I was a slut, like all women who worked when they ought to be

married and having babies, not killing babies and taking men's jobs. He said I was lucky he was such a generous boss, that he would lend me the money, but he ought to fire me. He charged me 30 percent interest, instead.

I didn't quit. I needed the job—and I needed the \$600 in order to carry out my decision. But I never forgot any part of it, and so all those years later, when asked to write an hour on anything at all having to do with abortion, I balked. I didn't want to churn up my own feelings—and I didn't want to come right out and say I wasn't objective or to tell anyone why I was the wrong person to do the story. Even in 1979, women didn't admit openly that they'd had an abortion. Many still don't. I don't know of any other woman in my business who has, and in doing so now, I may run some risk to my career; but if you can't be objective, hell, at least you can be honest, which is what I'm trying to be now and what I tried to be then, on *Weekend*. I told no one but Lloyd what the problem was. He advised me to do the story anyway. He said that if I couldn't be *fair*, I wasn't worth what they paid me—never mind that I probably wasn't worth that, anyway. Lloyd was always a comfort to me.

I reported the story and worked like a demon to keep my opinions out of it. Frankly, I think I succeeded, because after the show aired, I got equal amounts of hate mail from people on both sides of the issue, each claiming I had favored the other side. Objectivity. Pure objectivity. Everywhere but inside.

Something about writing this has reminded me of Frank Reynolds. In 1970, the first time Reynolds was removed as the anchor of the evening news at ABC, he said, on his last night on the air, that he guessed he should hope his words had offended no one; but, as a matter of fact, he didn't hope that at all, because there were, in this world, people who ought to be bothered. In choosing to do the abortion special, I had bothered people; and I was one of the people I'd bothered.

By spring of 1979, ratings were on all our minds at *Weekend*, despite Reuven's warning that when the likes of us started trying to understand and explain ratings, it was usually tooth-fairy time. *Weekend* had been airing weekly since September 1978. You will recall that until then, it had aired on Saturday nights, replacing *Saturday Night Live* once a month. Probably it has not escaped your notice that by 1978, *Saturday Night Live* was a hit television show; certainly, it did not escape Fred Silverman's notice. Silverman was president of NBC, brought over from ABC, where he'd been known as a wonder boy, the man with the "golden gut." It does not take metal intestines to figure out that a hit show that airs three times a month will make even more money if it airs four times a month. Of course, it wouldn't look good

for Fred to join NBC and, right out of the box, cancel a prestigious, critically praised, award-winning *news* program simply because it had such a small audience—and was in the way. Better to promote the show to prime time, take credit for rewarding the news division, give *Saturday Night Live* its fourth Saturday every month—and give *Weekend* the chance it deserved. The Chance It Deserved. Right. Silverman said he had every faith in our success as a weekly prime-time program. He said he was firmly behind us, a statement to be taken the same way one must take George McGovern's saying in 1972 that he was behind Tom Eagleton 1000 percent.

"But what," asked Silverman, "could go wrong?" I believe something was mentioned about *60 Minutes* being a commercial failure for its first seven years, and it was pointed out that *60 Minutes* got to go on the air opposite *Walt Disney*. Silverman said it didn't matter, we shouldn't worry about things like that, and proved he wasn't worried by scheduling our first prime-time program opposite the final installment of *Roots*. Later, he made it possible for the truly committed viewer to find *Weekend* by making sure newspapers were notified of changes in the *day* and *time* the show would air each week—and notified in time to make the paper no later than the day of air, or at least the day after.

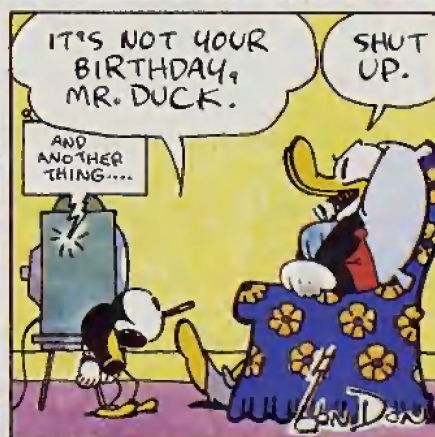
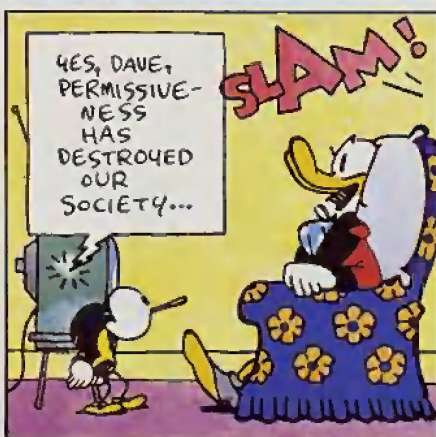
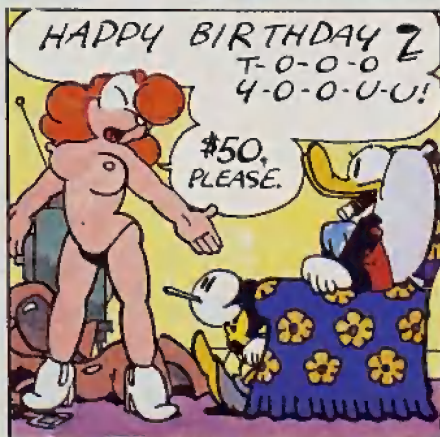
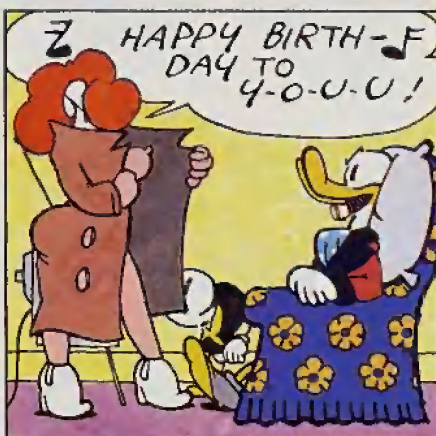
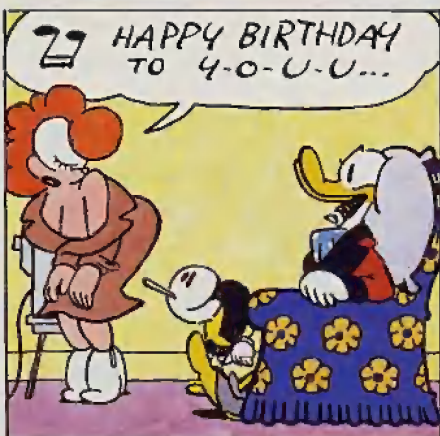
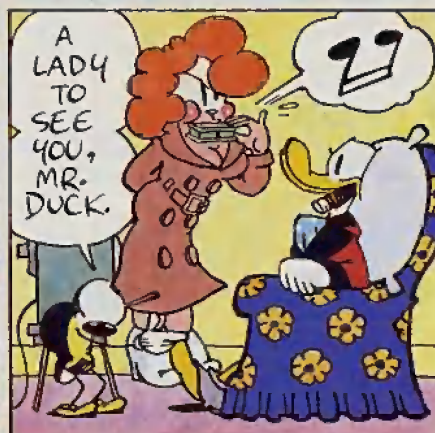
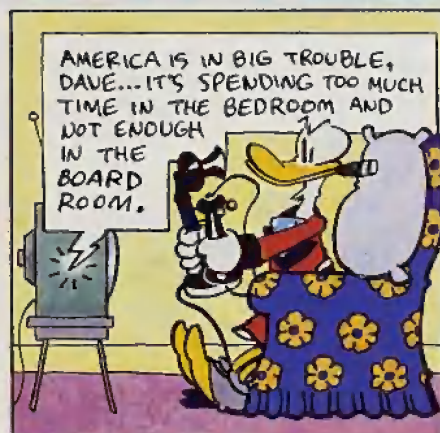
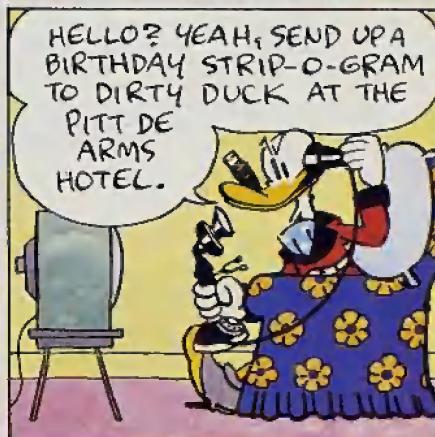
One night, I found myself going on the air to say, "Good evening. The name of this program is *Weekend*. Yes, we know it's Wednesday, but try to think of *Weekend* as a state of mind rather than a time of the week, which is how we've come to think of it around here."

Meanwhile, Fred Silverman was not laughing. Television news is not about humor—or journalism—it's about money. It always was; but as long as the news made no money, it remained a throw-away, basically something done to keep a station's or a network's license. And it might have stayed that way if John Kennedy had not been shot. During the measured, fragile days that followed, the country gathered round its TV sets, grieving as a family, joining to share the formal feeling of participating in a national catharsis. When we got up from our sets and went back to our separate tables, the habit was established. It can be argued that this is pure speculation on my part, and that may be so, but it suits my purpose here; therefore, it's true. One thing is verifiable: No television newscast made money before Kennedy was shot, but the first time one did, everything changed. Television news programs came to be considered the same way other television programs were considered, at least by management. They became one more tool used to manufacture the product.

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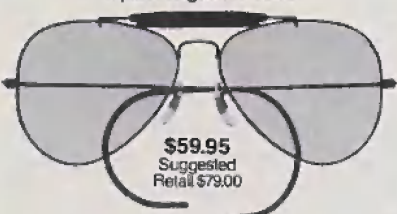
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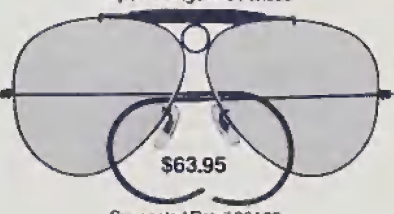
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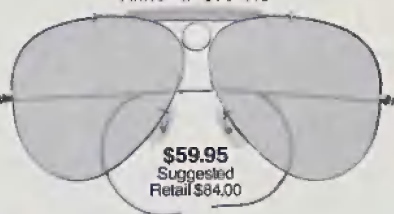
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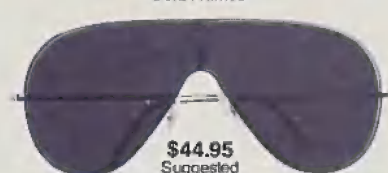
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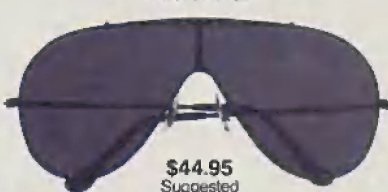
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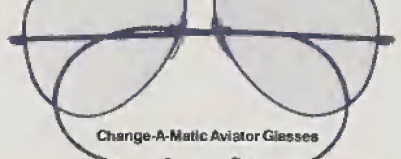

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does not "buy" a news program; he buys an audience. It may be said that the best news program, therefore, is the one watched by the greatest number of people. Argue the point if you like, and when you get tired, argue with the weather. Altruists do not own television stations or networks, nor do they run them. Businessmen own and run them. Journalists work for businessmen. Journalists get fired and canceled by businessmen. That is how it is.

We were a big disappointment to Fred Silverman—and real quick. A two-year commitment to *Weekend's* prime-time position expired after eight months. *Weekend* let Fred down. It had terrible ratings; it did not matter that people wrote nice things about the program, when they thought to write about it. *Weekend* had to go—and it couldn't go back to its old spot on Saturday night, which was taken now. *Weekend* would simply have to disappear. There is this to say for Fred Silverman: He let *Weekend* stay on the air longer than *Supertrain*. And so we chugged feebly along until April 1979, which was when Lloyd and I went to Palm Springs to listen to Gerald Ford and find out our show was canceled—but not in that order.

Being canceled makes you feel just terrible. I took it personally. It wasn't as bad as being fired, but that was all you could say for it. The worst part was, we couldn't keep doing *Weekend*. That was what canceled meant, all right. I was going to miss that show, miss the classroom. It felt as if someone had closed the school door in my face. The interview with Ford was uneventful, as Reuven had said it would be. I wished he had been wrong. It would have been sweet to go out with some flash, but the only thing that moved, the only thing that woke anybody up, was not seen on television. It came after the interview was finished and Lloyd, Ford and I were standing in Ford's yard—which probably is not what he calls it, but it was outside his back door and was covered with grass, even if it was also a golf course.

The three of us were standing there so the official Gerald Ford photographer could take pictures. While we waited, President Ford said he'd noticed something strange when he'd read my biography, the one NBC had sent him. He said he'd been surprised that it contained the day and year of my birth; he didn't recall seeing that on any other network reporter's bio. I told him that was right; I didn't lie about my age. I lied about my height. On my tallest day, I can do no better than 5'6". I told him I'd always wanted to be tall, so I lied.

"You really lie about your height?" said President Ford. "Just how tall are you?"

"Mr. President, I am five feet, eleven inches tall."

That was when I got a little worried for us all, because that was when Gerald Ford—the man who had been leader of the free world and in control of the little red button that could kill us all by his

touching it—this man, who stood well over six feet, stared down onto the top of my head from nearly a foot above it and said, "I can't see why you'd want to lie. Five feet, eleven inches, is a very nice height for a woman."

Everything seemed a little funnier after that, funny enough to get us through the day. I bought a pair of sneaker roller skates, which were available in Palm Springs but had yet to make their way to the East Coast. A sometimes mild-mannered NBC cameraman named Houston Hall joined Lloyd in helping me make my way, on skates, back to our hotel, where the desk clerk insisted I take off the skates, until Houston and Lloyd offered to kill him for the sport of it. Maybe we weren't taking cancellation so well, after all.

On the way back to New York, I thought about Reuven Frank. This had to be tougher on him than on me. He had invented *Weekend*; I'd only helped put it off the air. Reuven once explained that what television did uniquely was to transmit experience, to answer the question "What was it like?" And that it was a rare—and usually accidental—accomplishment. To me, the time on *Weekend* had been like that, the transmission of an experience, a glimpse of a different way to see television and to make it. A lucky accident for me.

Monday morning, back in New York, I wore my roller skates to work. What was the use of working in a building with shiny terrazzo floors if you couldn't skate on them? I made it through the lobby of the RCA building with only two guards chasing me and only one serious about it—the old one, happily. When the elevator doors shut behind me, I started wondering what Reuven would say to me about *Weekend's* being canceled. I was sure it would be something wise, something I could carry with me to whatever came next. I was right. What he said was something I can remember clearly. I got off the elevator and started down the hall to his office. He came out his door, saw me and from 30 feet away gave me lasting advice.

"Linda, how many times must I tell you? Don't roller skate on the rug."

I try to keep it in mind.

•  
In 1978, I threw my television set out a second-story window. When I went to retrieve it, it sported a third-degree crack across the screen—but it still worked. That was when I knew: You cannot kill 'em. Television is forever, or at least televisions are. Lately, I have figured out something else: I am not a television. I am not forever. Especially in television. So, while I am still working in television news, what have I learned about it?

The first lesson is easy: I've learned I like my work. All things considered, mine is a good job to have. As I've said, the pay is outstanding and you don't have to wear a uniform. For people like me, it's a job that makes sense, because for people like me, it is never enough merely to watch

something happen. We want to watch it, then run and tell everybody else what we saw. For a shy person, it is, if nothing else, a way to start a conversation. One day, in the White House pressroom, a group of reporters sat around, talking. The subject of Sam Donaldson came up. Donaldson is the shy fellow who covers the White House for ABC, and he is shy the way George Patton was. Somebody wondered aloud what Sam would have done if he'd been born before there was television news.

"That's easy," said one reporter. "He'd go door to door." For Sam, for me and for others like us, this job saves shoe leather; yet I'd wear out a closetful of shoes before I'd try to do my bosses' jobs, even though I greatly enjoy saying they don't know what they're doing, that group of rocket scientists we call television executives.

I do not ever want to produce the evening news. The only newscast I produced all by myself was a horror show. It happened in 1977 and lasted 42 seconds. NBC, along with the other networks, had recently begun to interrupt prime-time programming twice each night with a fast bite of news. At the time, it was called *NBC News Update*, and although it was brief, it was seen by more people than any other news program at NBC, simply because it was in prime time. I was working in Washington, and on that particular night, I was the reporter and producer in charge of *Update*. NBC must have figured I would have to work overtime to screw up a 42-second newscast. They were wrong.

It was a Sunday. Earlier that day, two jumbo jets had collided on a runway on the island of Tenerife, in the Canary Islands. Film of the tragedy had arrived at NBC after *Nightly News* ended but in time for *Update*. Without consulting anyone, I chose to devote the full 42 seconds to showing that film. Usually, we'd use four or five short items about different topics. It would have been better if I'd checked to see what prime-time program I was about to interrupt, especially since it turned out to be a made-for-TV movie called *Flight to Holocaust*, the Technicolor saga of a dreadful plane crash.

*Update* went on the air, and you couldn't tell where the movie stopped and the news began. "Tasteless" does not begin to do justice to the moment. It was awful; but by then, there was nothing to do but continue, which I did, ending my narration with a poignant line about 576 people whose vacations had ended in death. We cut to a commercial, and there, Lord help me, was Karl Malden, looking sincerely into the camera and saying that the worst thing that could happen to you on your vacation was to lose your traveler's checks. The next day, a newspaper columnist suggested I find another line of work.

For a while, I thought about going into management; it seemed to me it might be an expedient way to change what I didn't like about television news. In my fantasy, I even had dreams of being able to persuade



others in management that there were better ways to gather and present the news; or maybe I could persuade others like me to go into management. If five of us do it, maybe they'll think it's a movement. Of course, if ten of us do it, they'll call it a conspiracy. I gave up the notion after the New York bureau chief's telephone was stolen—and he didn't miss it for three days. I couldn't go into management; I was still breathing.

Any changes I want to make in television news will, I guess, be limited to what I can do in my own stories and on my own show, if I ever have another one. Right now, I have what you might call a minishow—five minutes every Friday morning on the *Today* show. It's called *T.G.I.F.*, and if the title doesn't tell you what it is, at least it tells you when it is. What it is is five minutes of stories that have been ignored by other newscasts during the week, stories that range from one about a child who invents a board game called Give Peace a Chance to one about France's version of *The Muppet Show*, which is a political satire, to one about a dwarf-throwing contest in Australia. (That one, you will not be surprised to know, had been ignored by all other shows at all other networks, including CNN.) The stories I use are not stories that will change us—they are stories about us. I get my material from NBC affiliates, overseas news services and the outtakes of other NBC News stories. Then, the *T.G.I.F.* videotape editor, the enormously talented Lynne Hertzog, shuffles them around into some order that makes sense and makes me shine. I enjoy it, and if nobody else wants to do it, I guess it's because nobody else sees the fun—and the benefit—of spending Wednesday evenings screening the Saudi Arabian satellite feed.

When I began doing *T.G.I.F.*, I pointed out to Steve Friedman, executive producer of *Today*, that every show on which I'd been a regular—*Weekend*, *Now*, *Summer Sunday*, *NBC News Overnight*—had been canceled. That being the case, I said, I considered the *Today* show, on the air for 32 years, to be my greatest challenge.

I'm not sure whether such an outstanding cancellation record as mine is the result of natural talent or pure diligence. If I argue that lousy ratings are often the result of lousy television, how can I say there are exceptions? Good point. I wish now I hadn't made it. Well, how do I account for being canceled so often? Simple. I use the Bob Weir theory. Bob Weir is lead singer for the Grateful Dead, the oldest established, permanent floating rock band in America. The band goes on and on, year after year, though it has never had a hit single and seldom gets its music played on big radio stations. I asked Weir how he explained the fact that so many people said the members of the Grateful Dead could not sing and play the same song, in the same key, at the same time, nor start and finish at the same time, except by accident.

"Well," said Weir, "you can't please

everybody."

Still, I like to think I'm trying. When management at NBC News told me it would like me to be a kind of television columnist, but not the kind of columnist who had opinions, I promised to try to stop thinking. When someone in management told me to stop editorializing with my eyebrows, I promised to let my hair grow long enough to cover my eyebrows—and my eyes. Surely that would prove my determination to do it their way. There are, however, lengths to which I will not go. For example, a sociologist released a study he felt showed that the nation's suicide rate rose every time a fictional character committed suicide on television. I am not a fictional character, but on the slim chance that you are what you watch, I am not going to kill myself on the air. Nor am I going to die on the air just to get ratings. It doesn't work, or if it does, it works only once. So, am I worried about my future in television? No, not since David Brinkley explained it to me years ago.

It was 1976, an election year; and during the summer of that year, NBC broadcast a weekly program about the campaign called, not unreasonably, *Campaign and the Candidates*, with David Brinkley. At the time, I'd been employed by NBC News a big six months. I'd never met Brinkley, even though his office in Washington was just six doors down the hall from mine. Every so often, he'd pass me in the hall—and I let him. Brinkley gave the impression he already knew enough people, thank you.

Now we were going to co-anchor this program: Ellerbee and Brinkley. OK, Brinkley and Ellerbee. No problem. After all, I was a network correspondent, a pro.

All I had to do was stay calm and not screw up.

The morning of the broadcast, I arrived early, so David and I would have plenty of time to make friends while we wrote our show together. It would have worked, too, except that I wrote in the newsroom and David wrote, or otherwise occupied his time, in his office, with the door closed. We saw each other for the first time that day as we arranged ourselves on the set, attaching gadgets to our clothes, sticking gadgets into our ears and pretending we had been introduced, so we wouldn't have to talk about the fact that we hadn't been introduced. I remember I looked at the clock, and all my cool dissolved.

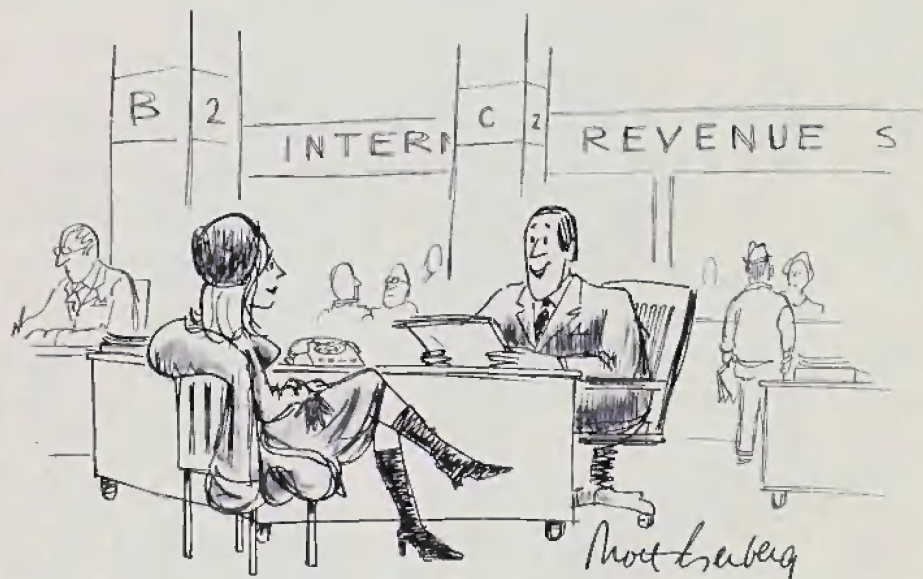
"Excuse me, I know you do this every day and have done this every day, forever, but you should know it's almost my first time and I am scared shitless. Could we make that, I am scared shitless, sir?" David Brinkley finally looked at me.

"I don't know why you would worry about a thing like that. All they can do is fire you." And then we were on the air. "Good evening."

At the time, I remember thinking he sounded just like everybody else sounded when they did their Brinkley imitations. It was the last thing I remember until the program ended and several weeks passed without anyone's firing me. It took a while to sink in. David was right. They couldn't eat me. They couldn't put me in reporter jail. They couldn't, finally, make me do anything I didn't want to do. All they could do was fire me—and I have two months' worth of canned food at home.

I'm happy to report I'm still here—and so is the canned food.

And so it goes.



"Before we start, Miss Jacobs, I sincerely want you to know that if I say anything mean or harsh, it's Uncle Sam talking, not me personally."



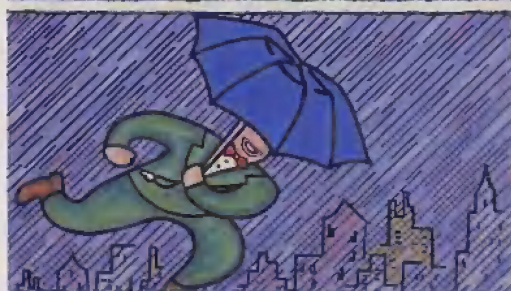
# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



## SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE US AWAY

Hot off the flashy, fleshy beaches of Ipanema come Darling Rio swimsuits, designed for the tall and tan and young and lovely lady in your life. (Yes, they look great on short girls, too.) The Pretzel, above left, \$42, brings a new twist to sun-bathing; the Thong Bikini, center, \$22.50, supports the Mies Van Der Rohe dictum that less is more; and the Diaper Suit, right, \$40 (all postpaid), gives us ideas that weren't part of our childhood. A variety of sizes and colors are available from Darling Rio Swimwear, 2315 N.W. 107th Avenue, Miami, Florida 33172. Hot-cha-cha!



## TOOT SHOOT

It's appropriate that the world's smallest and lightest collapsible umbrella comes from the city with one of the highest national rainfalls—Seattle. Rudy Toot's Pocket Bumbershoot measures an unbelievable eight inches when collapsed, but it opens to a full-sized 38" broolly and even has an attached whistle for cab hailing. Pack it in your briefcase or valise, stuff it into your pocket on cloudy days and say *adios* to the wet-rat look the next time you get caught in a surprise downpour on your way to a conference with the corporate biggies. It's available in black, beige, navy and Burgundy and sells for \$21.95, postpaid, from Rudy Toot's, P.O. Box 4455, Seattle, Washington 98104. Even the price is small.

## DREAM SMOKE

Zino Davidoff, the urbane cigar connoisseur who serves up some of the world's most cherished cheroots from his shop in Geneva, has gone back to the tobacconian drawing board and produced Davidoff cigarettes. His filter brand, which is made of Virginia-orange fillet that's been blended by Davidoff himself to create a unique aromatic mixture, is sold in an elegant box of 20 for about \$3.50 at smart smoke shops. Save them for after-dinner puffing.



## HIGH-LOW-PRESSURE ZONE

Yupwardly mobile types, with pressure-cooker lifestyles that are likely to send blood pressures higher than the national debt, may wish to track their arterial history with Homecare Clinic's Electronic Talking Blood Pressure monitor, which verbally gives a reading in about 40 seconds. Nelkin/Piper, P.O. Box 807, Kansas City, Missouri 64141, sells it for \$149.





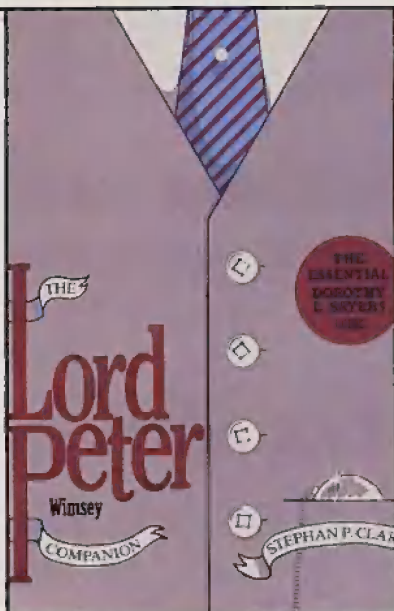


### FEDERAL SCREW

Just in time for the tax season comes *Screw the I.R.S.*, a card game from Century Game Company that lets you finally stick it to everyone's favorite target of revenge, the Internal Revenue Service, without fear of retaliation. The object of the game is to make \$1,000,000 without paying one cent in taxes. And, as in real life, you pull this off by bluffing—and hoping that you don't get nailed by an audit. *Screw the I.R.S.* is available from Century, P.O. Box 290125, St. Louis, Missouri 63129, for \$18, postpaid. Screwed again!

### WORLD OF WIMSEY

Serious fans of mysteries' golden age, when there was a body in every library and the butler never did it, may wish to add Stephan P. Clarke's *The Lord Peter Wimsey Companion* to their whodunit shelf. Within its 563 pages, Clarke references and explains the persons, places and things mentioned in Dorothy L. Sayers' novels and short stories about her famous detective. (You'll be happy to learn that Lob's Pond means a jail.) The Mysterious Bookshop, at 129 West 36th Street, New York 10019, sells the *Companion* for \$49.95, postpaid. Bloody good job.



### VARGAS' BROADWAY

Back in September 1985, we ran *Memories of Olive*, a poster and limited-edition lithograph that the San Francisco Art Exchange, 458 Geary Street, San Francisco 94102, was offering to devotees of the late, great Alberto Vargas. Now the Exchange has produced a second Vargas poster and limited-edition lithograph depicting a 1928 *Broadway Showgirl* nude—a rare pose, as Vargas believed that his models were more erotic partially clothed. A 23" x 32" poster is \$33; the 21" x 30" limited-edition (450) litho is \$600.

### RIPE IDEA

Stick the Banana Phone in your ear and you won't be just one of the bunch. While the Banana Phone looks slick, it definitely isn't just another toy. Shatterproof housing, memory storage for up to nine numbers and last-number-redial function are just some of its many slippery features. Either wall-mounted or positioned on a table, it's sure to spark a fruitful conversation—and all for \$95, postpaid, sent to Guenther/Shomsky Design, 368 West Huron, Chicago 60610. Very appealing!



### DOWN TO THE SEA WITH SKIPPER BILL

Who else but William F. Buckley, Jr., would set aside his conservative pen to skipper a two-hour video adventure as he, his son and some friends crossed the Atlantic aboard his shipshape sailing yacht, *Cyrano? Airborne* sells for \$89.95, postpaid; Buckley has authored another video "book," *Celestial Navigation Simplified*, that's \$69.95. Both are available in VHS and Beta from Avant Communications, 21 East 40th Street, Seventh Floor, New York 10016. Welcome aboard.







© 1985 JOHN ROCA / LGI

### A Nose for Glitter

The versatile **BERNADETTE PETERS** is knocking them dead on Broadway in Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical *Song & Dance*. She can also get pretty silly if the situation allows. We caught up with her at a party, but she was too preoccupied to notice.



PAUL NATHAN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

### From the Ridiculous to the Divine

We salute the offbeat humor of **EMO PHILIPS** (above) and the irrepressible **DIVINE** (below). Emo's hot with a best-selling album, *E=MO<sup>2</sup>*, frequent *David Letterman* appearances and a cable special. **DIVINE** is dieting (oh, no!) to prepare for his first "straight" role. Heads up to comedy.



IAN HOOTON / RETNA LTD.



MICHAEL MC OERMOTT

### These Folks Aren't Bob, Carol, Ted or Alice

Actors **MARTIN SHORT** and **DAVE THOMAS** got these glad rags on for Thomas' Showtime special *The Incredible Time Travels of Henry Osgood*. Short plays Louis XVI to Thomas' Marquis de Sade. The ladies have something to do with an orgy. This does away with the silly notion that comics can't play serious drama.





© 1985 MARK LEYDAL

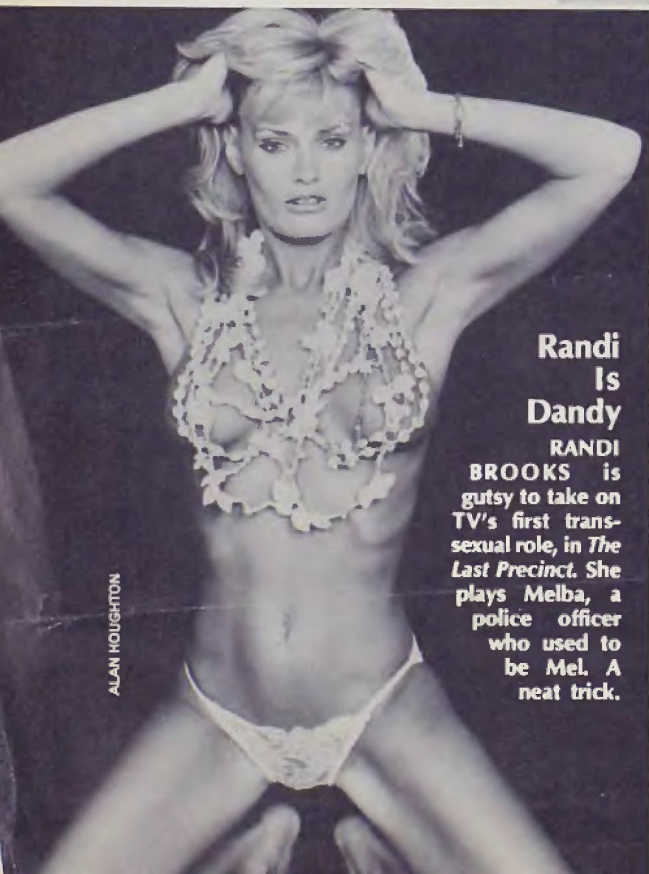
## Blair Still Has Flair

LINDA BLAIR is all grown up now. Her TV appearances range from *Hotel* to *The A-Team*. *Savage Streets* and *Savage Island* were hot with the B-movie crowd. Off camera, she trains and shows horses. All her teenage devils are finally exorcised.

## Dutch Treat

Best buns this month go to actress DEBORAH DUTCH. You've seen her on TV in *General Hospital* and on the big screen in *Protocol* and *The Man Who Wasn't There*. But never quite like this. Our advice to her: Go, Dutch!

ALAN HOUGHTON



ALAN HOUGHTON

## Randi Is Dandy

RANDI BROOKS is gutsy to take on TV's first transsexual role, in *The Last Precinct*. She plays Melba, a police officer who used to be Mel. A neat trick.



# NEXT MONTH



HOT STUFF



MOVIE MANIA



SLEEPING SUMMIT



MIDNIGHT MADNESS

**"WHAT THEY DIDN'T TEACH US ABOUT HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL"**—THOSE VAUNTED M.B.A.S HAVE BEEN TAKING A COURSE CALLED ADMINISTRATIVE PRACTICES, A.K.A. MACHIAVELLI FOR BEGINNERS, FOR DECADES. THAT CLASSROOM MAY HAVE BEEN THE PLACE WHERE AMERICAN PRODUCT QUALITY DIED—**BY LAURENCE SHAMES**

**"FIRE BELLE"**—REMEMBER OUR POLICEWOMAN AND OUR FOREST RANGER? THIS BEAUTY FIGHTS BLAZES, BUT SHE MAY START A FLAME IN YOUR HEART

**"MIDNIGHT AT THE OASIS"**—WITH RISING EXPECTATIONS, HARRY DRIVES THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN TOWARD A RENDEZVOUS IN PALM SPRINGS. THE ENCOUNTER TURNS OUT TO BE EVEN MORE THAN HE HAD BARGAINED FOR—**BY TOM MCNEAL**

**"WHILE THE SUMMIT SLEPT"**—AS THE PRESS DULY NOTED, WE SENT THE PRESIDENT'S SON TO GENEVA FOR A BEHIND-THE-SCENES REPORT. HERE'S WHAT YOU DIDN'T READ IN THE *TIMES*—**BY RON REAGAN**

**KATHLEEN TURNER**, HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST FEMME, TALKS ABOUT LIFE, LOVE AND MOVIE MAKING IN A SIZZLING **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

**"THE GIRLS OF MAGIC"**—NOW YOU SEE THEM, NOW YOU DON'T, BUT WE CAN PROMISE YOU'LL GET A MUCH BETTER LOOK AT THESE ILLUSIONISTS ON OUR PAGES THAN ON A VEGAS STAGE

**"LAUGH CLONE LAUGH"**—JOE KILBORN, THE QUADRUPLER DETECTIVE, RETURNS IN A FUNNY, FAST-PACED MYSTERY—**BY JOHN MORRESSY**

**"A TODAY KIND OF MARRIAGE"**—IMPENDING PARENTHOOD CAN DO THE STRANGEST THINGS TO THE YOUNG AND THE IMPETUOUS. A THOROUGHLY MODERN TRUE-LOVE STORY—**BY DAVID SEELEY**

**KIM BASINGER**, FRESH FROM *FOOL FOR LOVE* AND *9½ WEEKS*, TALKS ABOUT KISSING HER CO-STARS AND REVEALS THE TRUE TROUBLE WITH ROSES IN A FAST-MOVING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

**PLUS:** FURTHER TREATS FROM KLIBAN'S **"THE BIGGEST TONGUE IN TUNISIA"**; **"TEN THINGS TO TELL YOUR TAILOR"**; **"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"**; **"SUNDAY MORNING COMING DOWN,"** EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT BLOODY MARYS AS SPILLED OUT FOR YOU BY **EMANUEL GREENBERG**; AND, OF COURSE, MUCH, MUCH MORE



# Purcell Mountains. A rugged place for a smooth whisky to start.



**WESTERN CANADA**—The hardest part of the climbing is just getting enough air. I gulped it in. Icy. Thin.

And then we stopped, and looking around took my breath away all over again.

Later, thawing out by the fire, we knew we'd been someplace we could never forget.

Over Windsor Canadian, we talked about it all night long. That's some smooth whisky.

It's made from water that runs down from the glaciers. They use the local rye. And that high, clean air must have something to do with the way Windsor Canadian ages.

Rugged country. Smooth whisky. Both unforgettable.



## WINDSOR

CANADA'S SMOOTHEST WHISKY.



# If you smoke *please try Carlton*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Box and 100's Box Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine;  
100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.  
Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.